ALL BRAND NEW FEATURES!

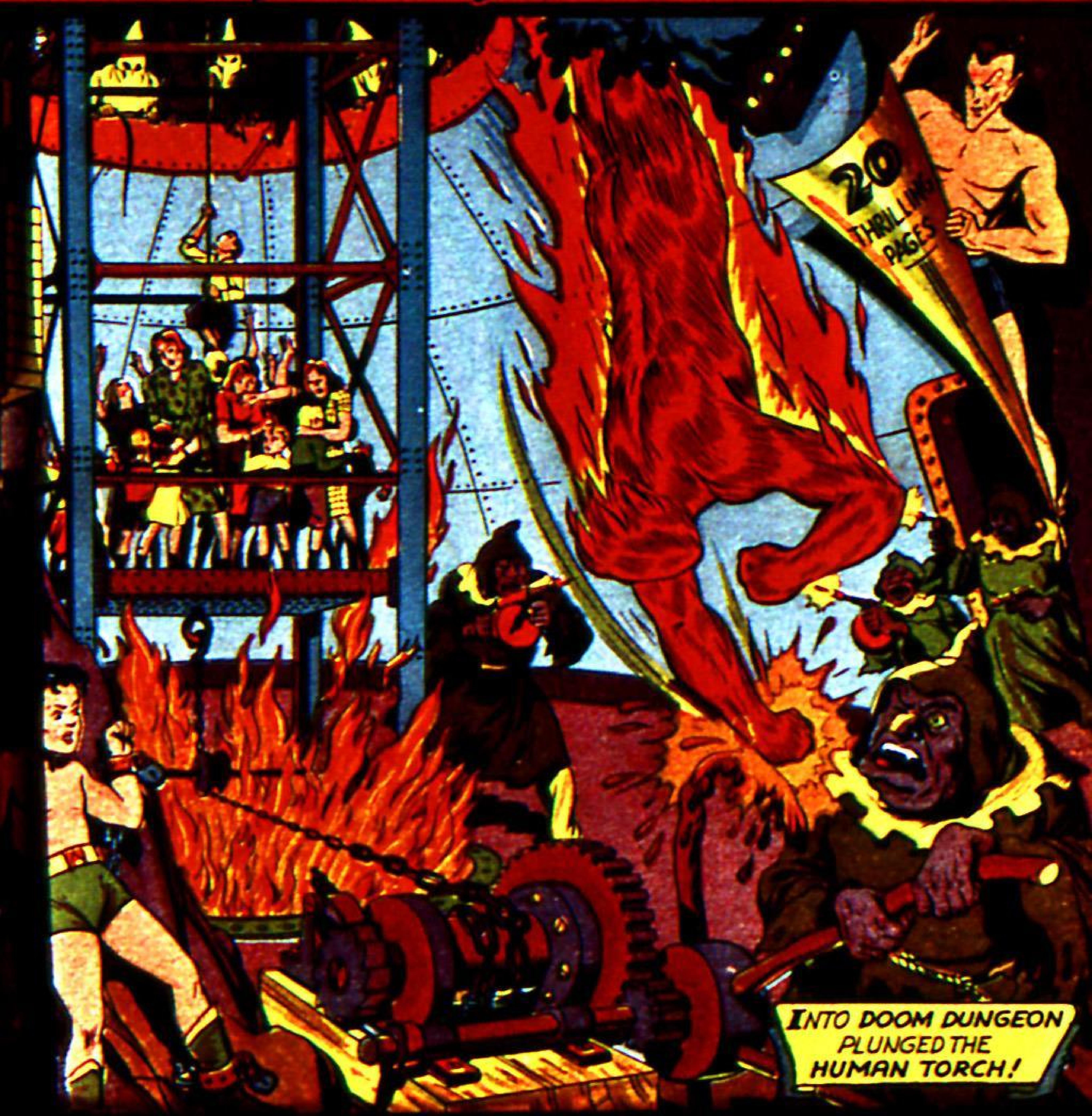
THE HUMAN TORCH

10¢

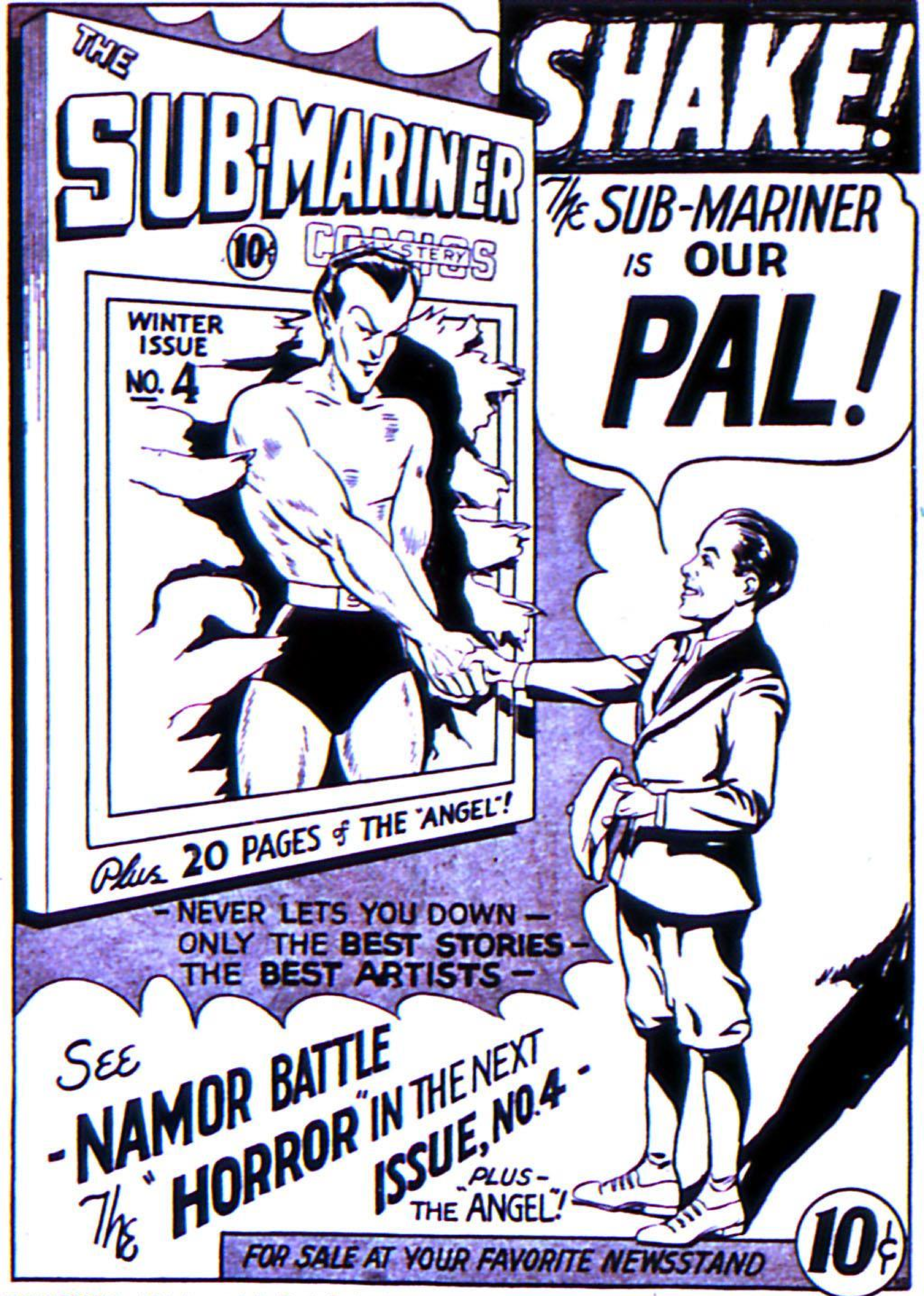
WINTER NUMBER

NO. 6

ALSO the SUB-MARINER


20 THRILLING PAGES

INTO DOOM DUNGEON PLUNGED THE HUMAN TORCH!


THE SUB-MARINER MYSTERY COMICS
10¢
WINTER ISSUE NO. 4
Plus 20 PAGES of THE "ANGEL"!
SHAKE!
The SUB-MARINER IS OUR PAL!
-NEVER LETS YOU DOWN-
ONLY THE BEST STORIES-
THE BEST ARTISTS-
SEE -NAMOR BATTLE The "HORROR" IN THE NEXT ISSUE, NO.4-
-PLUS- THE "ANGEL"!
FOR SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
10¢

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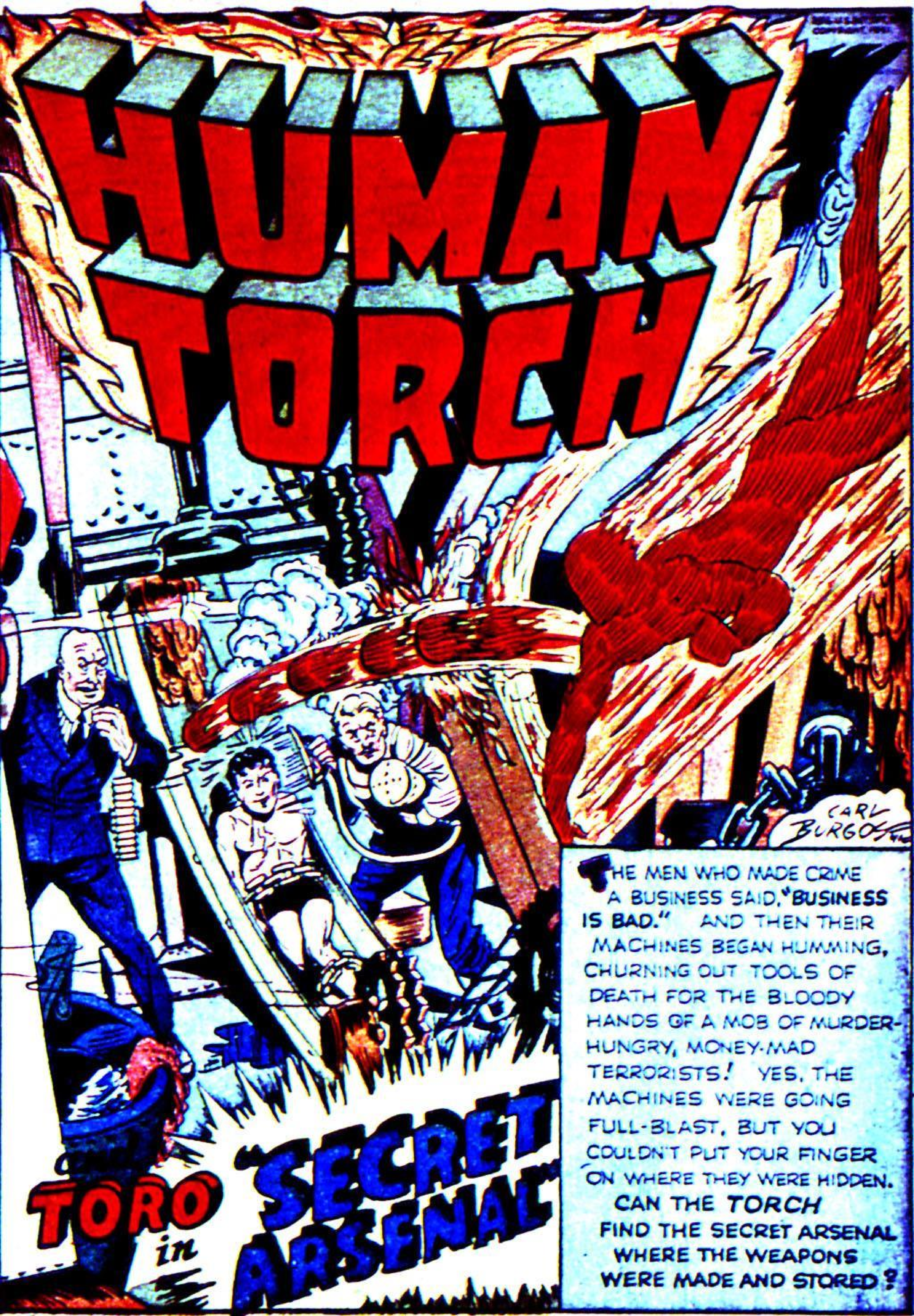
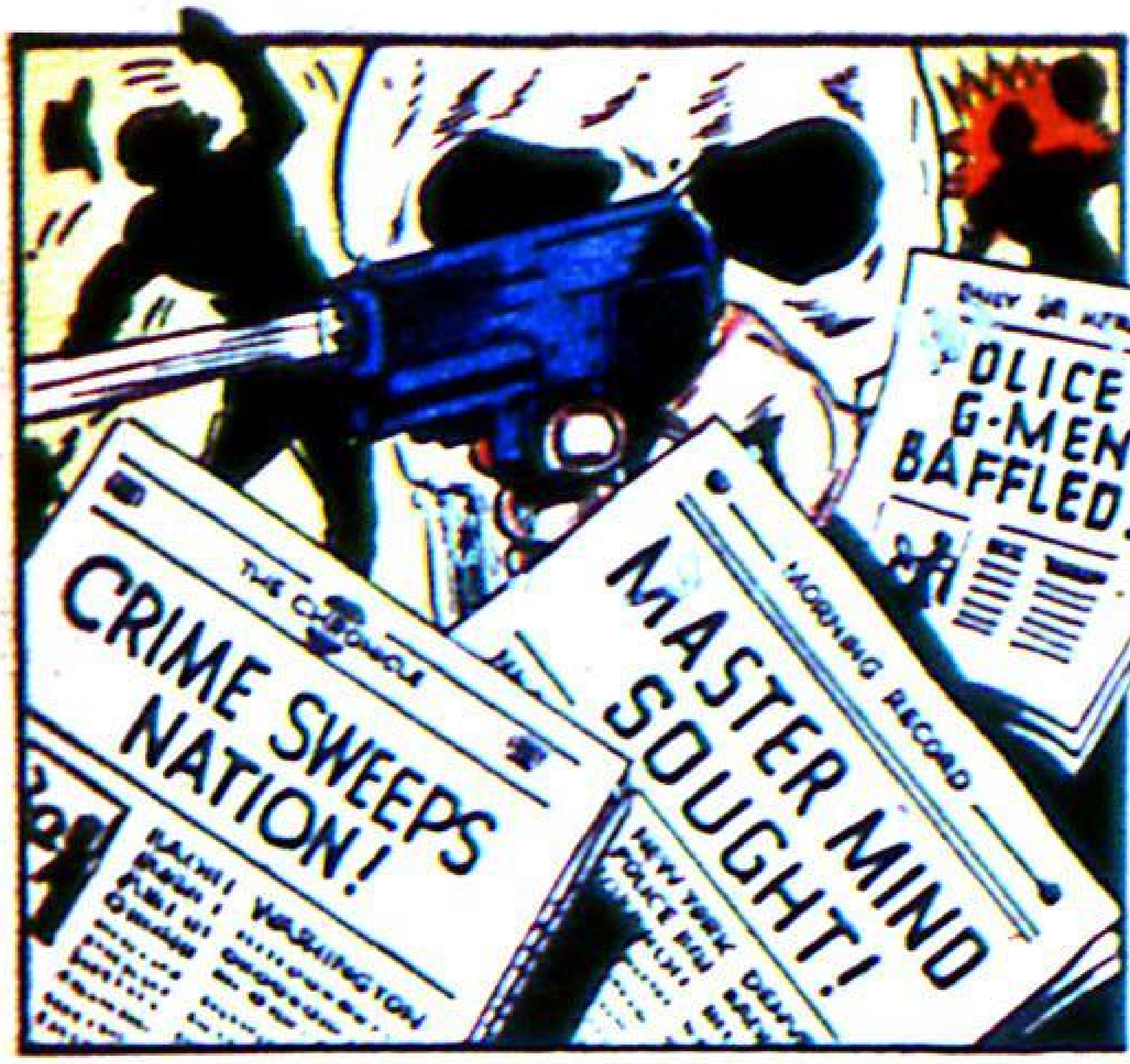
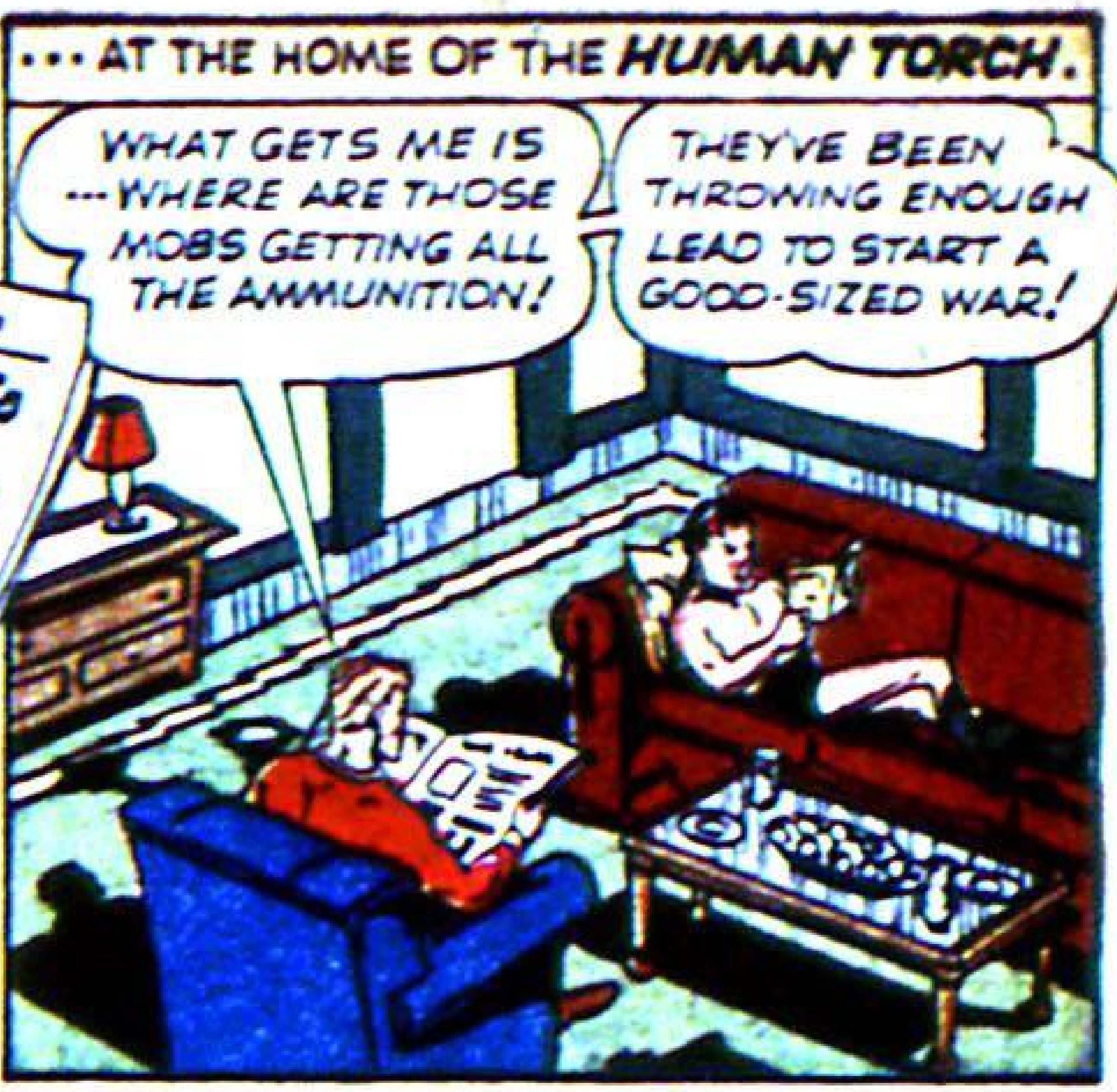
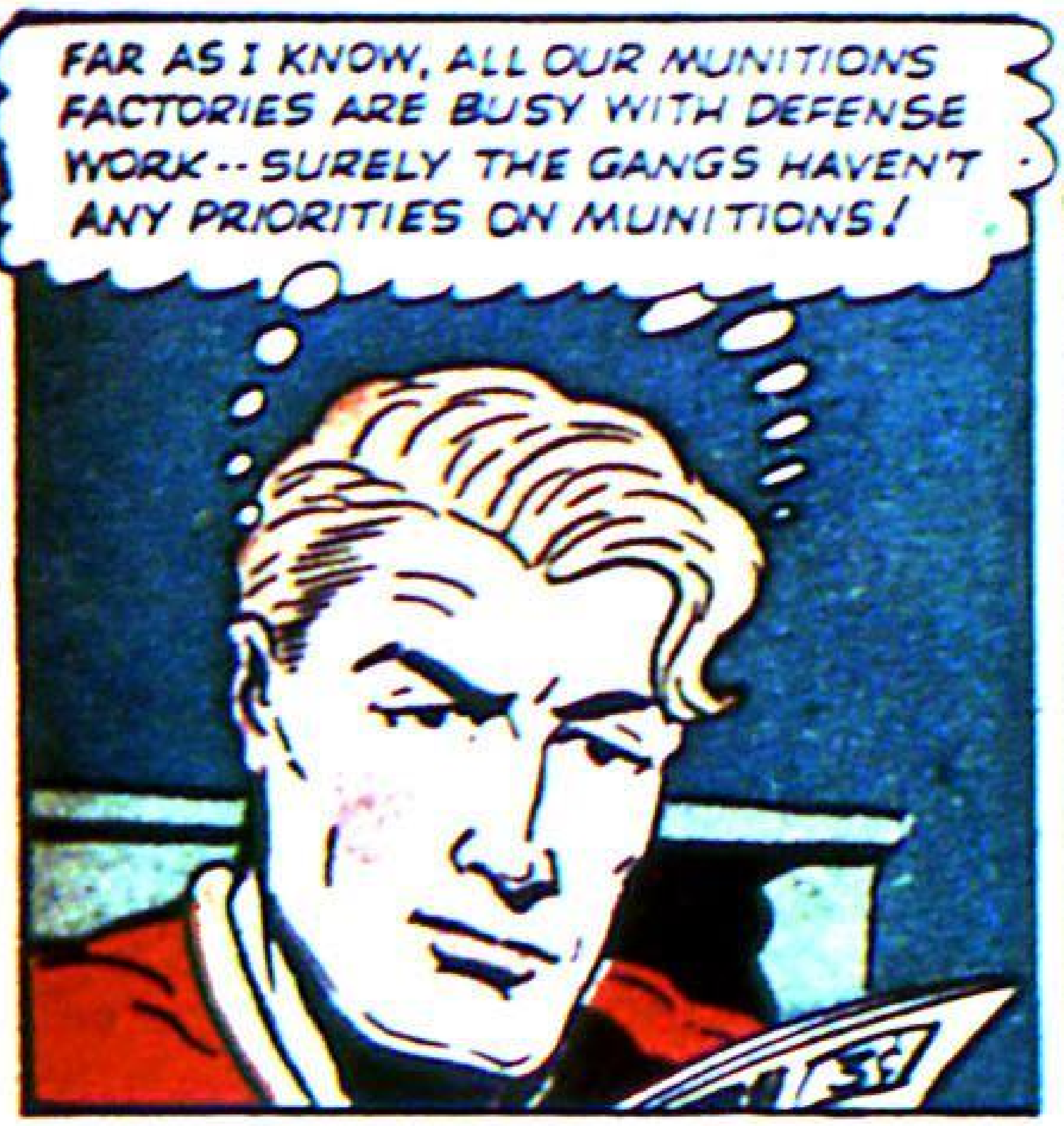
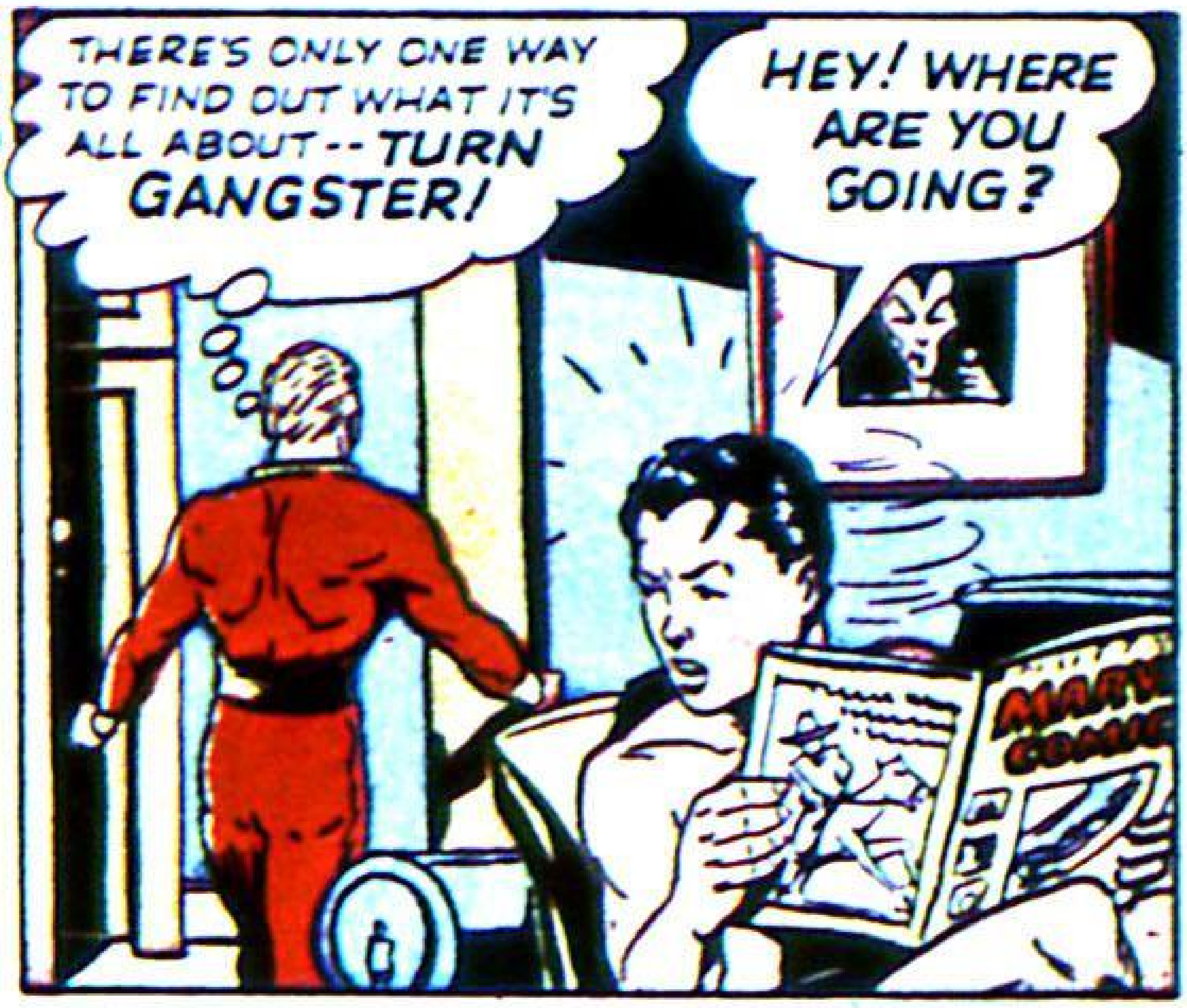
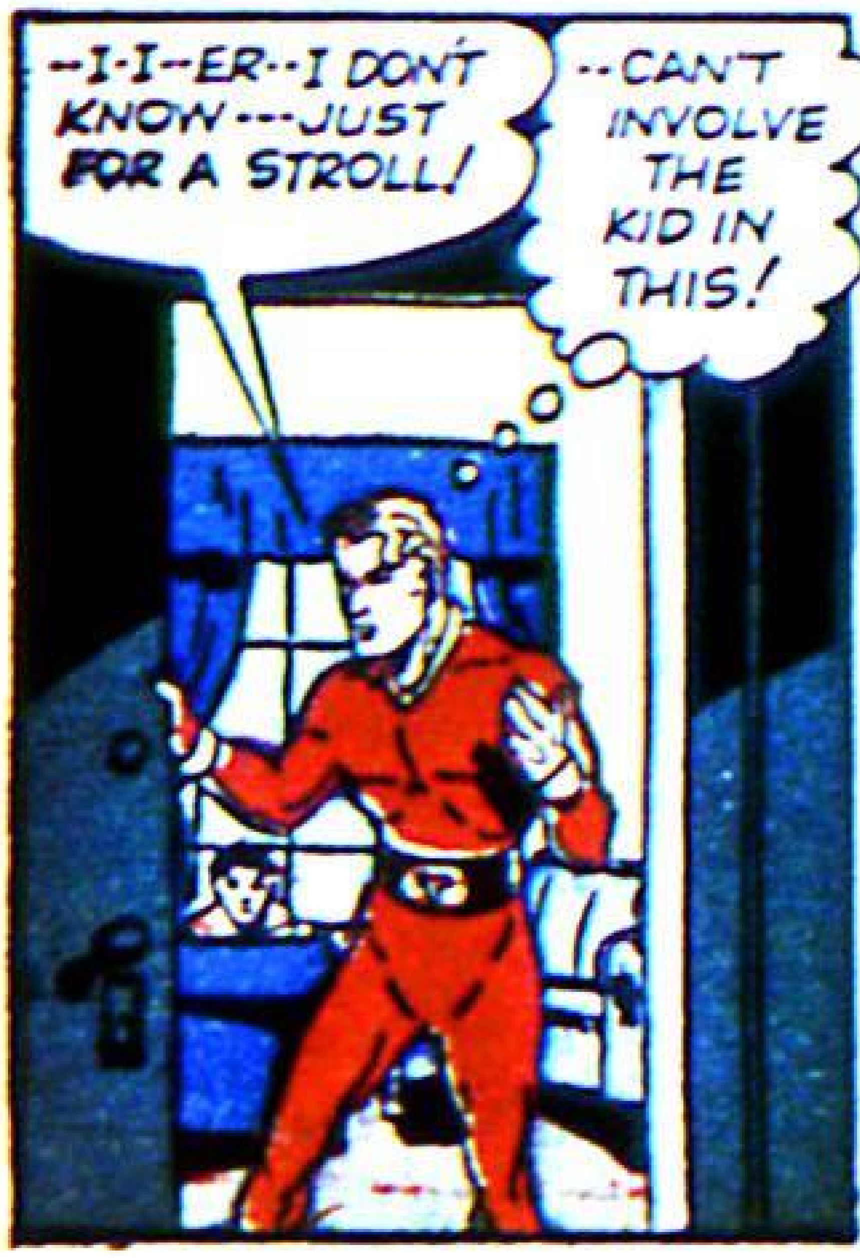

HUMAN TORCH
CARL BURGOS
THE MEN WHO MADE CRIME A BUSINESS SAID, "BUSINESS IS BAD." AND THEN THEIR MACHINES BEGAN HUMMING, CHURNING OUT TOOLS OF DEATH FOR THE BLOODY HANDS OF A MOB OF MURDER-HUNGRY, MONEY-MAD TERRORISTS! YES, THE MACHINES WERE GOING FULL-BLAST, BUT YOU COULDN'T PUT YOUR FINGER ON WHERE THEY WERE HIDDEN. CAN THE TORCH FIND THE SECRET ARSENAL WHERE THE WEAPONS WERE MADE AND STORED?
TORO in "SECRET ARSENAL"

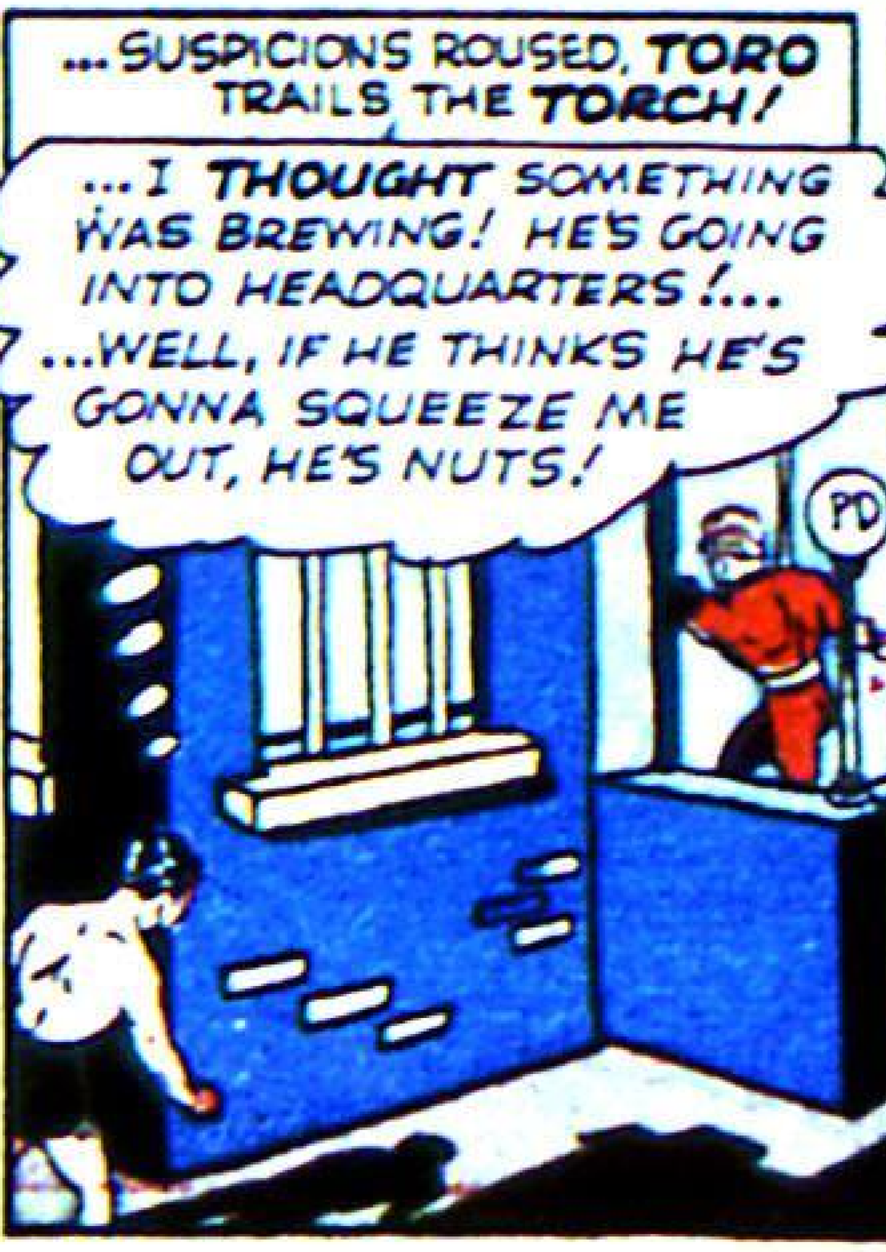

THE CHRONICLE
CRIME SWEEPS NATION!
WASHINGTON
NEW YORK POLICE
MORNING RECORD
MASTER MIND SOUGHT!
DAILY HERALD
OLICE & G-MEN BAFFLED!

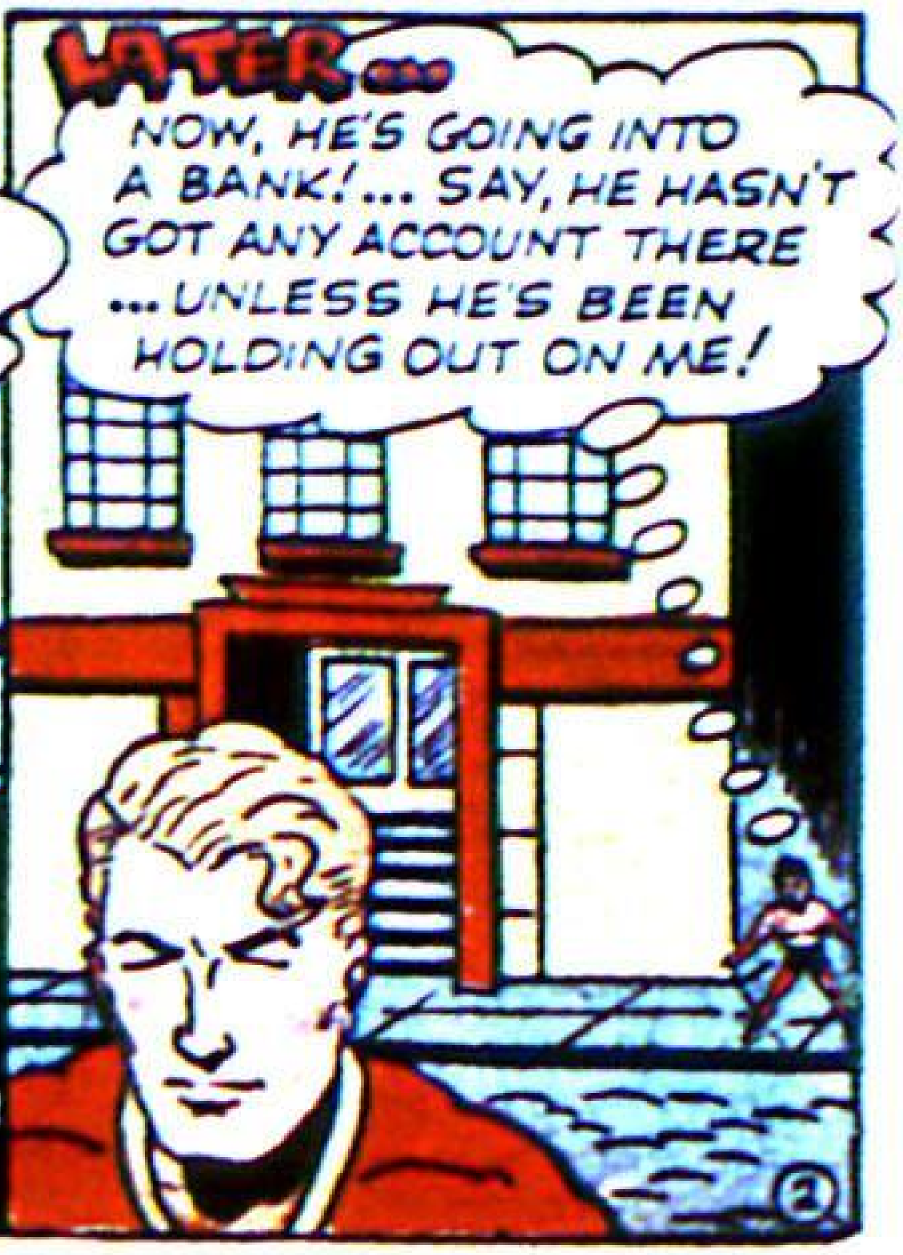

... AT THE HOME OF THE HUMAN TORCH.
WHAT GETS ME IS --WHERE ARE THOSE MOBS GETTING ALL THE AMMUNITION!
THEY'VE BEEN THROWING ENOUGH LEAD TO START A GOOD-SIZED WAR!

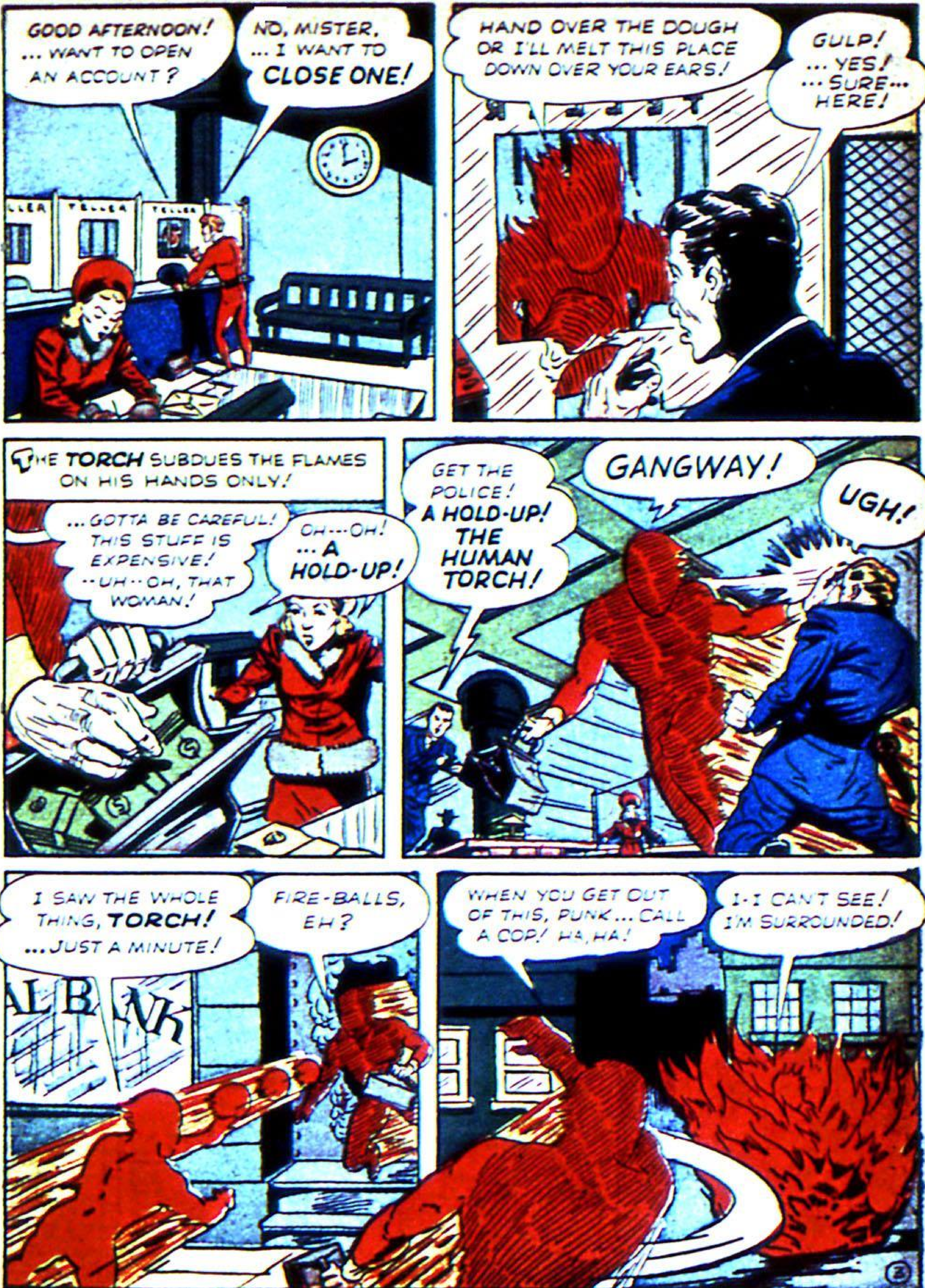

FAR AS I KNOW, ALL OUR MUNITIONS FACTORIES ARE BUSY WITH DEFENSE WORK -- SURELY THE GANGS HAVEN'T ANY PRIORITIES ON MUNITIONS!

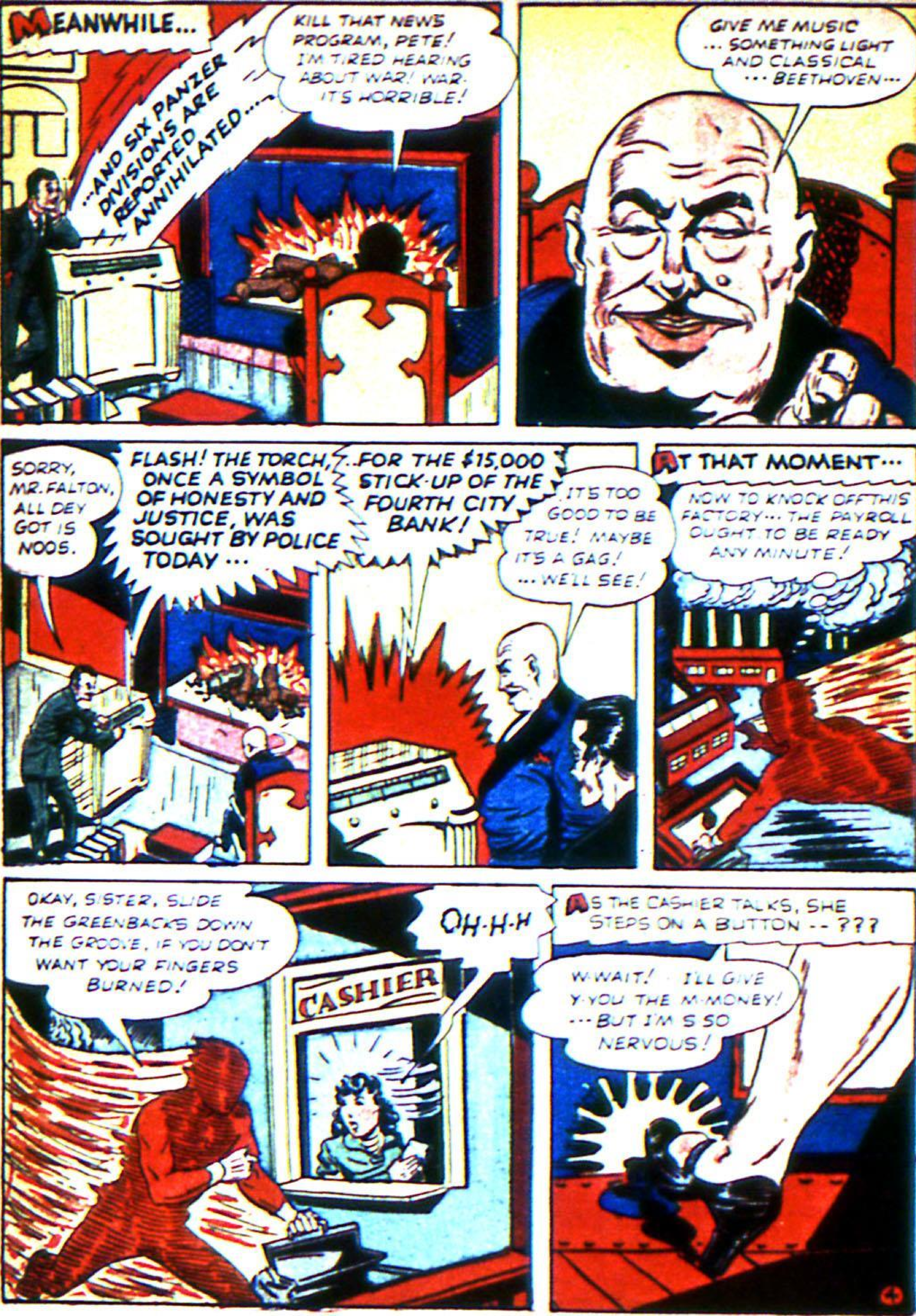

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT -- TURN GANGSTER!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
MARVEL COMICS

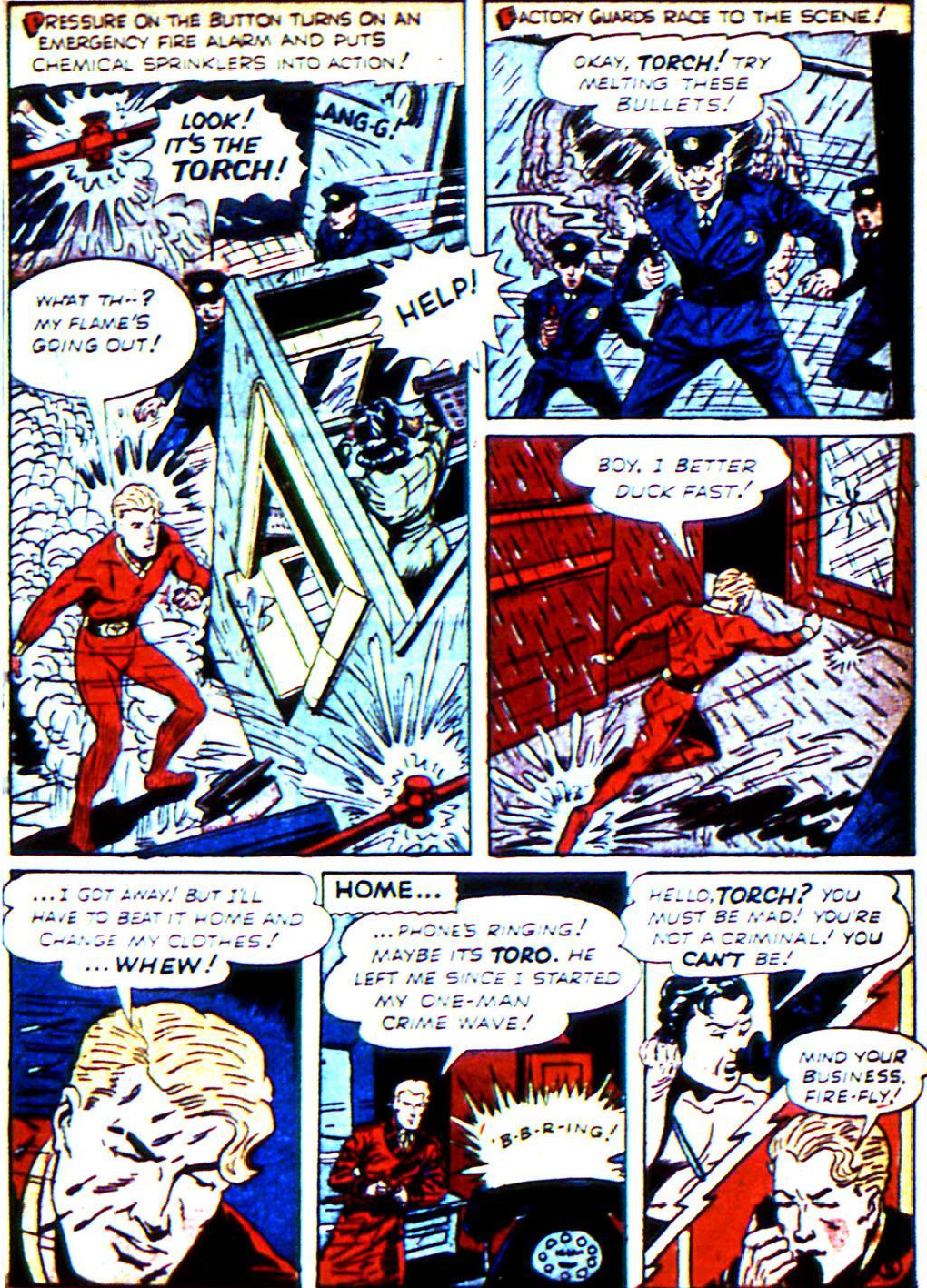

--I-I--ER--I DON'T KNOW---JUST FOR A STROLL!
--CAN'T INVOLVE THE KID IN THIS!

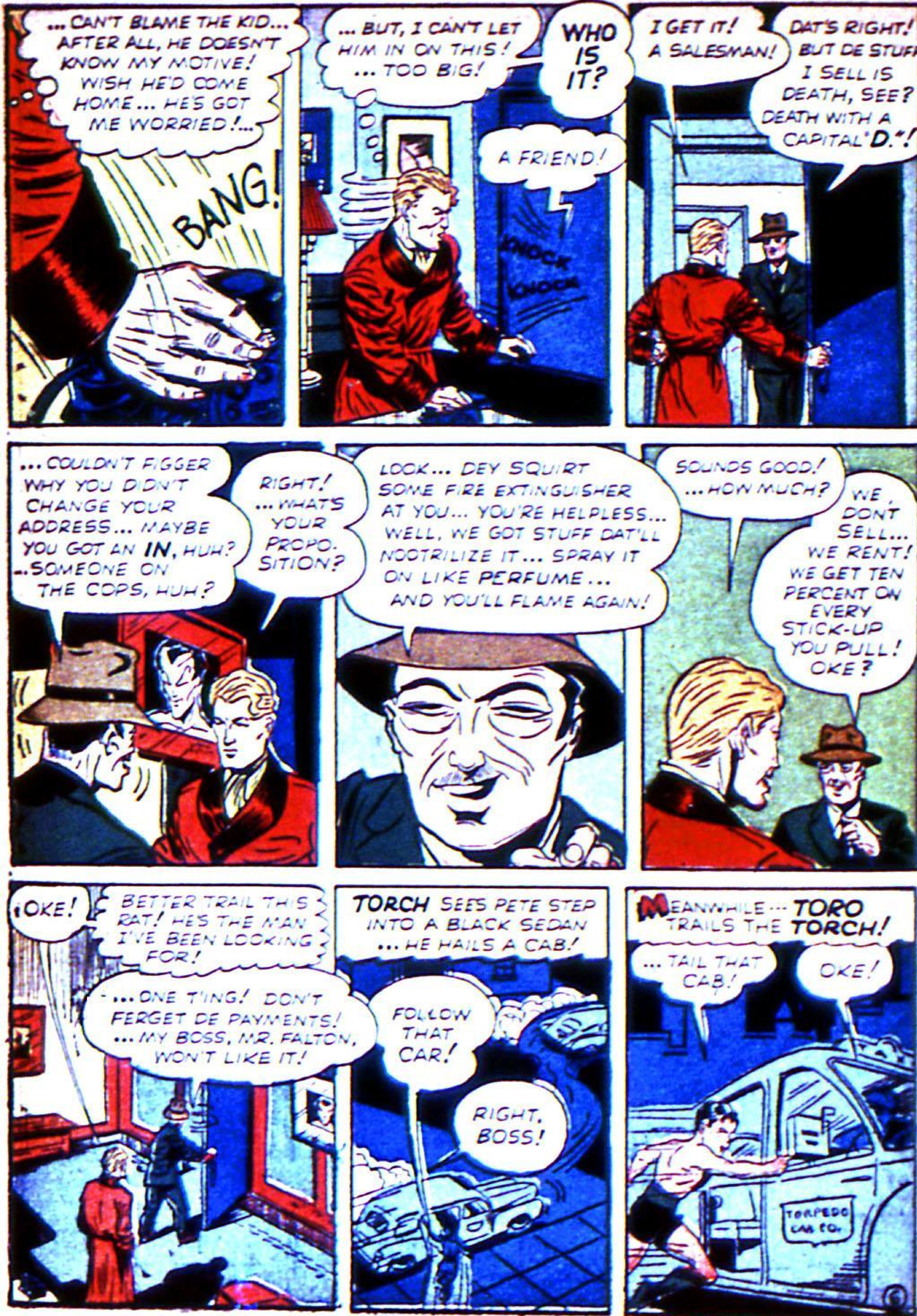

...SUSPICIONS ROUSED, TORO TRAILS THE TORCH!
...I THOUGHT SOMETHING WAS BREWING! HE'S GOING INTO HEADQUARTERS!... ...WELL, IF HE THINKS HE'S GONNA SQUEEZE ME OUT, HE'S NUTS!
PD

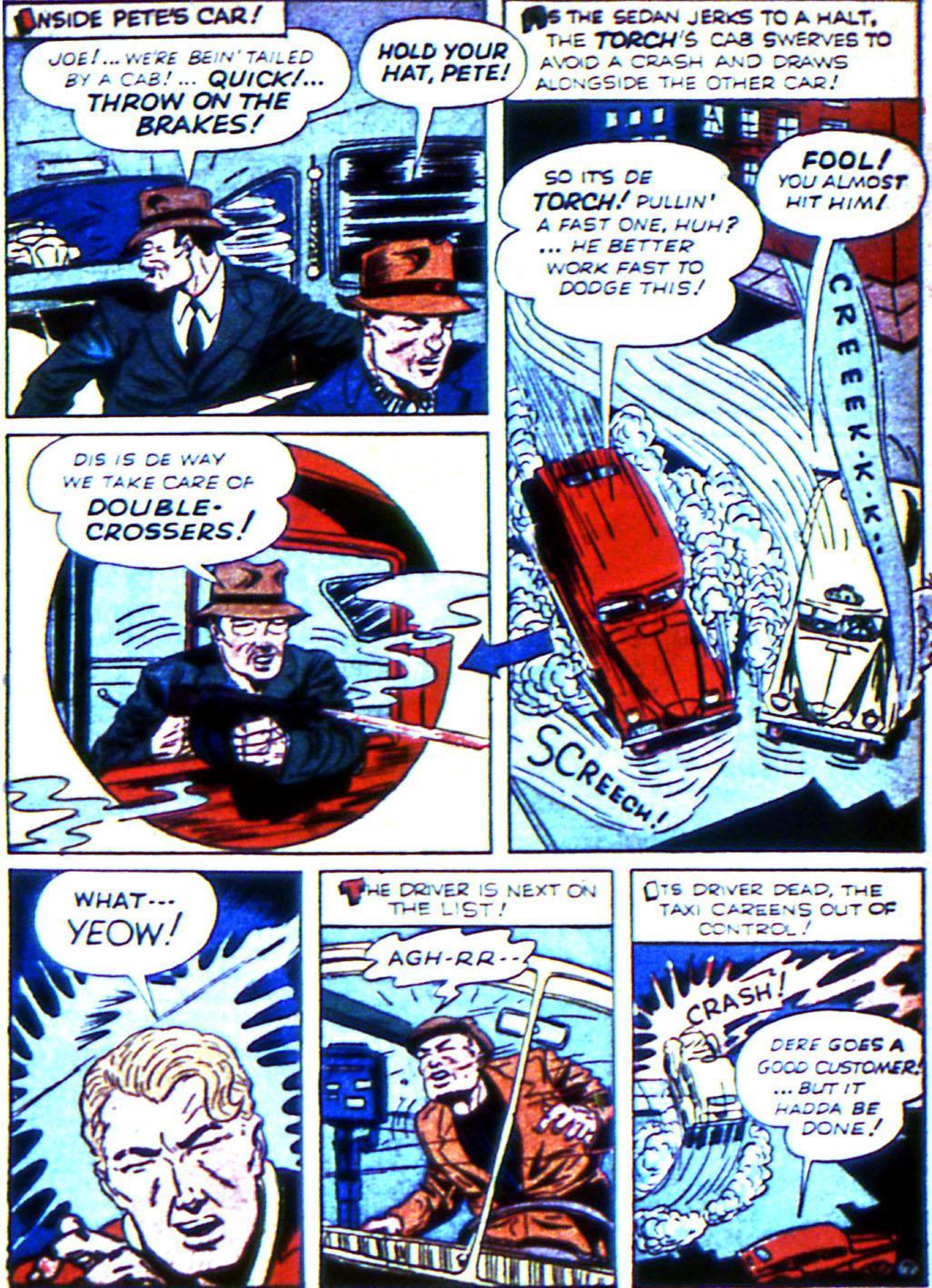

LATER...
NOW, HE'S GOING INTO A BANK!... SAY, HE HASN'T GOT ANY ACCOUNT THERE ...UNLESS HE'S BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME!

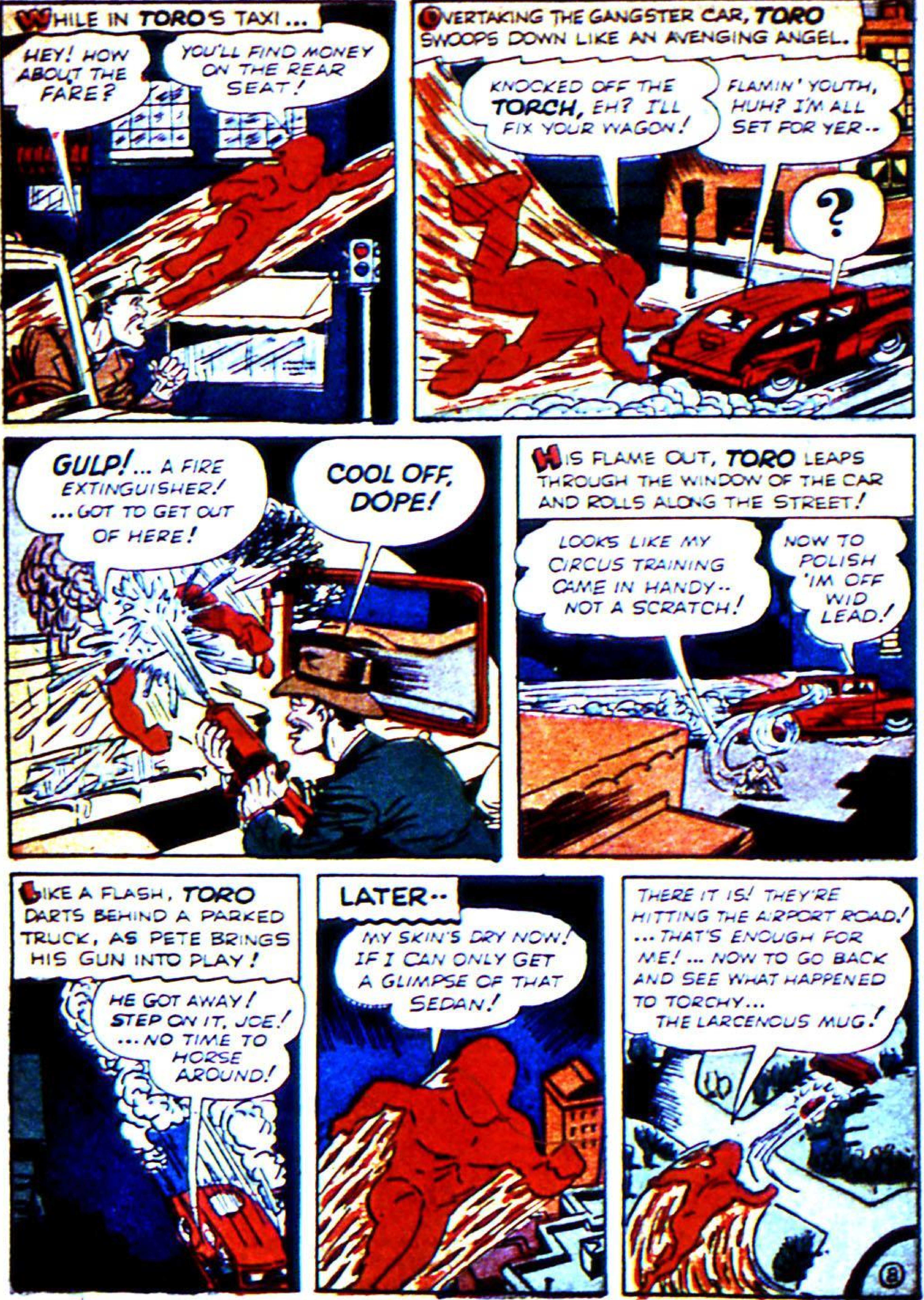

GOOD AFTERNOON! ... WANT TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT?
NO, MISTER, ... I WANT TO **CLOSE ONE!**
TELLER
TELLER
TELLER
HAND OVER THE DOUGH OR I'LL MELT THIS PLACE DOWN OVER YOUR EARS!
GULP! ... YES! ... SURE... HERE!
THE **TORCH** SUBDUES THE FLAMES ON HIS HANDS ONLY!
... GOTTA BE CAREFUL! THIS STUFF IS EXPENSIVE! -- UH -- OH, THAT WOMAN!
OH --- OH! ... **A HOLD-UP!**
GET THE POLICE! **A HOLD-UP! THE HUMAN TORCH!**
GANGWAY!
UGH!
I SAW THE WHOLE THING, **TORCH!** ... JUST A MINUTE!
FIRE-BALLS, EH?
AL BANK
WHEN YOU GET OUT OF THIS, PUNK ... CALL A COP! HA, HA!
I-I CAN'T SEE! I'M SURROUNDED!

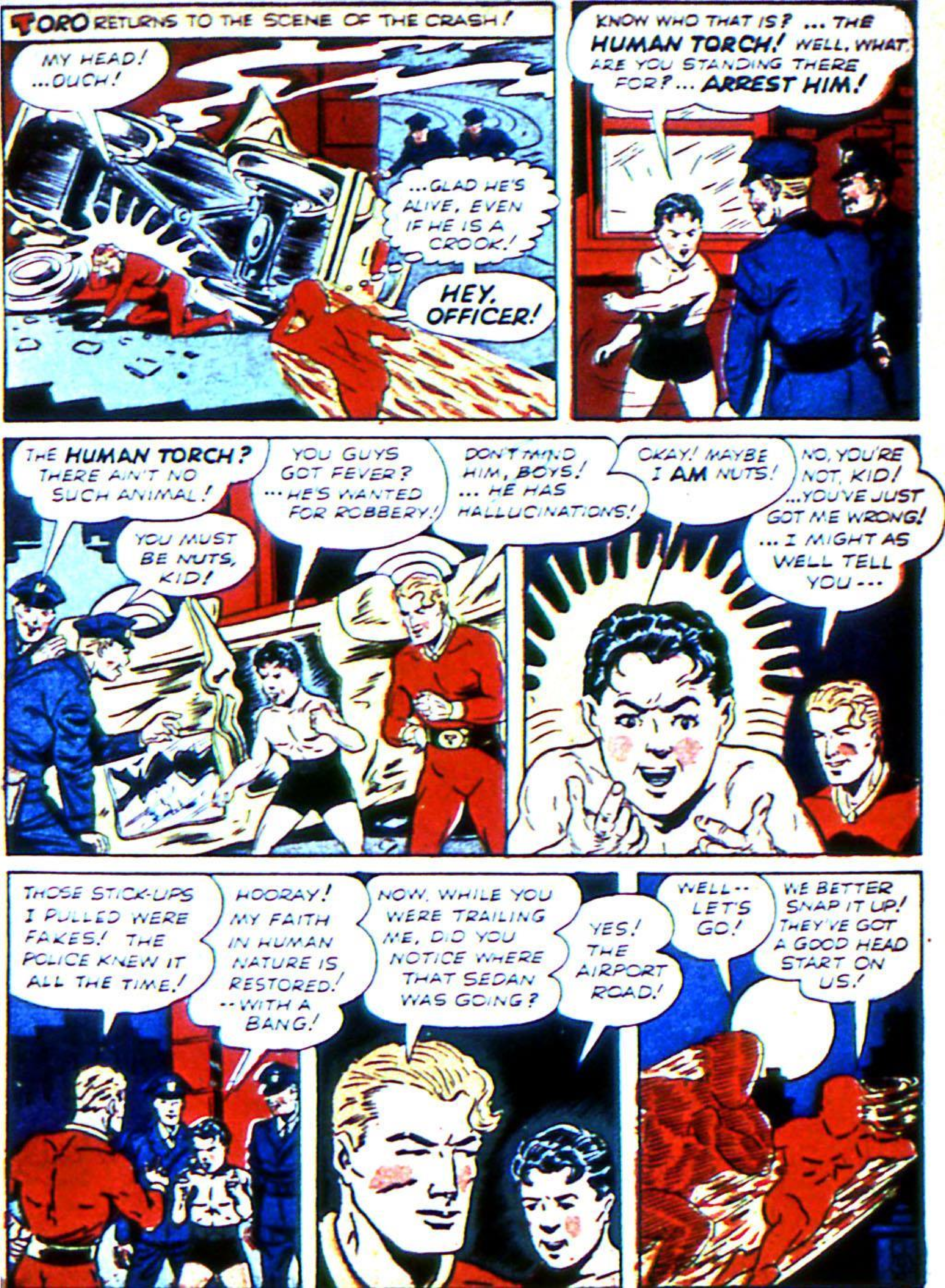

MEANWHILE...
...AND SIX PANZER DIVISIONS ARE REPORTED ANNIHILATED....
KILL THAT NEWS PROGRAM, PETE! I'M TIRED HEARING ABOUT WAR! WAR-IT'S HORRIBLE!
GIVE ME MUSIC ... SOMETHING LIGHT AND CLASSICAL ... BEETHOVEN...
SORRY, MR. FALTON, ALL DEY GOT IS NOOS.
FLASH! THE TORCH, ONCE A SYMBOL OF HONESTY AND JUSTICE, WAS SOUGHT BY POLICE TODAY ...
..FOR THE $15,000 STICK-UP OF THE FOURTH CITY BANK!
IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! MAYBE IT'S A GAG! ... WE'LL SEE!
AT THAT MOMENT...
NOW TO KNOCK OFF THIS FACTORY... THE PAYROLL OUGHT TO BE READY ANY MINUTE!
OKAY, SISTER, SLIDE THE GREENBACKS DOWN THE GROOVE, IF YOU DON'T WANT YOUR FINGERS BURNED!
OH-H-H
CASHIER
AS THE CASHIER TALKS, SHE STEPS ON A BUTTON -- ???
W-WAIT! I'LL GIVE Y-YOU THE M-MONEY! ... BUT I'M S-SO NERVOUS!
4

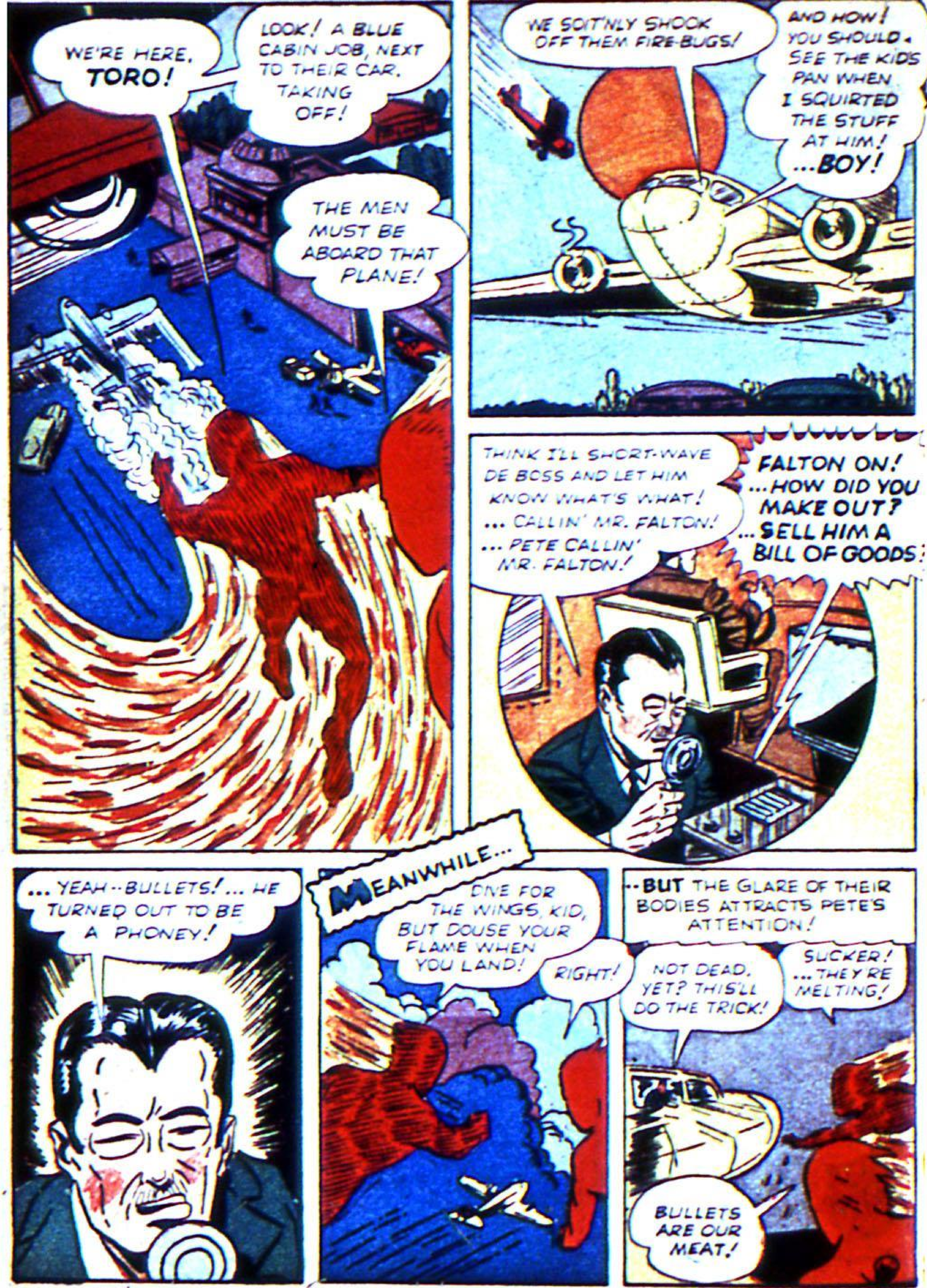

PRESSURE ON THE BUTTON TURNS ON AN EMERGENCY FIRE ALARM AND PUTS CHEMICAL SPRINKLERS INTO ACTION!
LOOK! IT'S THE TORCH!
ANG-G!
WHAT TH--? MY FLAME'S GOING OUT!
HELP!
FACTORY GUARDS RACE TO THE SCENE!
OKAY, TORCH! TRY MELTING THESE BULLETS!
BOY, I BETTER DUCK FAST!
...I GOT AWAY! BUT I'LL HAVE TO BEAT IT HOME AND CHANGE MY CLOTHES! ...WHEW!
HOME...
...PHONE'S RINGING! MAYBE ITS TORO. HE LEFT ME SINCE I STARTED MY ONE-MAN CRIME WAVE!
B-B-R-ING!
HELLO, TORCH? YOU MUST BE MAD! YOU'RE NOT A CRIMINAL! YOU CAN'T BE!
MIND YOUR BUSINESS, FIRE-FLY!

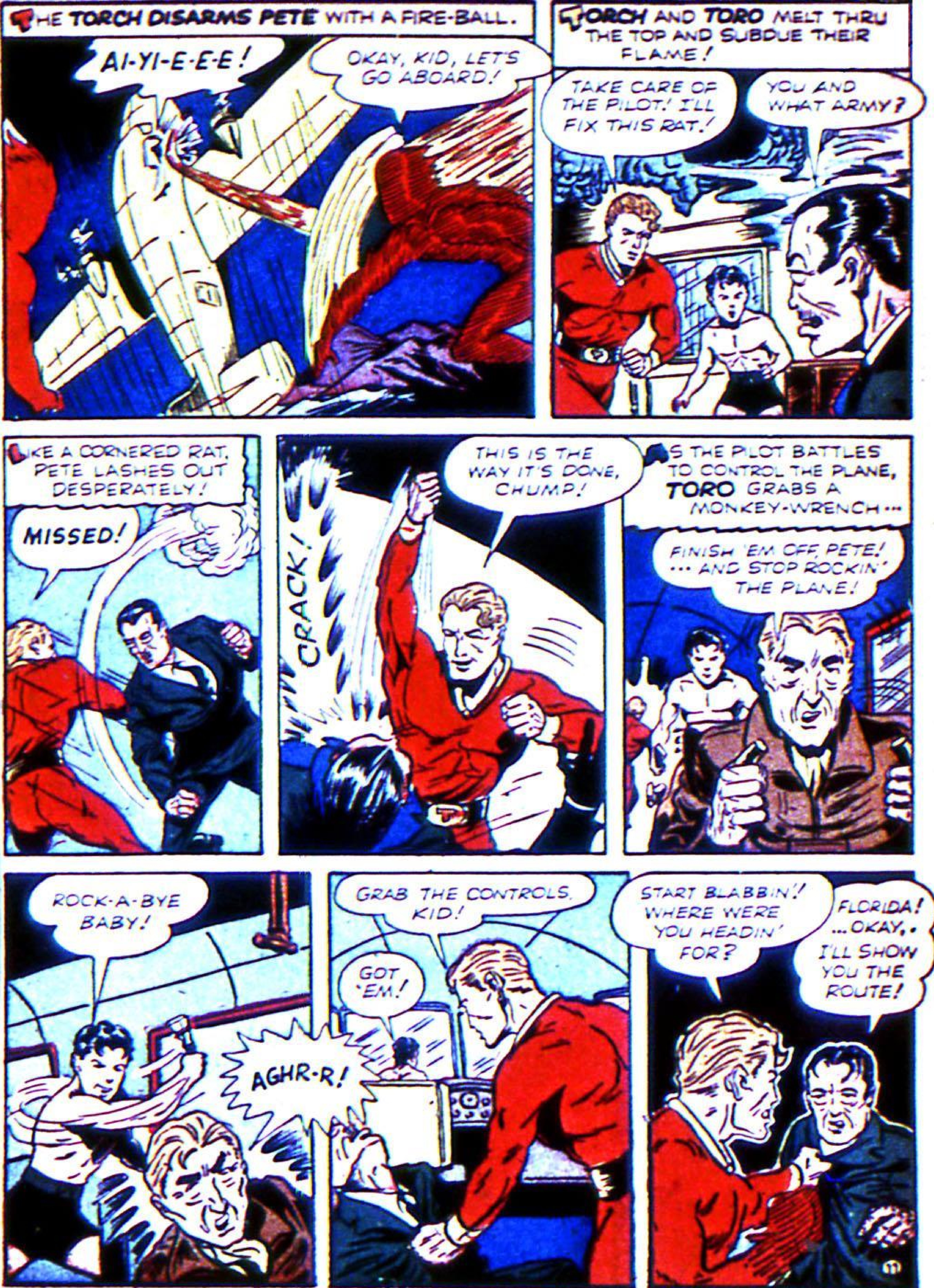

...CAN'T BLAME THE KID... AFTER ALL, HE DOESN'T KNOW MY MOTIVE! WISH HE'D COME HOME... HE'S GOT ME WORRIED!...
BANG!
...BUT, I CAN'T LET HIM IN ON THIS! ...TOO BIG!
WHO IS IT?
A FRIEND!
KNOCK KNOCK
I GET IT! A SALESMAN!
DAT'S RIGHT! BUT DE STUFF I SELL IS DEATH, SEE? DEATH WITH A CAPITAL "D."!
...COULDN'T FIGGER WHY YOU DIDN'T CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS... MAYBE YOU GOT AN IN, HUH? ...SOMEONE ON THE COPS, HUH?
RIGHT! ...WHAT'S YOUR PROPOSITION?
LOOK... DEY SQUIRT SOME FIRE EXTINGUISHER AT YOU... YOU'RE HELPLESS... WELL, WE GOT STUFF DAT'LL NOOTRILIZE IT... SPRAY IT ON LIKE PERFUME... AND YOU'LL FLAME AGAIN!
SOUNDS GOOD! ...HOW MUCH?
WE DON'T SELL... WE RENT! WE GET TEN PERCENT ON EVERY STICK-UP YOU PULL! OKE?
¡OKE!
BETTER TRAIL THIS RAT! HE'S THE MAN I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!
...ONE T'ING! DON'T FERGET DE PAYMENTS! ...MY BOSS, MR. FALTON, WON'T LIKE IT!
TORCH SEES PETE STEP INTO A BLACK SEDAN ... HE HAILS A CAB!
FOLLOW THAT CAR!
RIGHT, BOSS!
MEANWHILE... TORO TRAILS THE TORCH!
...TAIL THAT CAB!
OKE!
TORPEDO CAB CO.
6

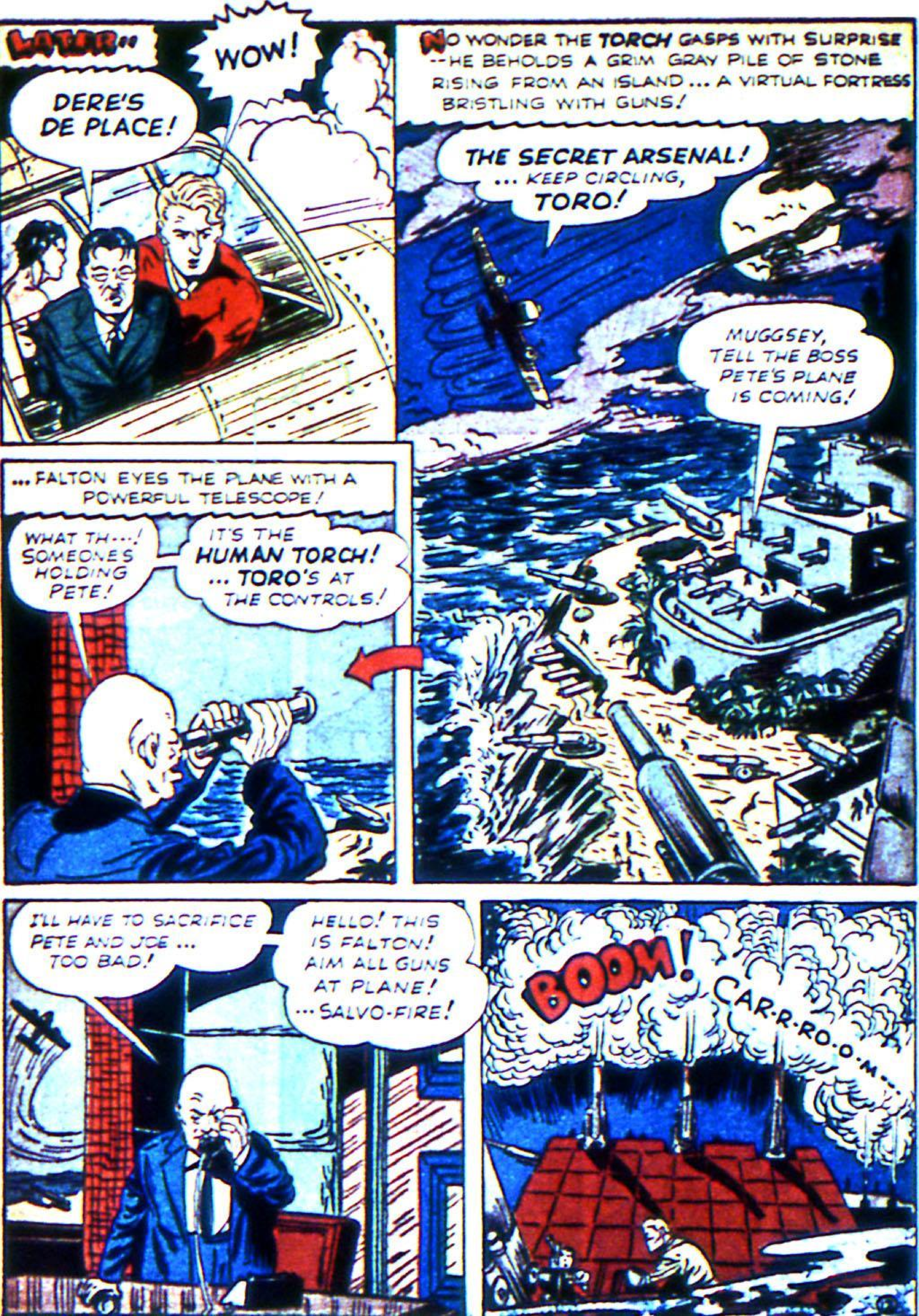

INSIDE PETE'S CAR!
JOE! ... WE'RE BEIN' TAILED BY A CAB! ... QUICK! ... THROW ON THE BRAKES!
HOLD YOUR HAT, PETE!
AS THE SEDAN JERKS TO A HALT, THE TORCH'S CAB SWERVES TO AVOID A CRASH AND DRAWS ALONGSIDE THE OTHER CAR!
SO IT'S DE TORCH! PULLIN' A FAST ONE, HUH? ... HE BETTER WORK FAST TO DODGE THIS!
FOOL! YOU ALMOST HIT HIM!
CREEEK-K-K..
SCREECH!
DIS IS DE WAY WE TAKE CARE OF DOUBLE-CROSSERS!
WHAT--- YEOW!
THE DRIVER IS NEXT ON THE LIST!
AGH-RR--
ITS DRIVER DEAD, THE TAXI CAREENS OUT OF CONTROL!
CRASH!
DERE GOES A GOOD CUSTOMER! ... BUT IT HADDA BE DONE!

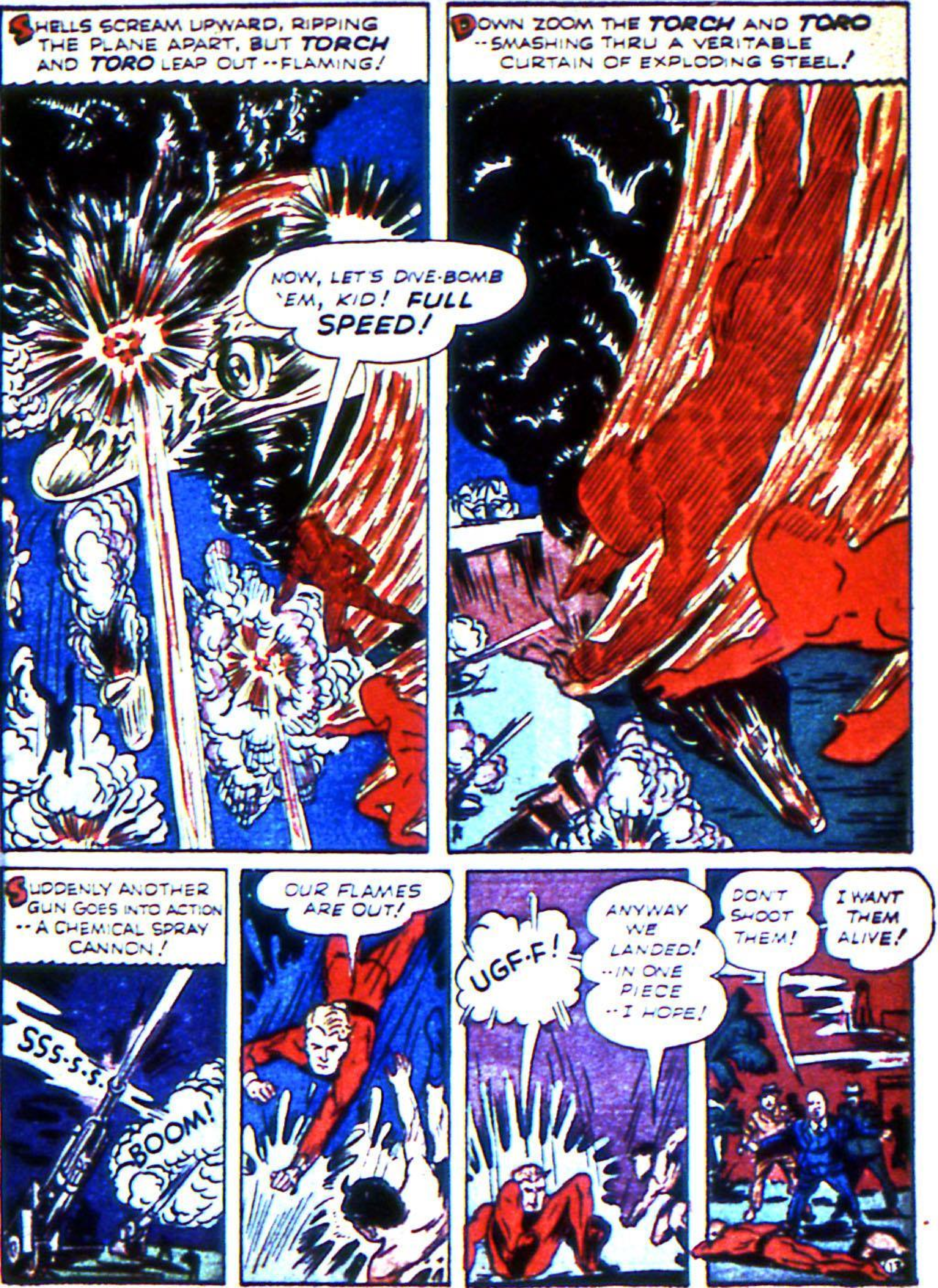

WHILE IN TORO'S TAXI...
HEY! HOW ABOUT THE FARE?
YOU'LL FIND MONEY ON THE REAR SEAT!
OVERTAKING THE GANGSTER CAR, TORO SWOOPS DOWN LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL.
KNOCKED OFF THE TORCH, EH? I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON!
FLAMIN' YOUTH, HUH? I'M ALL SET FOR YER..
?
GULP! ... A FIRE EXTINGUISHER! ...GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
COOL OFF, DOPE!
HIS FLAME OUT, TORO LEAPS THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE CAR AND ROLLS ALONG THE STREET!
LOOKS LIKE MY CIRCUS TRAINING CAME IN HANDY.. NOT A SCRATCH!
NOW TO POLISH 'IM OFF WID LEAD!
LIKE A FLASH, TORO DARTS BEHIND A PARKED TRUCK, AS PETE BRINGS HIS GUN INTO PLAY!
HE GOT AWAY! STEP ON IT, JOE! ...NO TIME TO HORSE AROUND!
LATER..
MY SKIN'S DRY NOW! IF I CAN ONLY GET A GLIMPSE OF THAT SEDAN!
THERE IT IS! THEY'RE HITTING THE AIRPORT ROAD! ...THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! ... NOW TO GO BACK AND SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO TORCHY... THE LARCENOUS MUG!


TORO RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THE CRASH!
MY HEAD! ...OUCH!
...GLAD HE'S ALIVE, EVEN IF HE IS A CROOK!
HEY. OFFICER!
KNOW WHO THAT IS? ... THE HUMAN TORCH! WELL, WHAT ARE YOU STANDING THERE FOR? ... ARREST HIM!
THE HUMAN TORCH? THERE AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL!
YOU MUST BE NUTS, KID!
YOU GUYS GOT FEVER? ... HE'S WANTED FOR ROBBERY!
DON'T MIND HIM, BOYS! ... HE HAS HALLUCINATIONS!
OKAY! MAYBE I AM NUTS!
NO, YOU'RE NOT, KID! ...YOU'VE JUST GOT ME WRONG! ... I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU ---
THOSE STICK-UPS I PULLED WERE FAKES! THE POLICE KNEW IT ALL THE TIME!
HOORAY! MY FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE IS RESTORED! --WITH A BANG!
NOW, WHILE YOU WERE TRAILING ME, DID YOU NOTICE WHERE THAT SEDAN WAS GOING?
YES! THE AIRPORT ROAD!
WELL-- LET'S GO!
WE BETTER SNAP IT UP! THEY'VE GOT A GOOD HEAD START ON US!


WE'RE HERE, TORO!
LOOK! A BLUE CABIN JOB, NEXT TO THEIR CAR, TAKING OFF!
THE MEN MUST BE ABOARD THAT PLANE!
WE SOIT'NLY SHOOK OFF THEM FIRE-BUGS!
AND HOW! YOU SHOULD SEE THE KIDS PAN WHEN I SQUIRTED THE STUFF AT HIM! ...BOY!
THINK I'LL SHORT-WAVE DE BOSS AND LET HIM KNOW WHAT'S WHAT! ... CALLIN' MR. FALTON! ... PETE CALLIN' MR. FALTON!
FALTON ON! ...HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT? ...SELL HIM A BILL OF GOODS
... YEAH -- BULLETS! ... HE TURNED OUT TO BE A PHONEY!
MEANWHILE...
DIVE FOR THE WINGS, KID, BUT DOUSE YOUR FLAME WHEN YOU LAND!
RIGHT!
...BUT THE GLARE OF THEIR BODIES ATTRACTS PETE'S ATTENTION!
NOT DEAD, YET? THIS'LL DO THE TRICK!
SUCKER! ...THEY'RE MELTING!
BULLETS ARE OUR MEAT!


THE TORCH DISARMS PETE WITH A FIRE-BALL.
AI-YI-E-E-E!
OKAY, KID, LET'S GO ABOARD!
TORCH AND TORO MELT THRU THE TOP AND SUBDUE THEIR FLAME!
TAKE CARE OF THE PILOT! I'LL FIX THIS RAT!
YOU AND WHAT ARMY?
LIKE A CORNERED RAT, PETE LASHES OUT DESPERATELY!
MISSED!
THIS IS THE WAY IT'S DONE, CHUMP!
CRACK!
AS THE PILOT BATTLES TO CONTROL THE PLANE, TORO GRABS A MONKEY-WRENCH...
FINISH 'EM OFF, PETE! ... AND STOP ROCKIN' THE PLANE!
ROCK-A-BYE BABY!
AGHR-R!
GRAB THE CONTROLS, KID!
GOT 'EM!
START BLABBIN'! WHERE WERE YOU HEADIN' FOR?
FLORIDA! ...OKAY, I'LL SHOW YOU THE ROUTE!


LATER..
WOW!
DERE'S DE PLACE!
NO WONDER THE TORCH GASPS WITH SURPRISE --HE BEHOLDS A GRIM GRAY PILE OF STONE RISING FROM AN ISLAND... A VIRTUAL FORTRESS BRISTLING WITH GUNS!
THE SECRET ARSENAL! ... KEEP CIRCLING, TORO!
MUGGSEY, TELL THE BOSS PETE'S PLANE IS COMING!
...FALTON EYES THE PLANE WITH A POWERFUL TELESCOPE!
WHAT TH...! SOMEONE'S HOLDING PETE!
IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH! ... TORO'S AT THE CONTROLS!
I'LL HAVE TO SACRIFICE PETE AND JOE ... TOO BAD!
HELLO! THIS IS FALTON! AIM ALL GUNS AT PLANE! ...SALVO-FIRE!
BOOM!
CAR-R-RO-O-M...



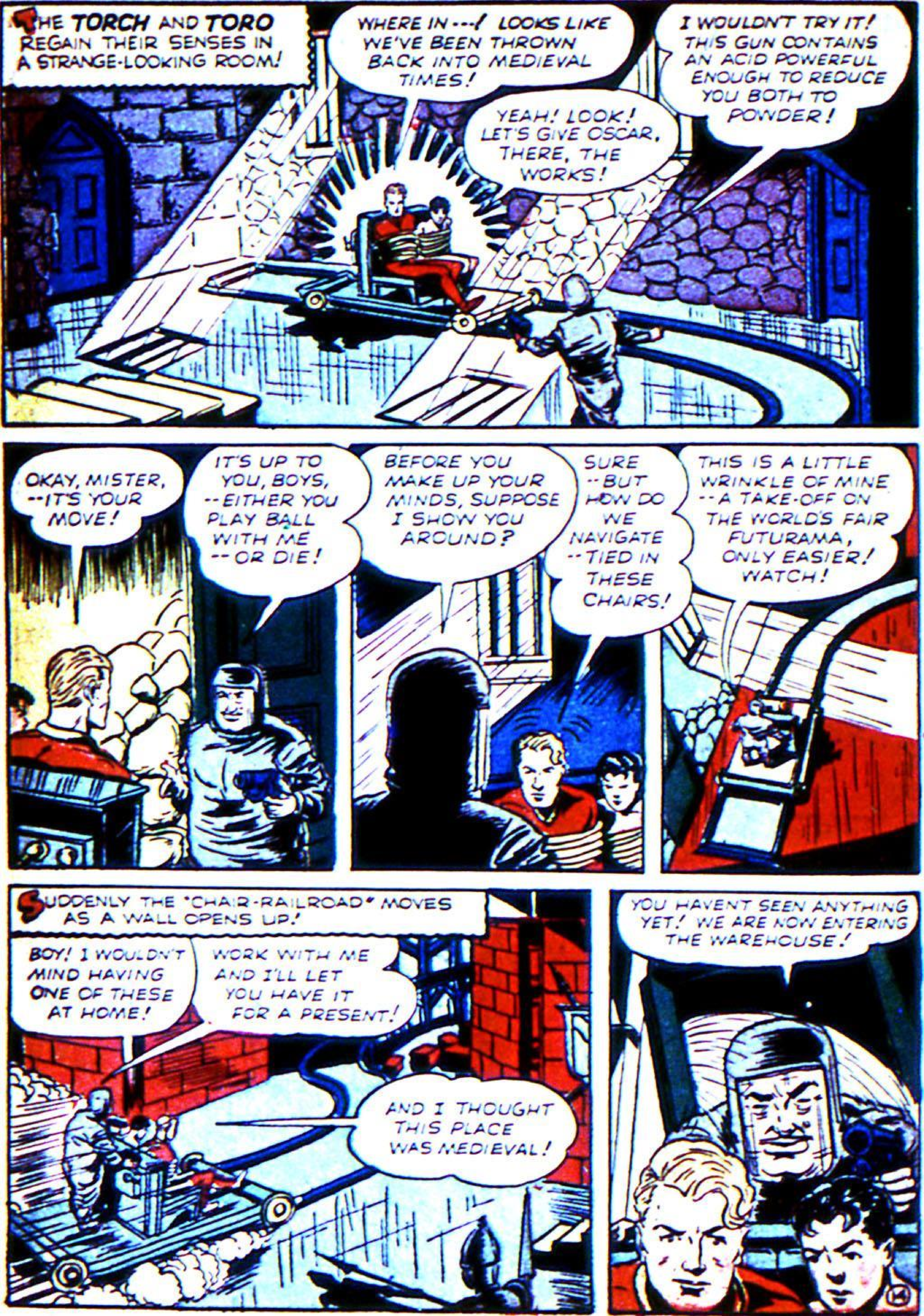
SHELLS SCREAM UPWARD, RIPPING THE PLANE APART, BUT **TORCH** AND **TORO** LEAP OUT -- FLAMING!

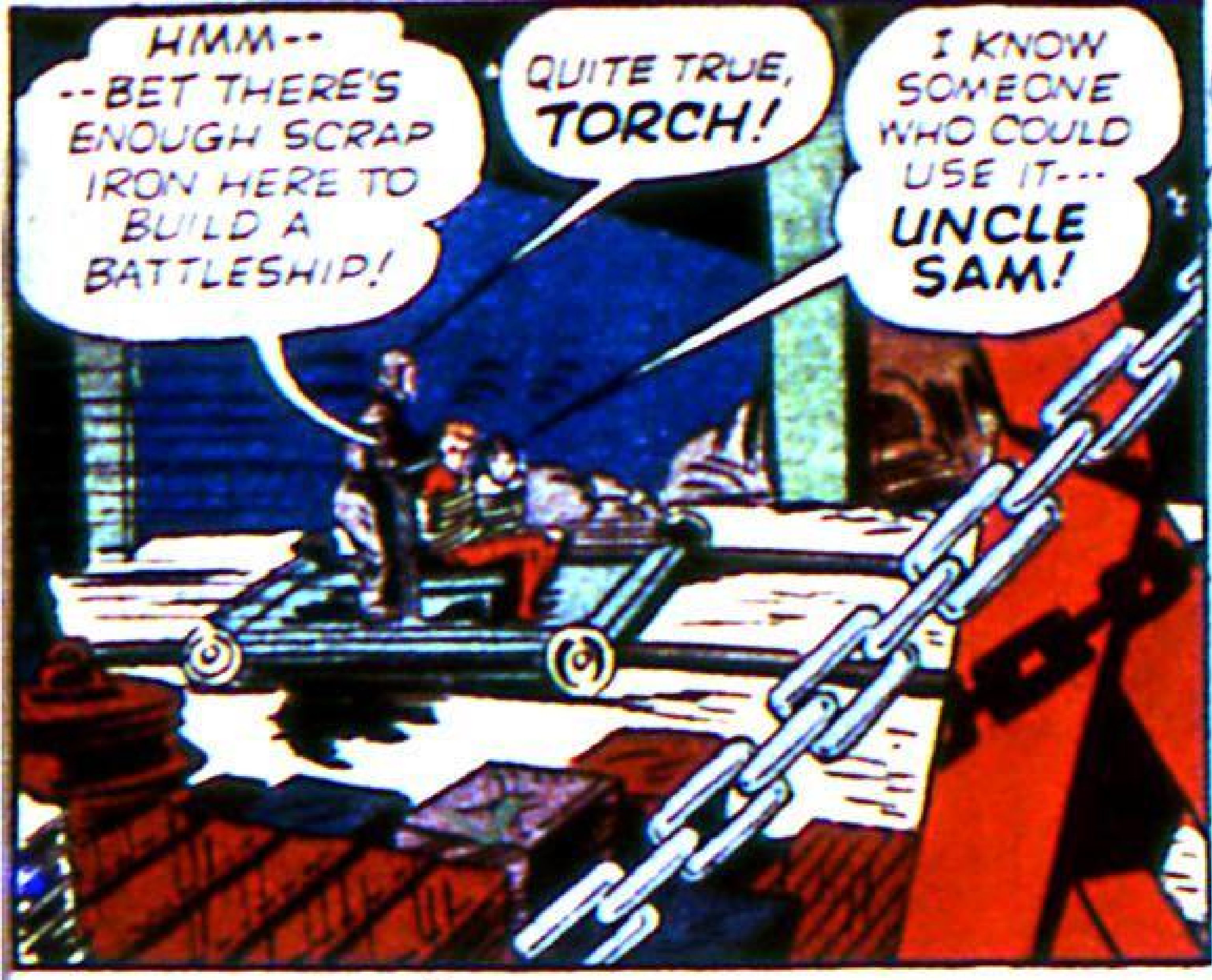
NOW, LET'S DIVE-BOMB 'EM, KID! **FULL SPEED!**

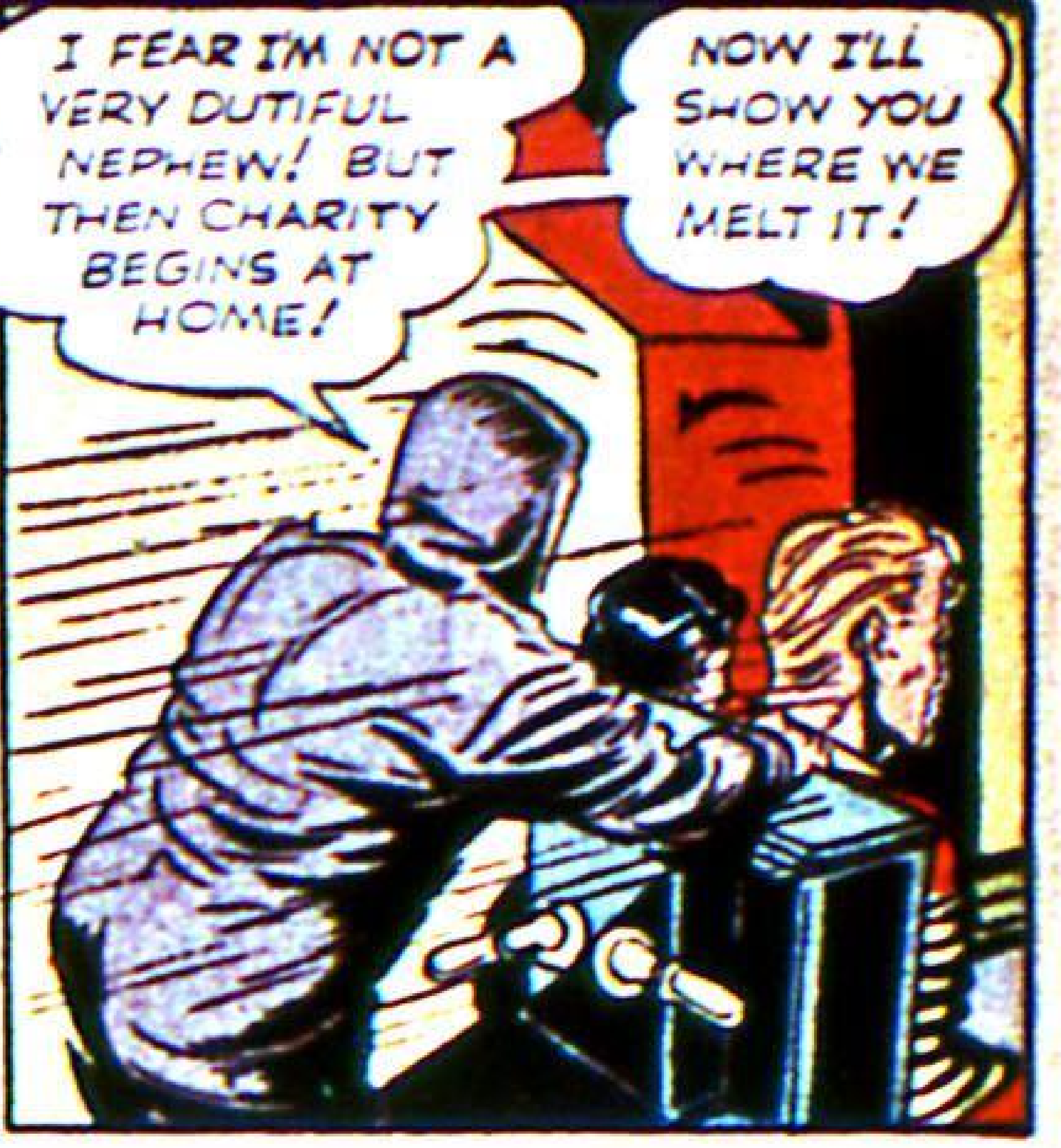
DOWN ZOOM THE **TORCH** AND **TORO** -- SMASHING THRU A VERITABLE CURTAIN OF EXPLODING STEEL!

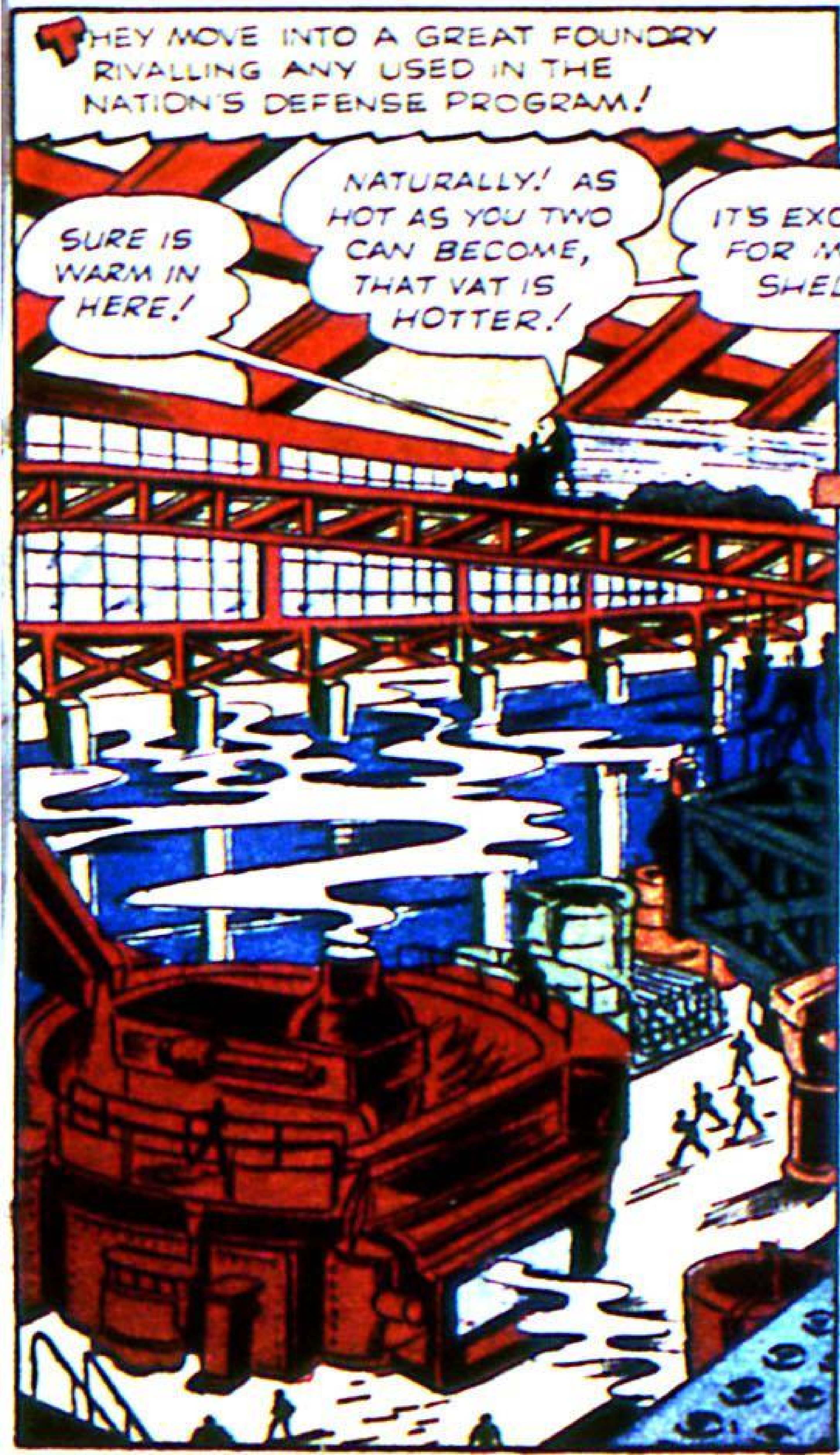
SUDDENLY ANOTHER GUN GOES INTO ACTION -- A CHEMICAL SPRAY CANNON!

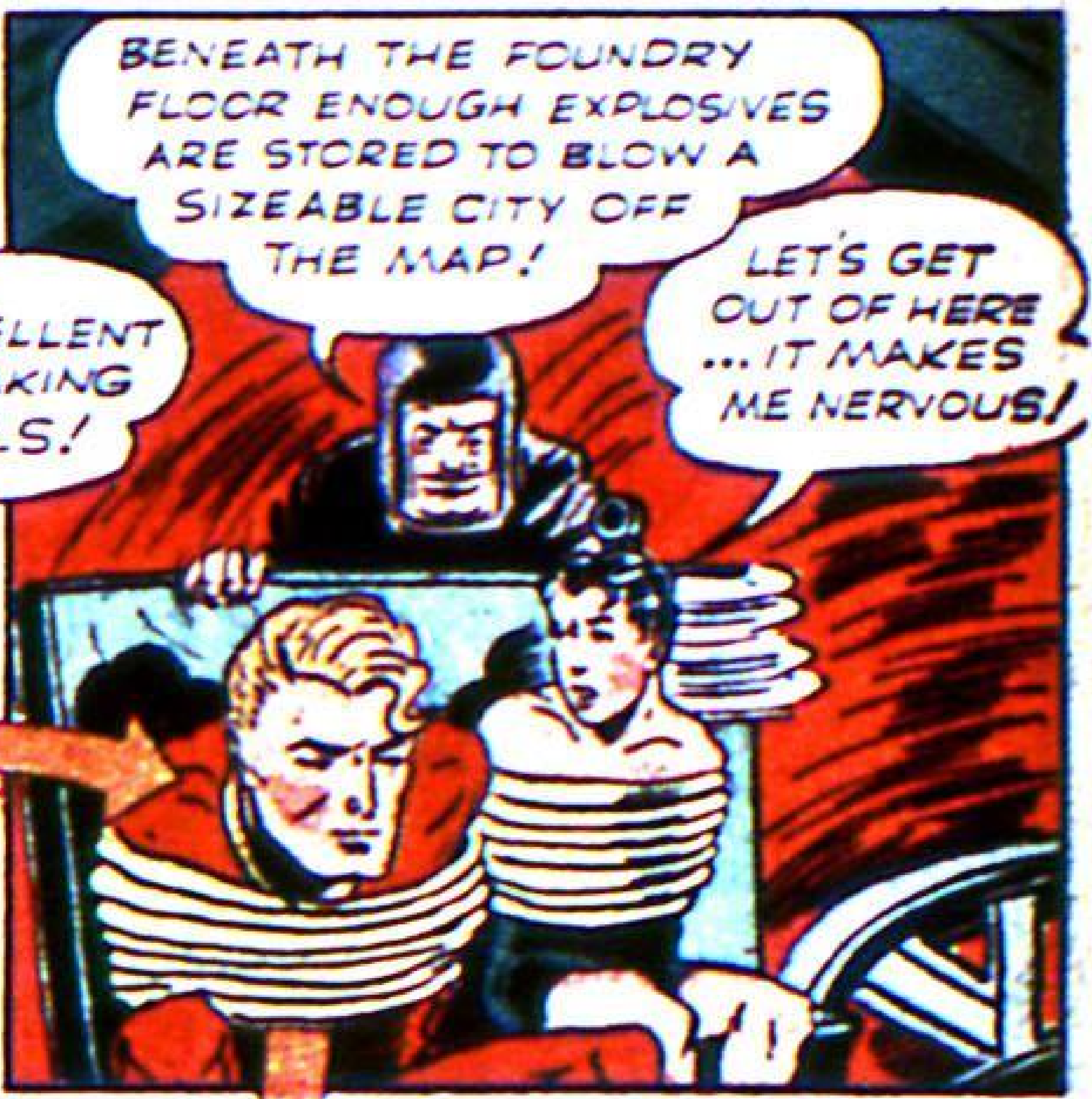
SSS-S-S-S.
BOOM!
OUR FLAMES ARE OUT!
UGF-F!
ANYWAY WE LANDED! -- IN ONE PIECE -- I HOPE!
DON'T SHOOT THEM!
I WANT THEM ALIVE!

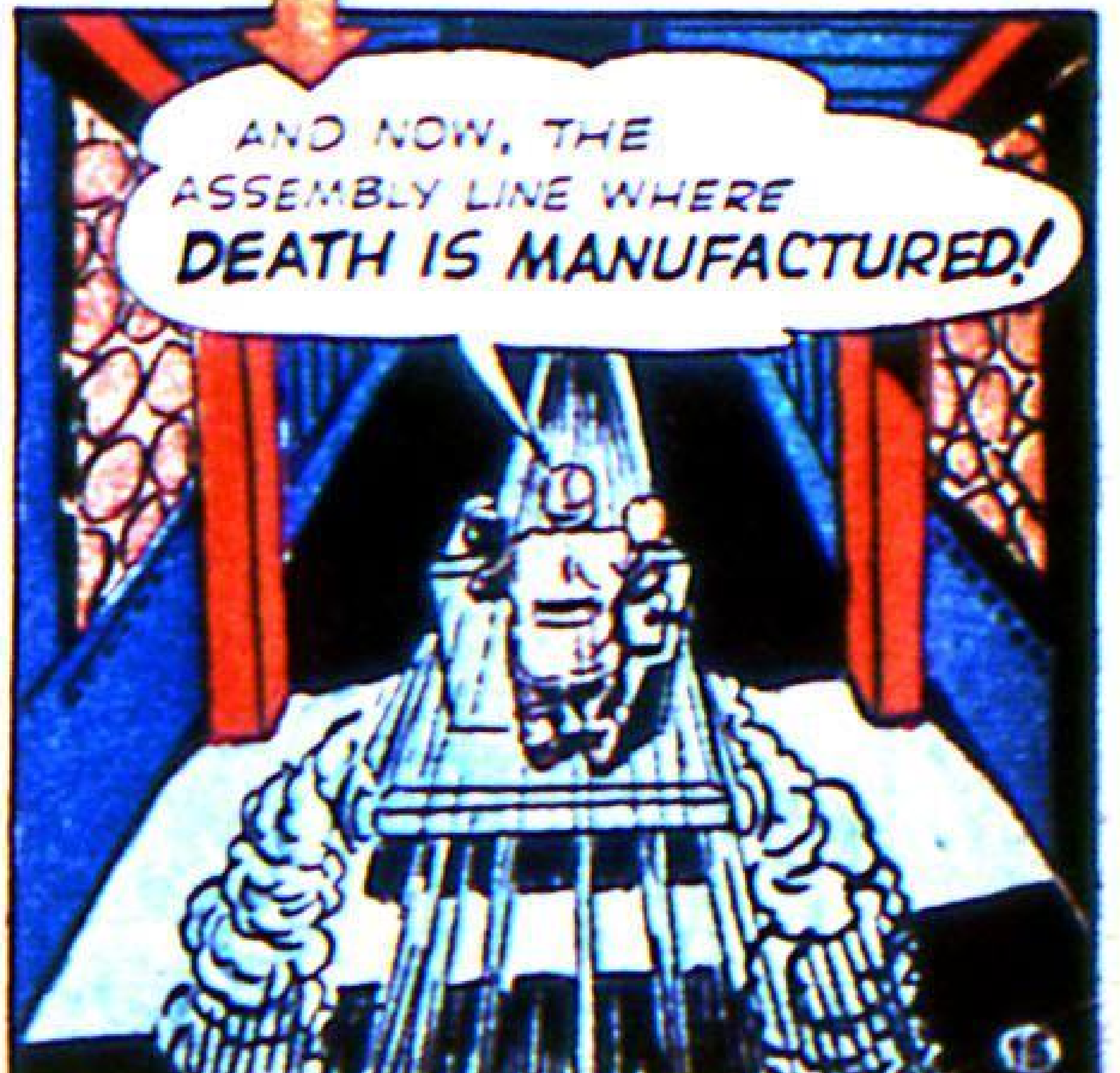

THE TORCH AND TORO REGAIN THEIR SENSES IN A STRANGE-LOOKING ROOM!
WHERE IN---! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE BEEN THROWN BACK INTO MEDIEVAL TIMES!
YEAH! LOOK! LET'S GIVE OSCAR, THERE, THE WORKS!
I WOULDN'T TRY IT! THIS GUN CONTAINS AN ACID POWERFUL ENOUGH TO REDUCE YOU BOTH TO POWDER!
OKAY, MISTER, --IT'S YOUR MOVE!
IT'S UP TO YOU, BOYS, --EITHER YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME --OR DIE!
BEFORE YOU MAKE UP YOUR MINDS, SUPPOSE I SHOW YOU AROUND?
SURE --BUT HOW DO WE NAVIGATE --TIED IN THESE CHAIRS!
THIS IS A LITTLE WRINKLE OF MINE --A TAKE-OFF ON THE WORLD'S FAIR FUTURAMA, ONLY EASIER! WATCH!
SUDDENLY THE "CHAIR-RAILROAD" MOVES AS A WALL OPENS UP!
BOY! I WOULDN'T MIND HAVING ONE OF THESE AT HOME!
WORK WITH ME AND I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT FOR A PRESENT!
AND I THOUGHT THIS PLACE WAS MEDIEVAL!
YOU HAVENT SEEN ANYTHING YET! WE ARE NOW ENTERING THE WAREHOUSE!

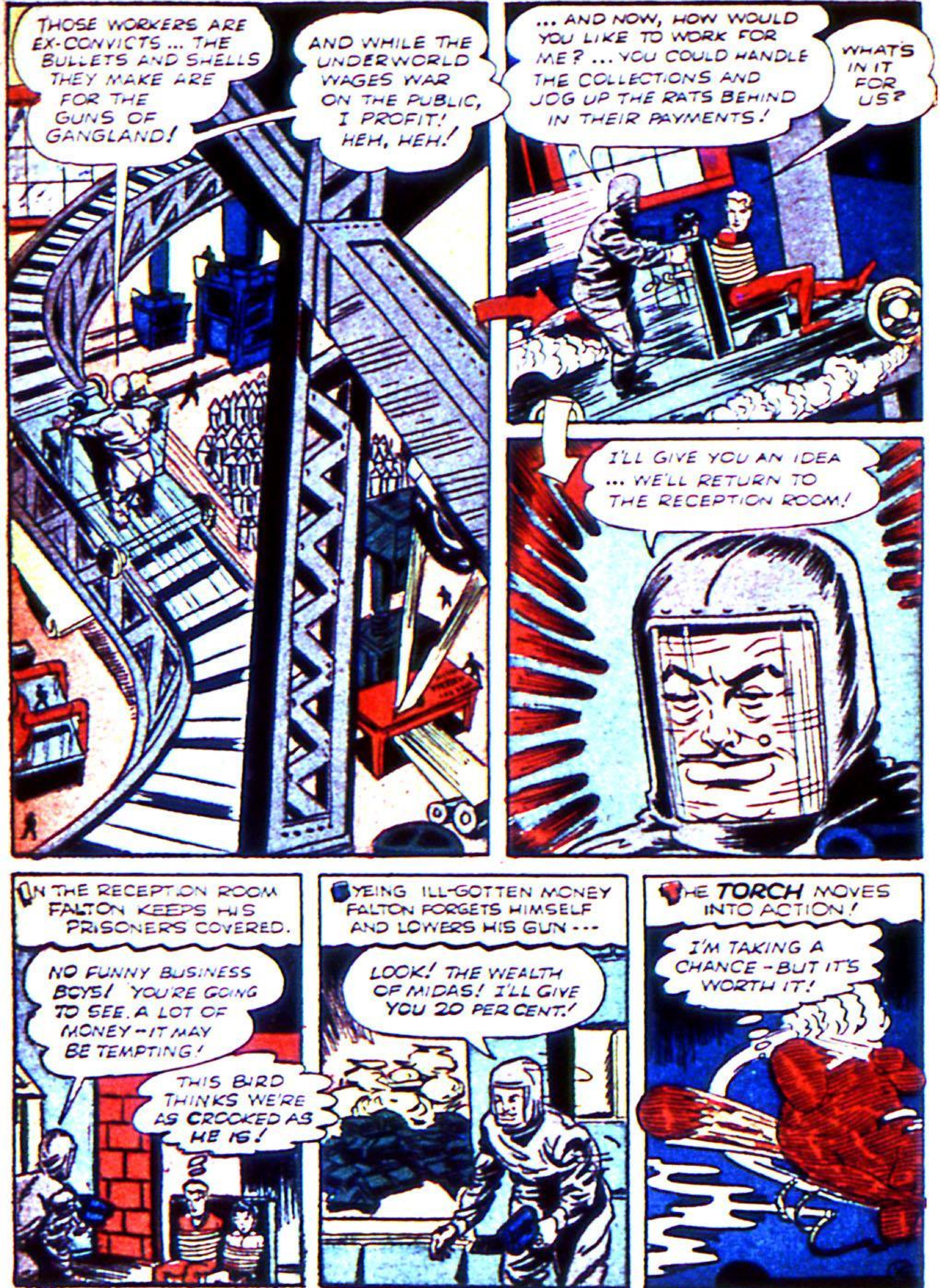

HMM-- --BET THERE'S ENOUGH SCRAP IRON HERE TO BUILD A BATTLESHIP!
QUITE TRUE, TORCH!
I KNOW SOMEONE WHO COULD USE IT-- UNCLE SAM!

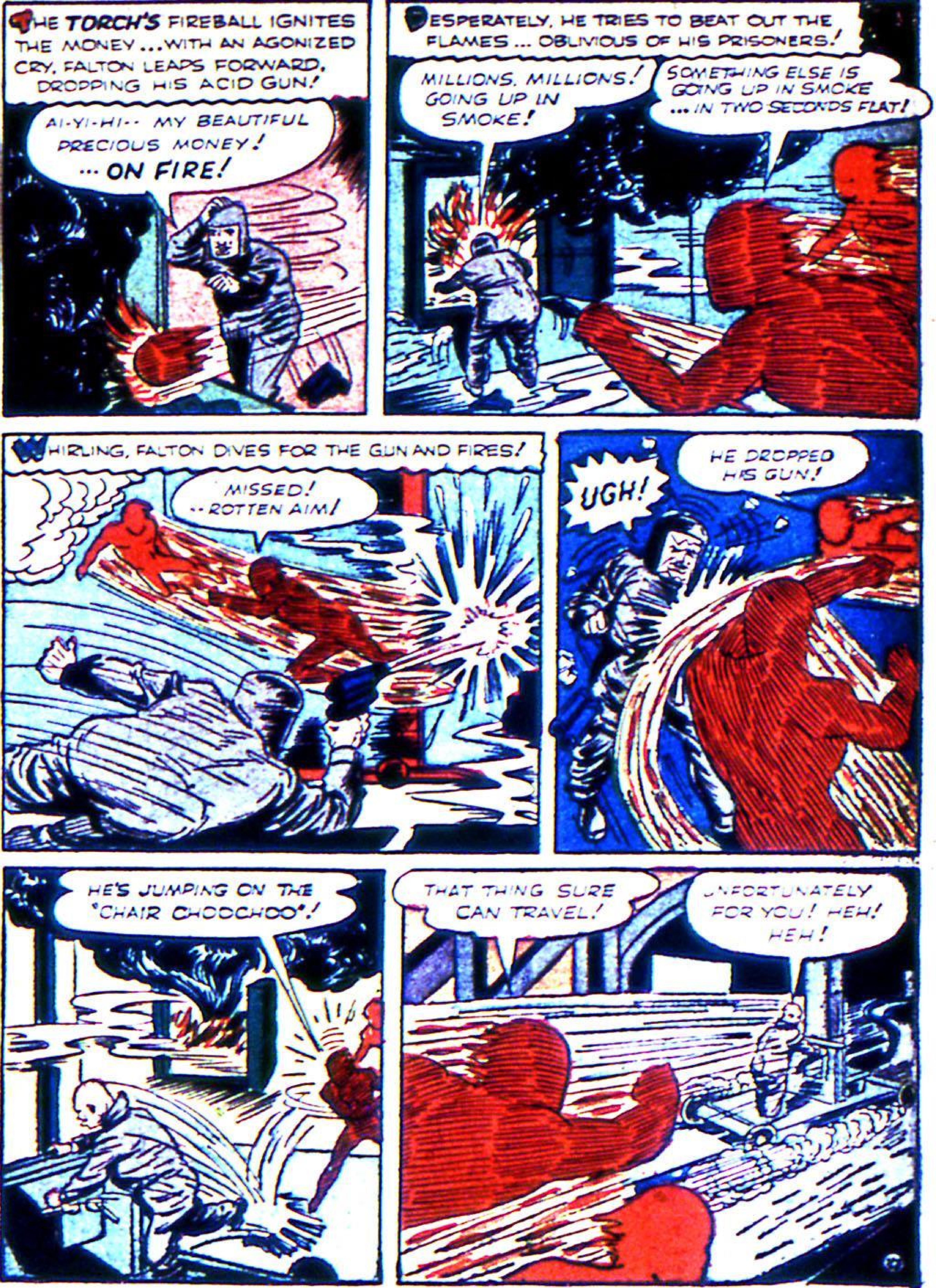

I FEAR I'M NOT A VERY DUTIFUL NEPHEW! BUT THEN CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME!
NOW I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE WE MELT IT!

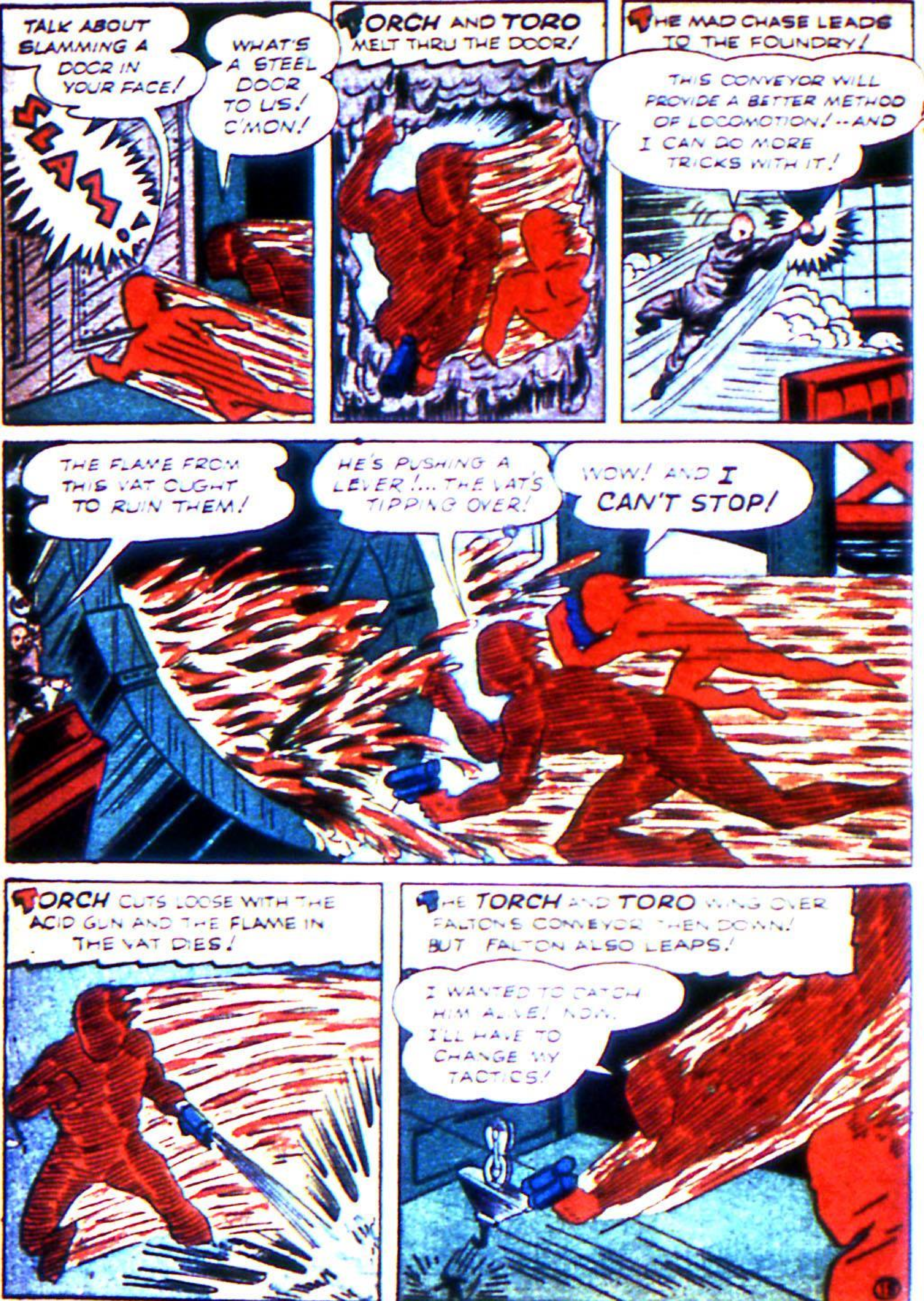

THEY MOVE INTO A GREAT FOUNDRY RIVALLING ANY USED IN THE NATION'S DEFENSE PROGRAM!
SURE IS WARM IN HERE!
NATURALLY! AS HOT AS YOU TWO CAN BECOME, THAT VAT IS HOTTER!
IT'S EXCELLENT FOR MAKING SHELLS!

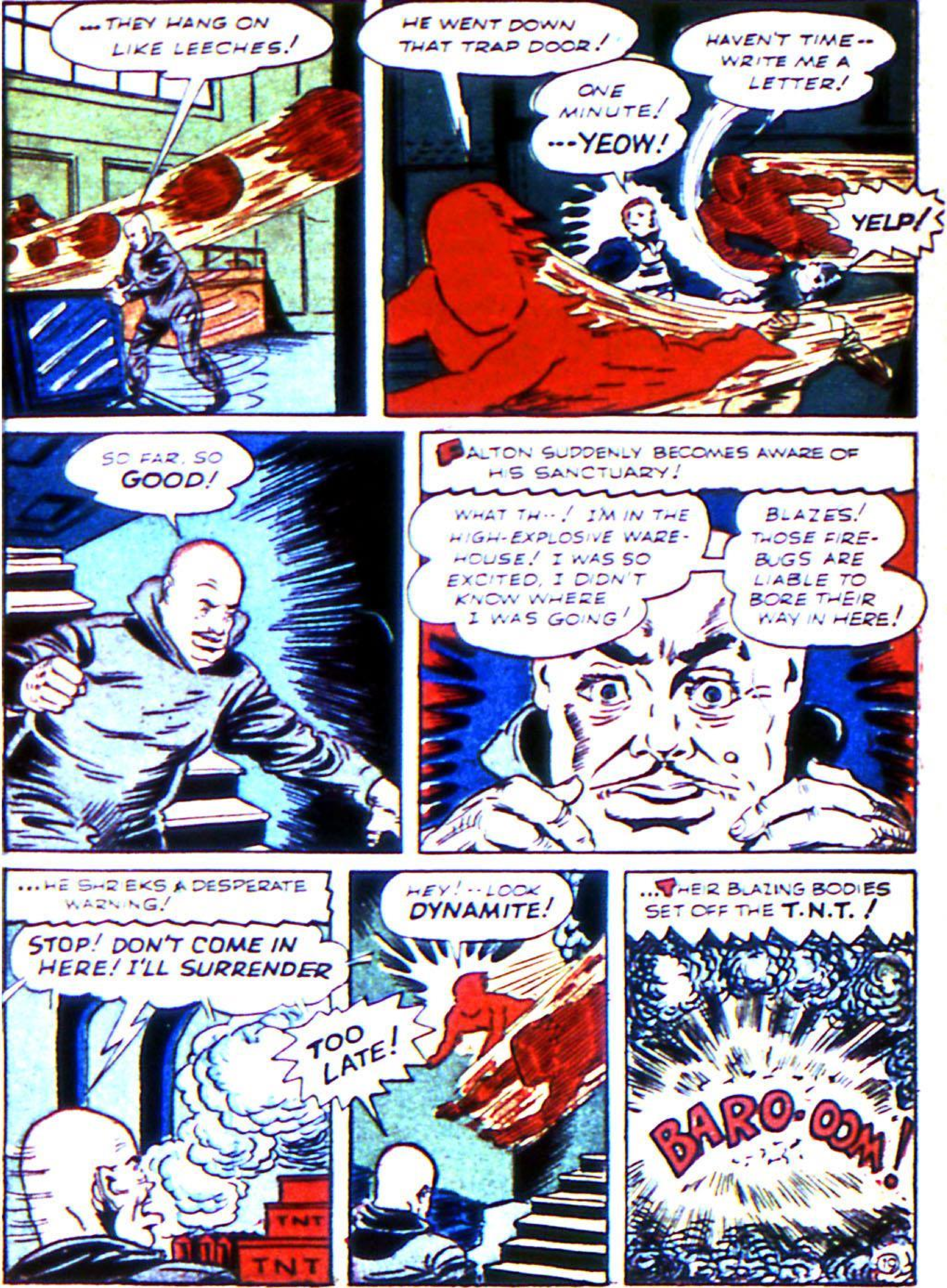

BENEATH THE FOUNDRY FLOOR ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES ARE STORED TO BLOW A SIZEABLE CITY OFF THE MAP!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE ... IT MAKES ME NERVOUS!

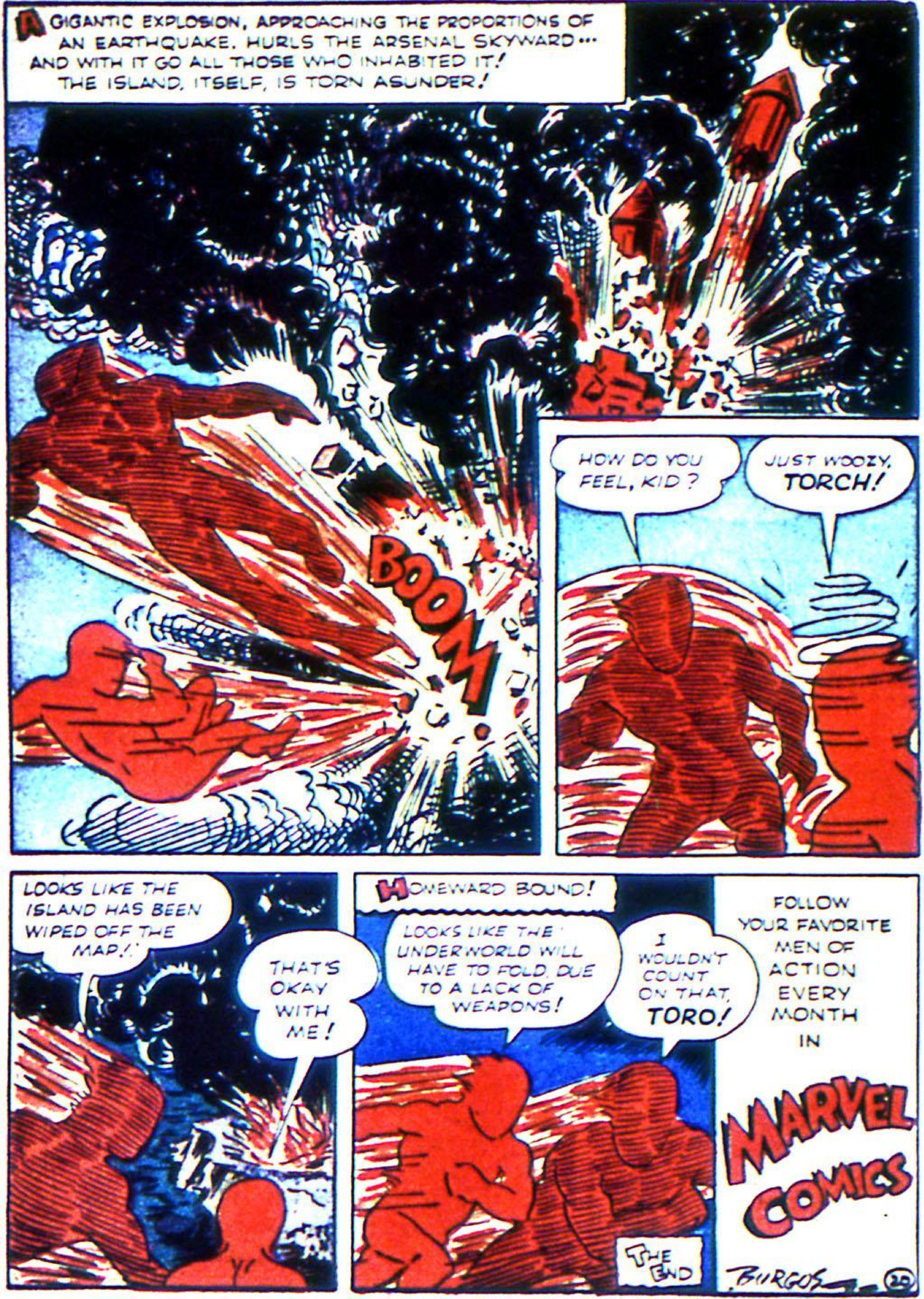

AND NOW, THE ASSEMBLY LINE WHERE DEATH IS MANUFACTURED!

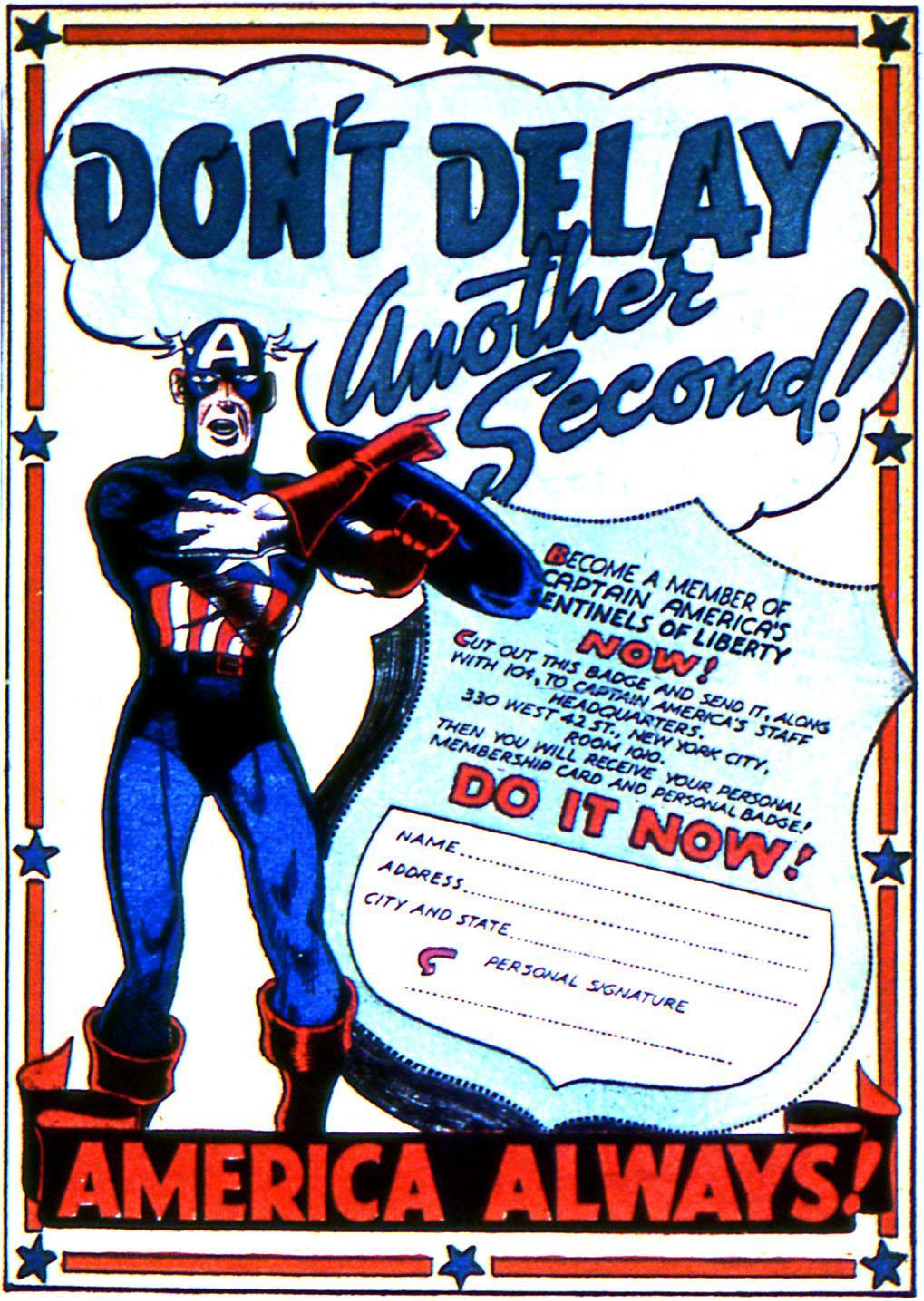

THOSE WORKERS ARE EX-CONVICTS ... THE BULLETS AND SHELLS THEY MAKE ARE FOR THE GUNS OF GANGLAND!
AND WHILE THE UNDERWORLD WAGES WAR ON THE PUBLIC, I PROFIT! HEH, HEH!
... AND NOW, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK FOR ME? ... YOU COULD HANDLE THE COLLECTIONS AND JOG UP THE RATS BEHIND IN THEIR PAYMENTS!
WHAT'S IN IT FOR US?
I'LL GIVE YOU AN IDEA ... WE'LL RETURN TO THE RECEPTION ROOM!
IN THE RECEPTION ROOM FALTON KEEPS HIS PRISONERS COVERED.
NO FUNNY BUSINESS BOYS! YOU'RE GOING TO SEE A LOT OF MONEY -- IT MAY BE TEMPTING!
THIS BIRD THINKS WE'RE AS CROOKED AS HE IS!
EYEING ILL-GOTTEN MONEY FALTON FORGETS HIMSELF AND LOWERS HIS GUN ---
LOOK! THE WEALTH OF MIDAS! I'LL GIVE YOU 20 PER CENT!
THE TORCH MOVES INTO ACTION!
I'M TAKING A CHANCE -- BUT IT'S WORTH IT!


THE TORCH'S FIREBALL IGNITES THE MONEY ... WITH AN AGONIZED CRY, FALTON LEAPS FORWARD, DROPPING HIS ACID GUN!
AI-YI-HI-- MY BEAUTIFUL PRECIOUS MONEY! ... ON FIRE!
DESPERATELY, HE TRIES TO BEAT OUT THE FLAMES ... OBLIVIOUS OF HIS PRISONERS!
MILLIONS, MILLIONS! GOING UP IN SMOKE!
SOMETHING ELSE IS GOING UP IN SMOKE ... IN TWO SECONDS FLAT!
WHIRLING, FALTON DIVES FOR THE GUN AND FIRES!
MISSED! --ROTTEN AIM!
UGH!
HE DROPPED HIS GUN!
HE'S JUMPING ON THE "CHAIR CHOOCHOO"!
THAT THING SURE CAN TRAVEL!
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU! HEH! HEH!


TALK ABOUT SLAMMING A DOOR IN YOUR FACE!
SLAM!
WHAT'S A STEEL DOOR TO US! C'MON!
TORCH AND TORO MELT THRU THE DOOR!
THE MAD CHASE LEADS TO THE FOUNDRY!
THIS CONVEYOR WILL PROVIDE A BETTER METHOD OF LOCOMOTION! --AND I CAN DO MORE TRICKS WITH IT!
THE FLAME FROM THIS VAT OUGHT TO RUIN THEM!
HE'S PUSHING A LEVER!... THE VAT'S TIPPING OVER!
WOW! AND I CAN'T STOP!
TORCH CUTS LOOSE WITH THE ACID GUN AND THE FLAME IN THE VAT DIES!
THE TORCH AND TORO WING OVER FALTON'S CONVEYOR THEN DOWN! BUT FALTON ALSO LEAPS!
I WANTED TO CATCH HIM ALIVE! NOW, I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY TACTICS!


...THEY HANG ON LIKE LEECHES!
HE WENT DOWN THAT TRAP DOOR!
ONE MINUTE! ---YEOW!
HAVEN'T TIME -- WRITE ME A LETTER!
YELP!
SO FAR, SO GOOD!
FALTON SUDDENLY BECOMES AWARE OF HIS SANCTUARY!
WHAT TH--! I'M IN THE HIGH-EXPLOSIVE WAREHOUSE! I WAS SO EXCITED, I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE I WAS GOING!
BLAZES! THOSE FIRE-BUGS ARE LIABLE TO BORE THEIR WAY IN HERE!
...HE SHRIEKS A DESPERATE WARNING!
STOP! DON'T COME IN HERE! I'LL SURRENDER
TOO LATE!
TNT
TNT
HEY! -- LOOK DYNAMITE!
...THEIR BLAZING BODIES SET OFF THE T.N.T.!
BARO-OOM!


A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION, APPROACHING THE PROPORTIONS OF AN EARTHQUAKE. HURLS THE ARSENAL SKYWARD... AND WITH IT GO ALL THOSE WHO INHABITED IT! THE ISLAND, ITSELF, IS TORN ASUNDER!
BOOM
HOW DO YOU FEEL, KID?
JUST WOOZY, TORCH!
LOOKS LIKE THE ISLAND HAS BEEN WIPED OFF THE MAP!
THAT'S OKAY WITH ME!
HOMEWARD BOUND!
LOOKS LIKE THE UNDERWORLD WILL HAVE TO FOLD, DUE TO A LACK OF WEAPONS!
I WOULDN'T COUNT ON THAT, TORO!
THE END
FOLLOW YOUR FAVORITE MEN OF ACTION EVERY MONTH IN
MARVEL COMICS
BURGOS


DON'T DELAY
Another Second!
AMERICA ALWAYS!

BECOME A MEMBER OF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY

NOW!

CUT OUT THIS BADGE AND SEND IT, ALONG WITH 10¢, TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS.

330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK CITY,
ROOM 1010.

THEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR PERSONAL MEMBERSHIP CARD AND PERSONAL BADGE!

DO IT NOW!

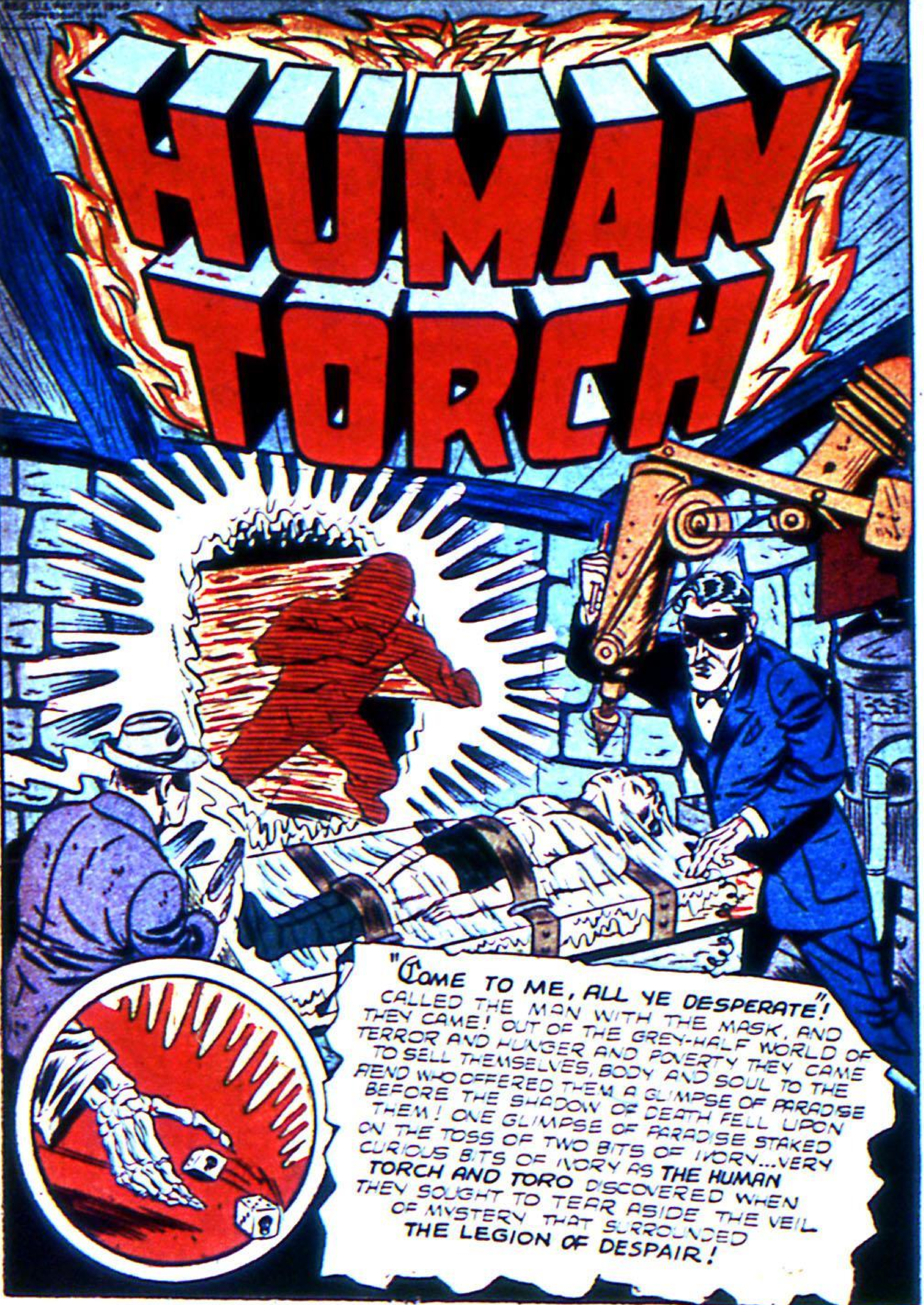
NAME..

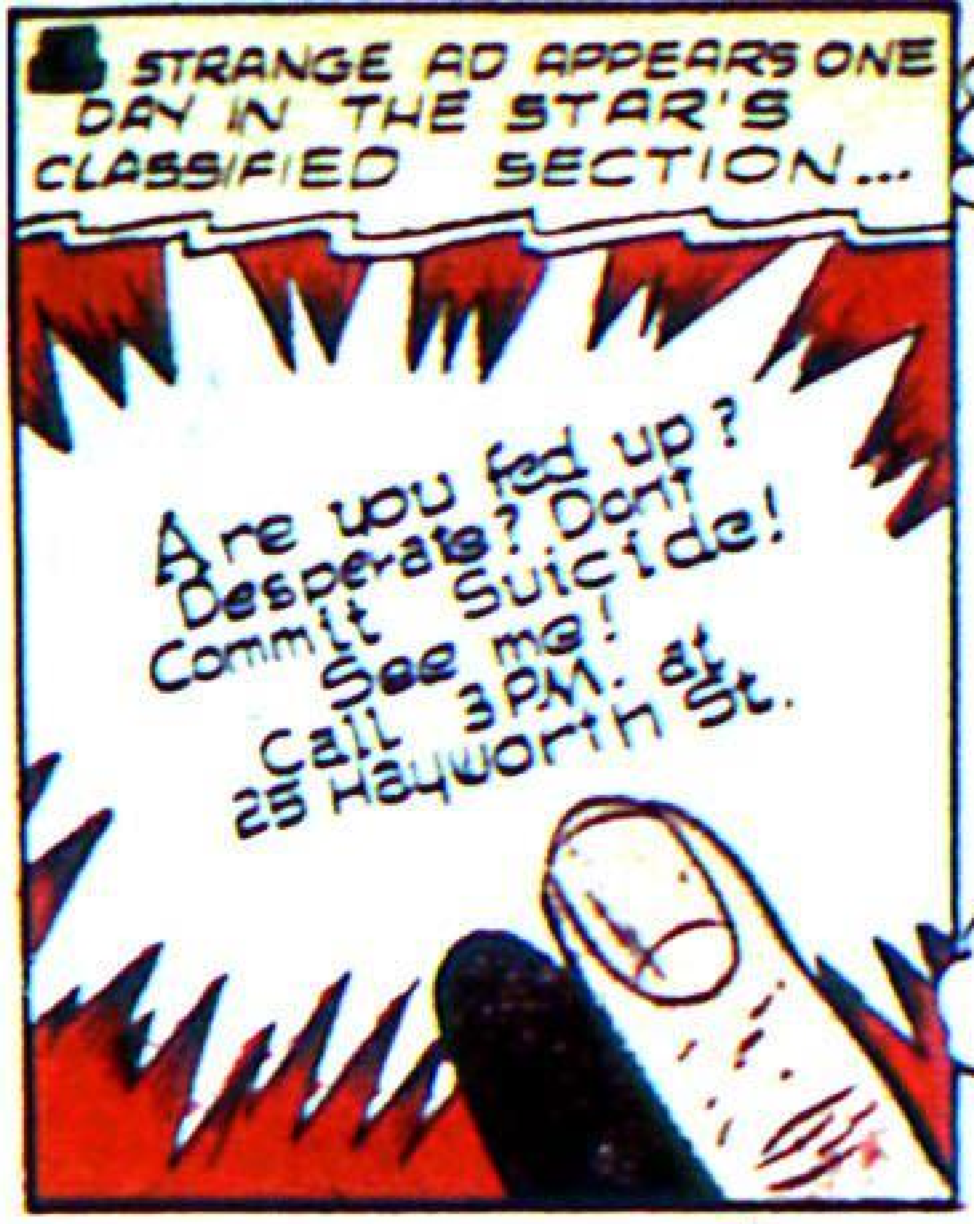
ADDRESS..

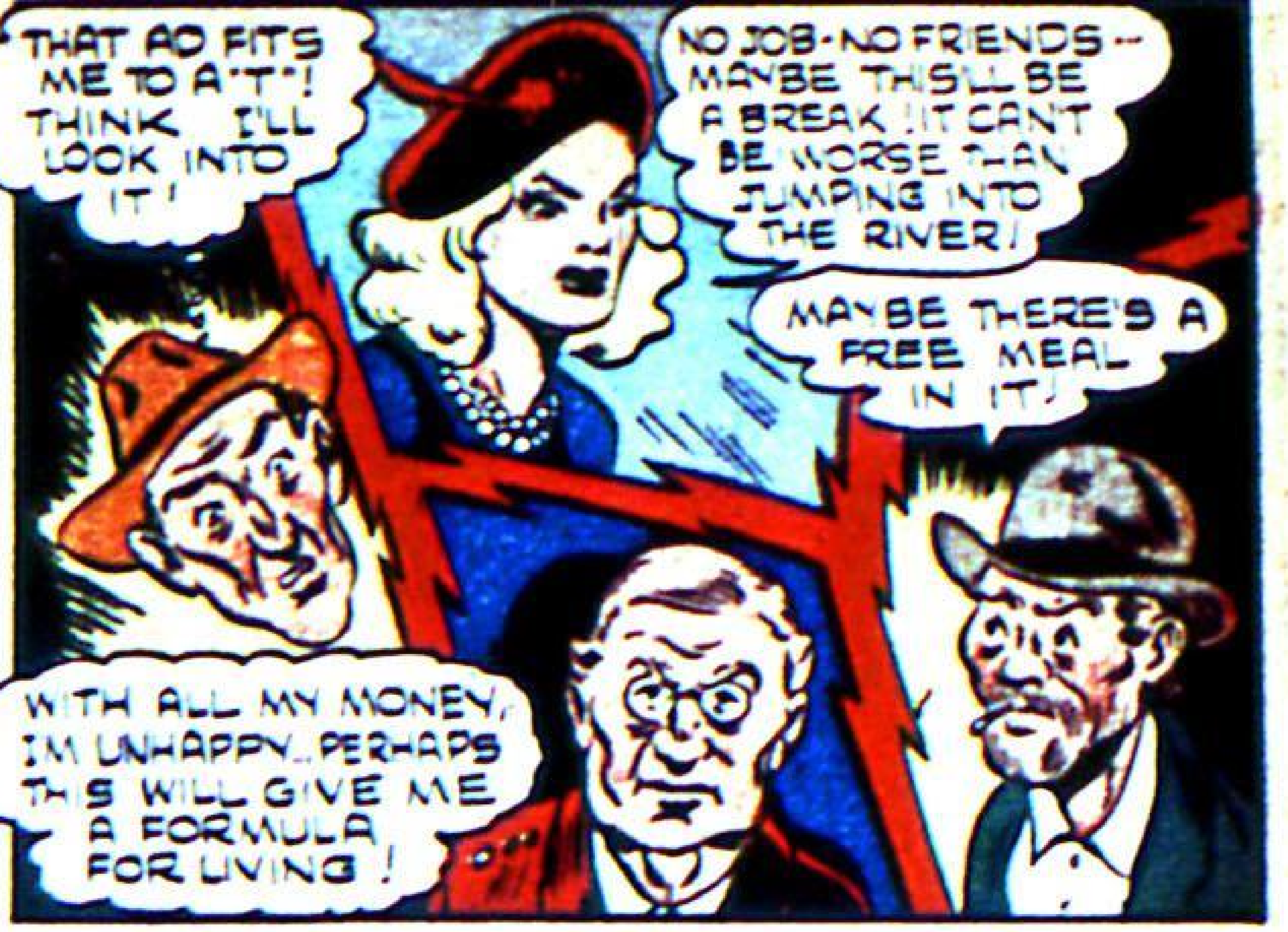
CITY AND STATE..

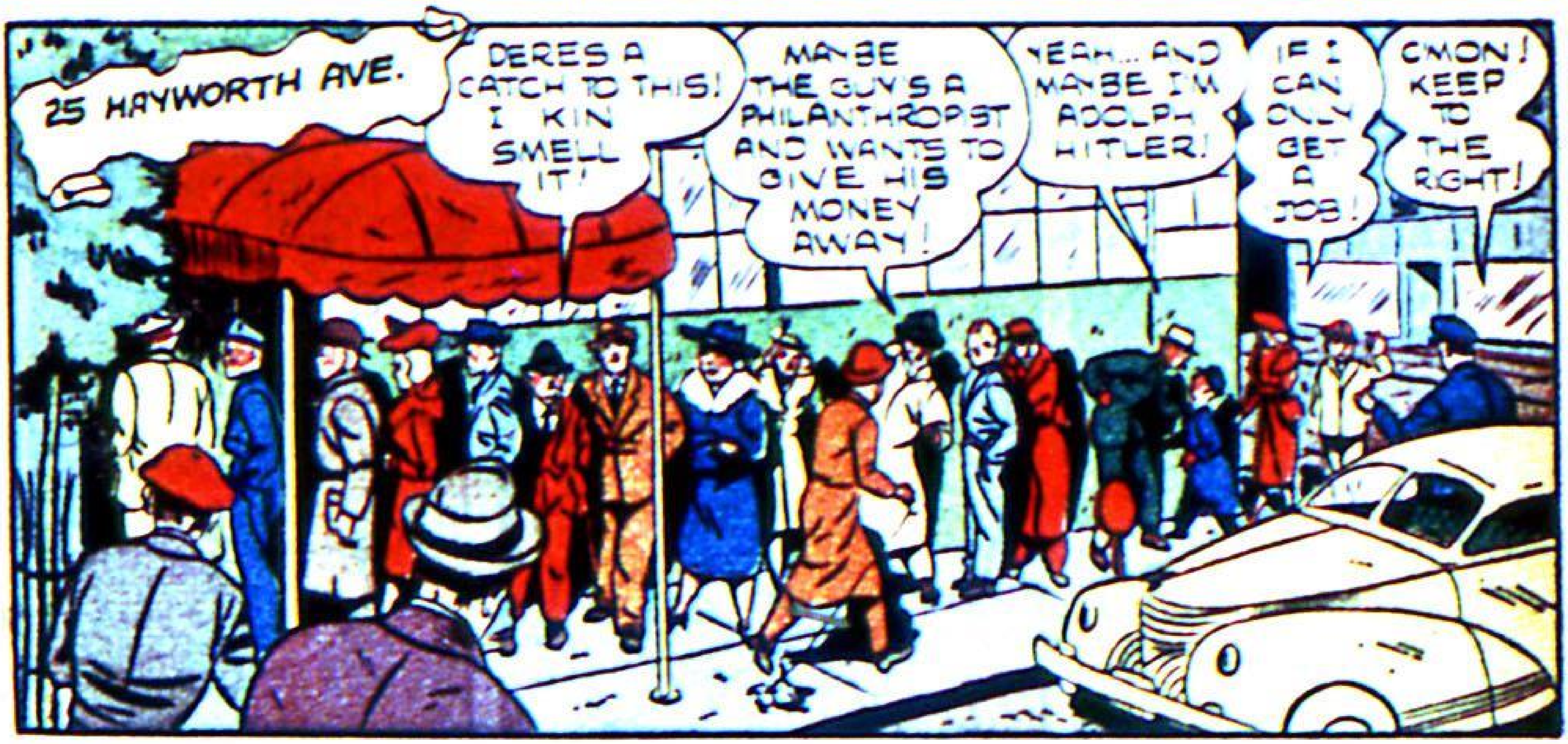
PERSONAL SIGNATURE

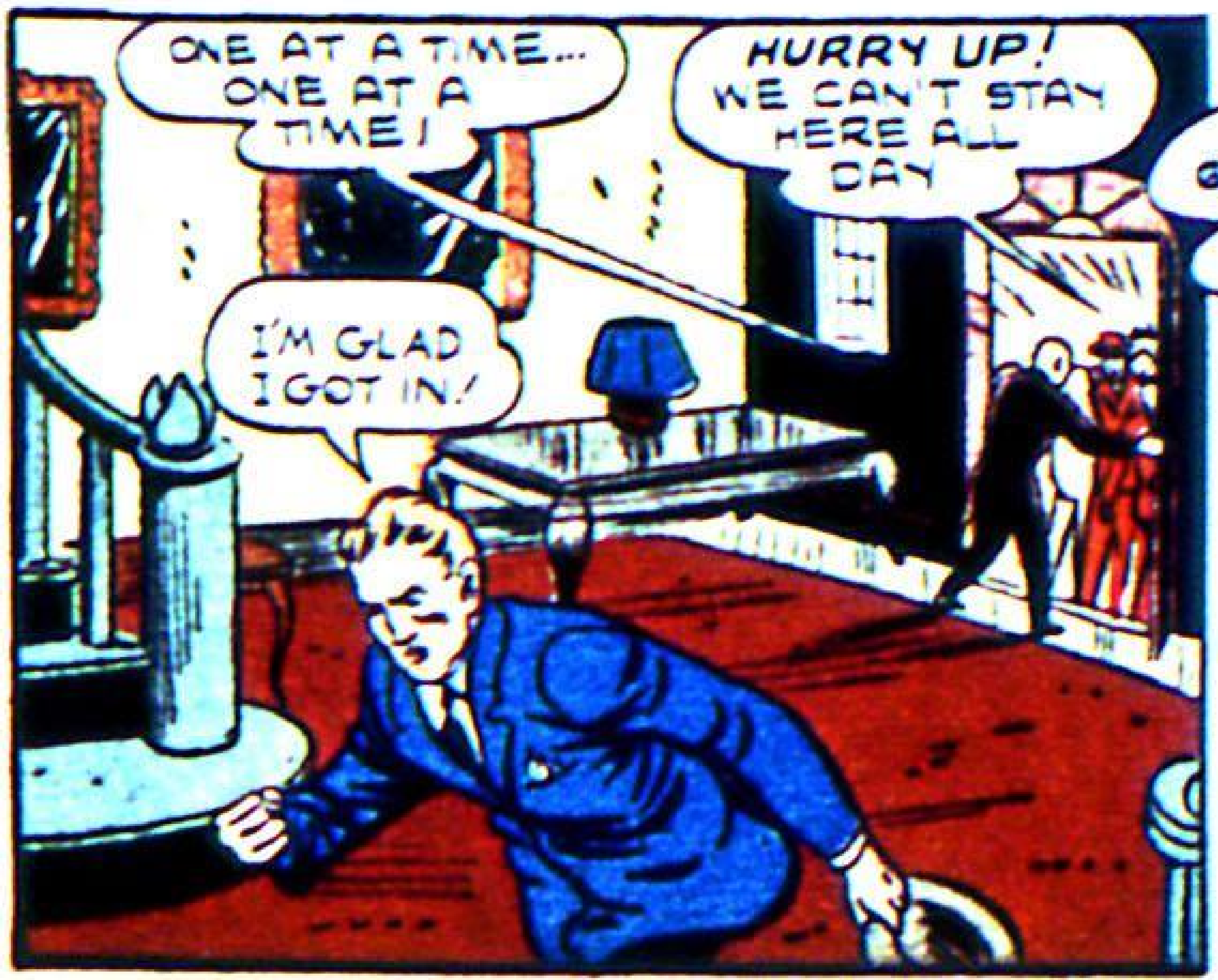
....

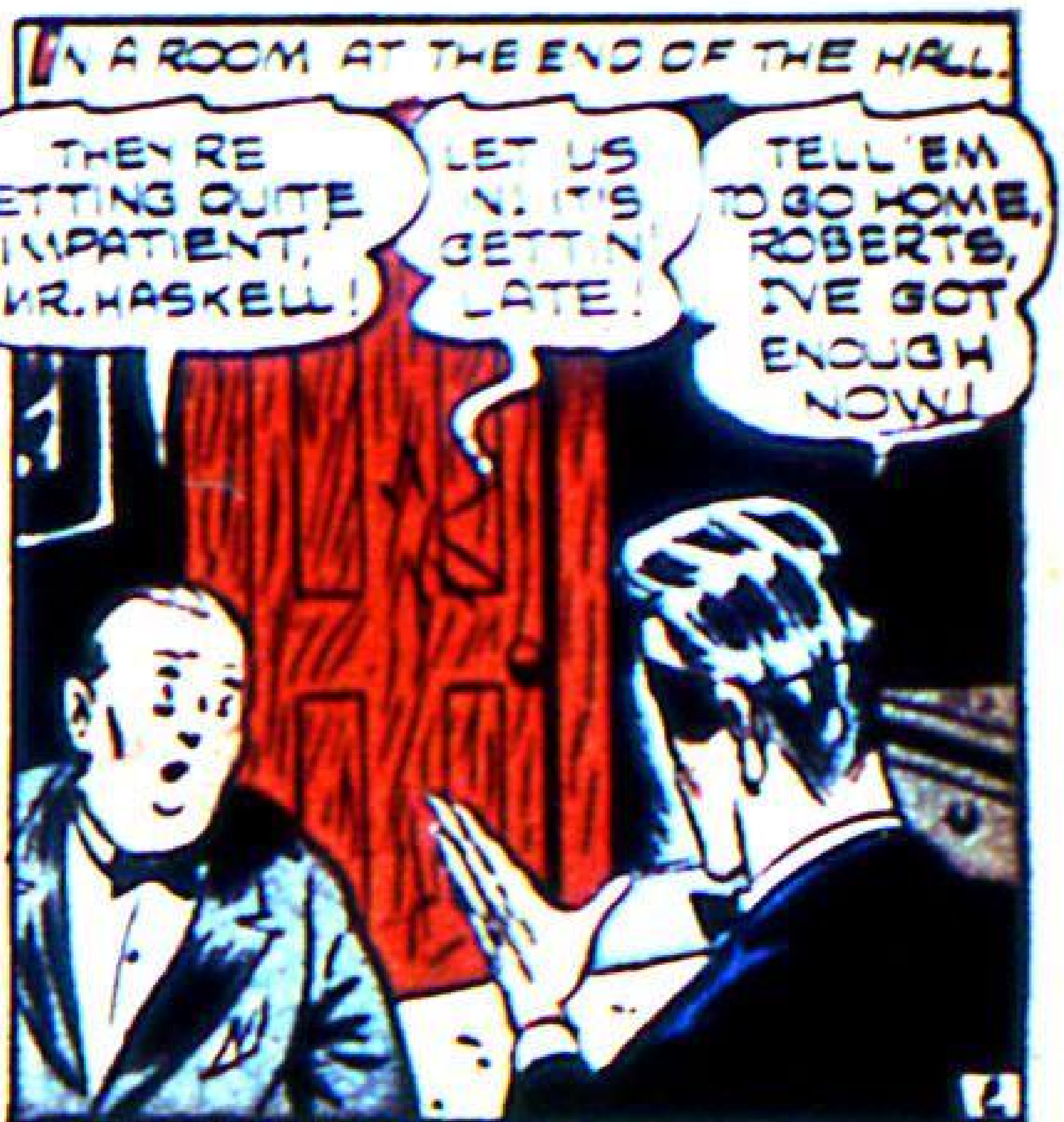

HUMAN TORCH
"Come to me, all ye desperate"! called the man with the mask, and they came! Out of the grey-half world of terror and hunger and poverty they came to sell themselves, body and soul to the fiend who offered them a glimpse of paradise before the shadow of death fell upon them! One glimpse of paradise staked on the toss of two bits of ivory...very curious bits of ivory as the Human Torch and Toro discovered when they sought to tear aside the veil of mystery that surrounded the Legion of Despair!

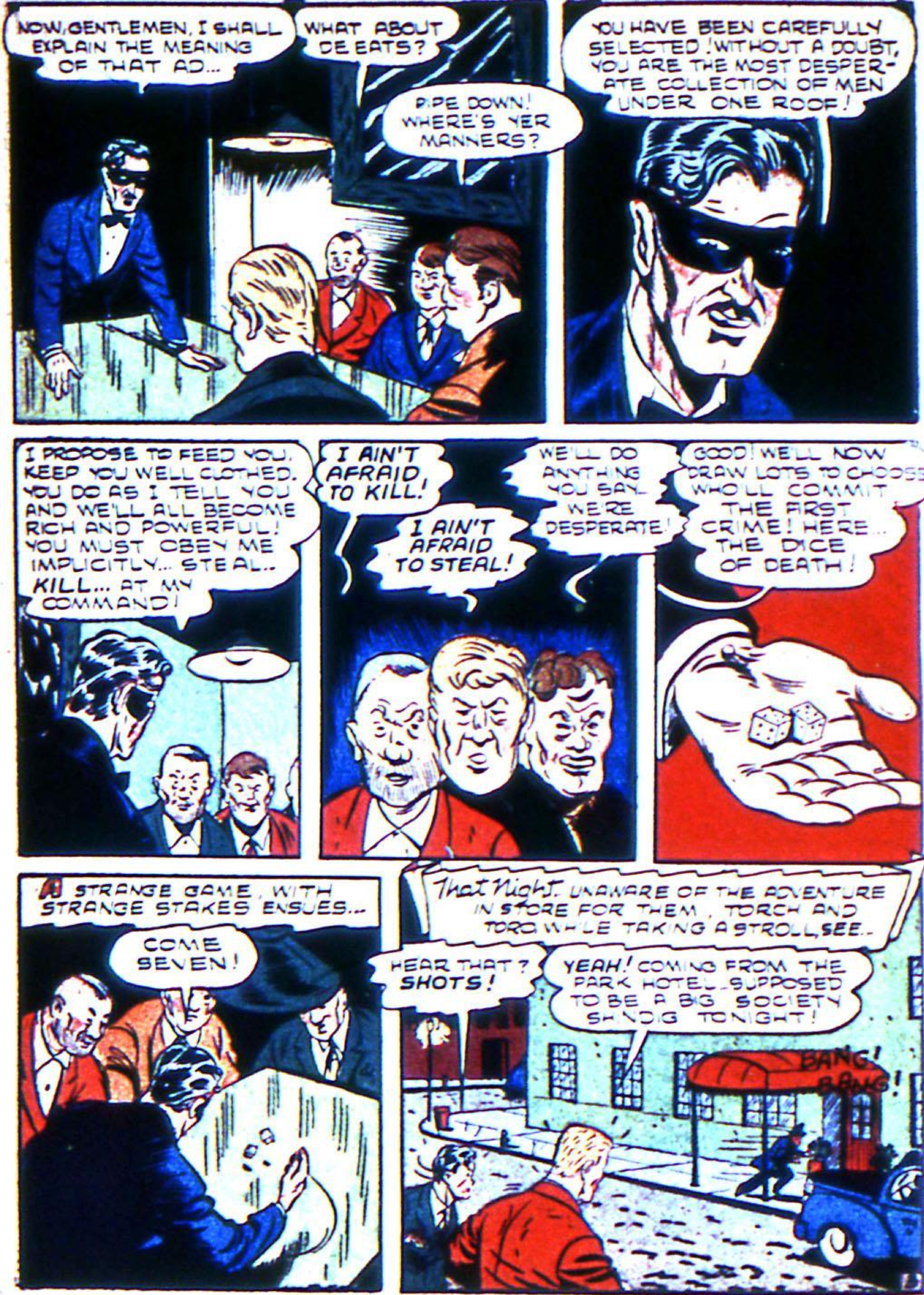

A STRANGE AD APPEARS ONE DAY IN THE STAR'S CLASSIFIED SECTION...
Are you fed up? Desperate? Don't Commit Suicide! See me! Call 3PM. at 25 Hayworth St.

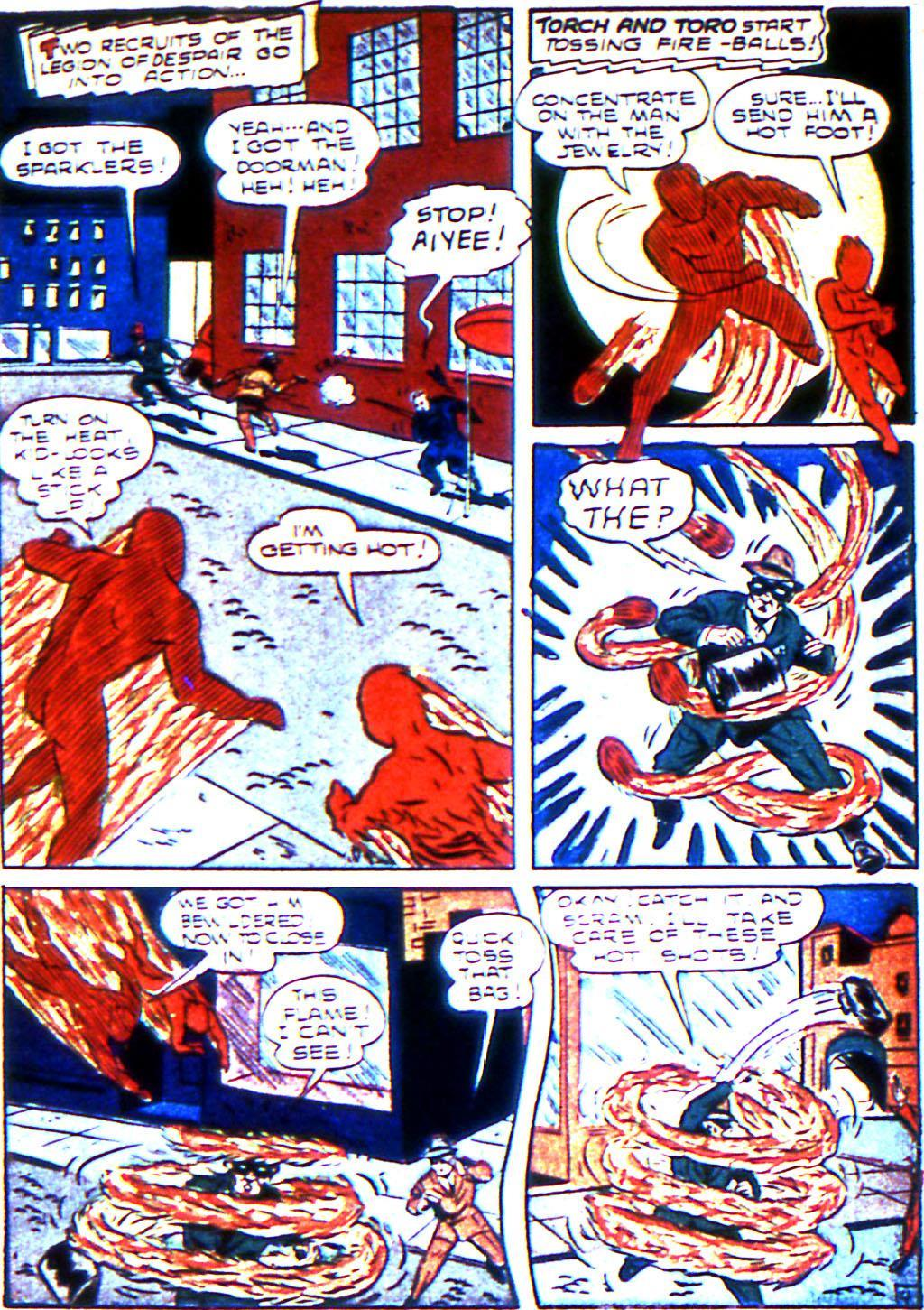

THAT AD FITS ME TO A "T"! THINK I'LL LOOK INTO IT!
NO JOB-NO FRIENDS-- MAYBE THIS'LL BE A BREAK! IT CAN'T BE WORSE THAN JUMPING INTO THE RIVER!
MAYBE THERE'S A FREE MEAL IN IT!
WITH ALL MY MONEY, I'M UNHAPPY... PERHAPS THIS WILL GIVE ME A FORMULA FOR LIVING!

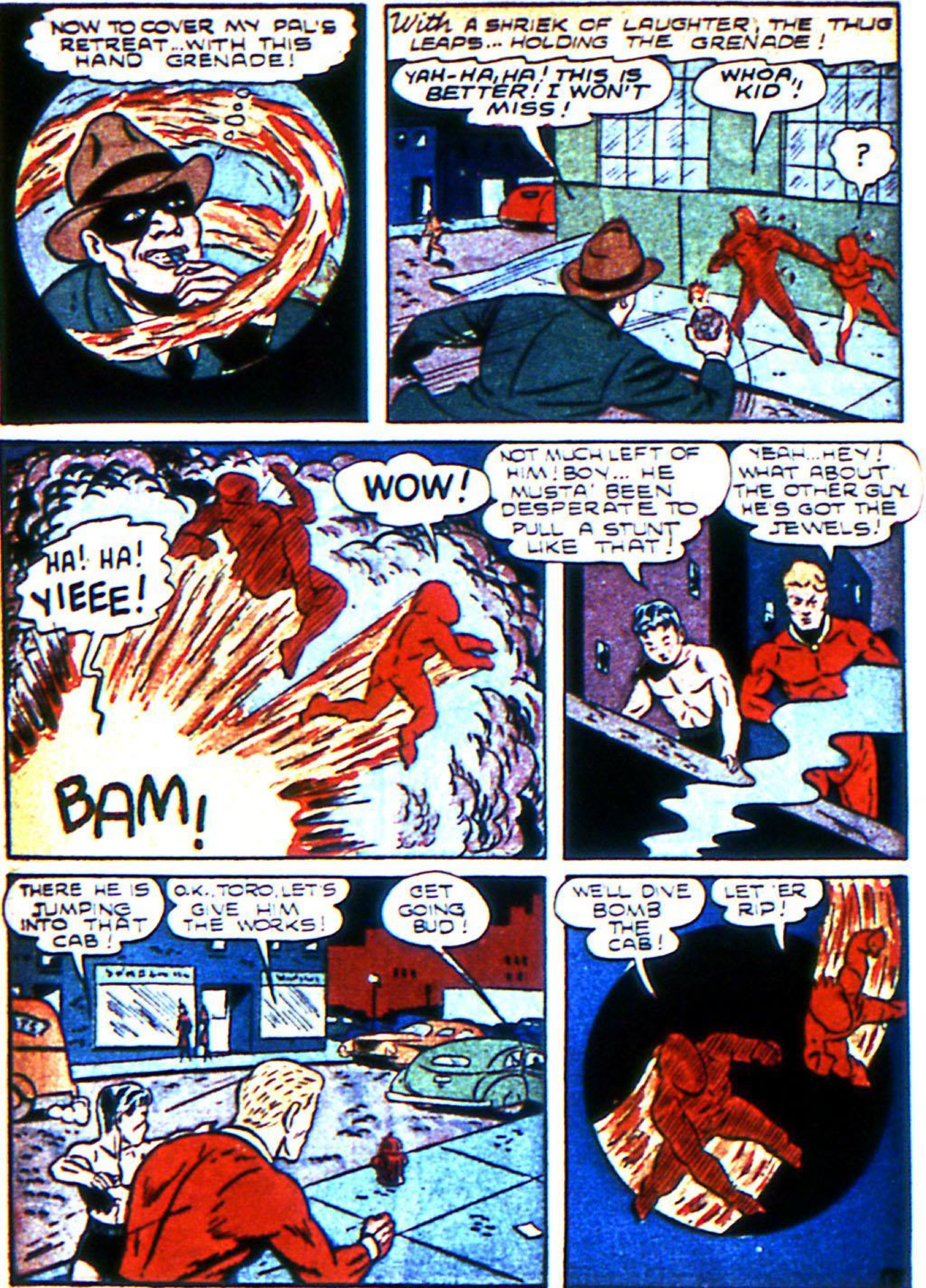

25 HAYWORTH AVE.
DERES A CATCH TO THIS! I KIN SMELL IT!
MAYBE THE GUY'S A PHILANTHROPIST AND WANTS TO GIVE HIS MONEY AWAY!
YEAH... AND MAYBE I'M ADOLPH HITLER!
IF I CAN ONLY GET A JOB!
C'MON! KEEP TO THE RIGHT!

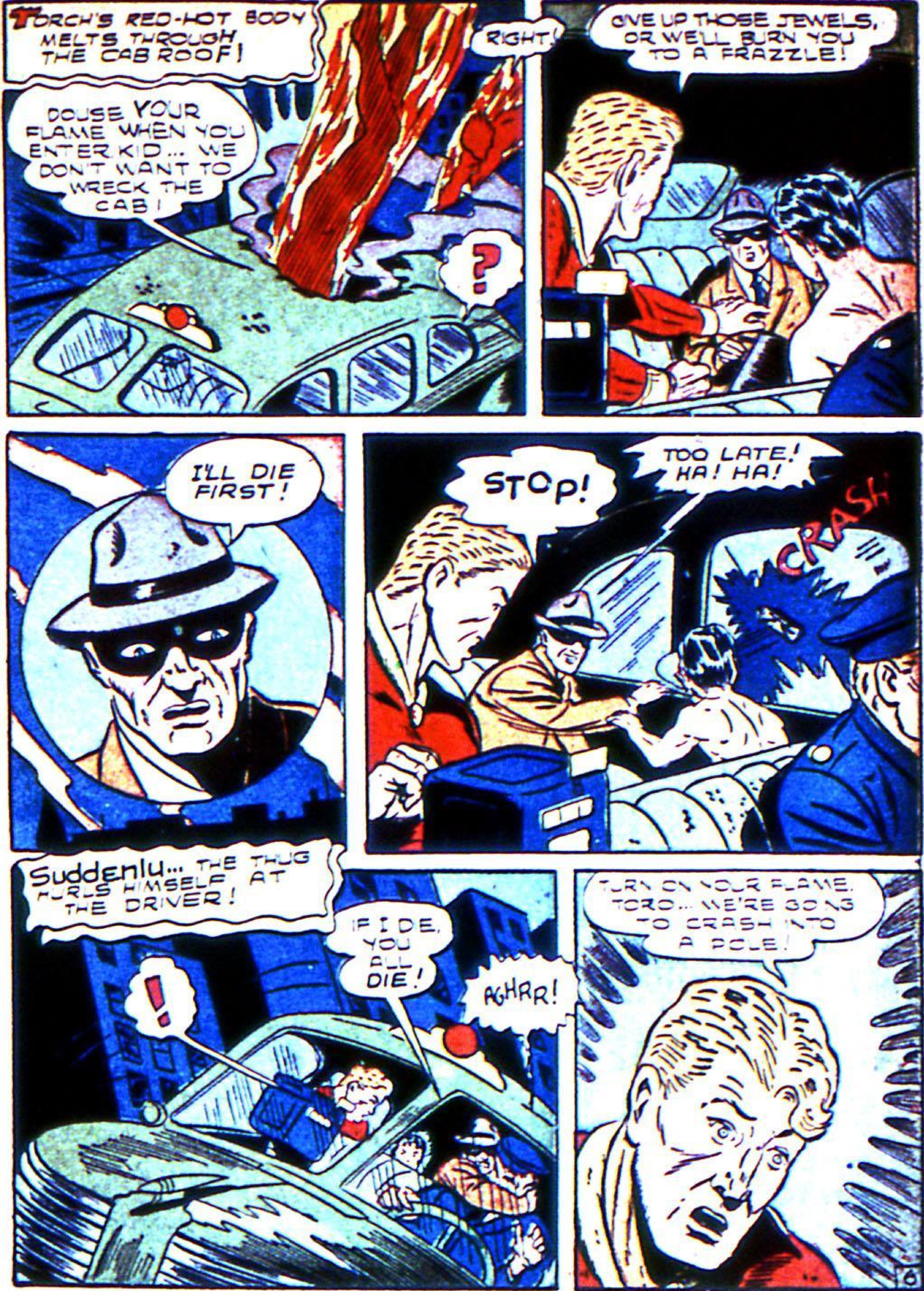

ONE AT A TIME... ONE AT A TIME!
HURRY UP! WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL DAY
I'M GLAD I GOT IN!

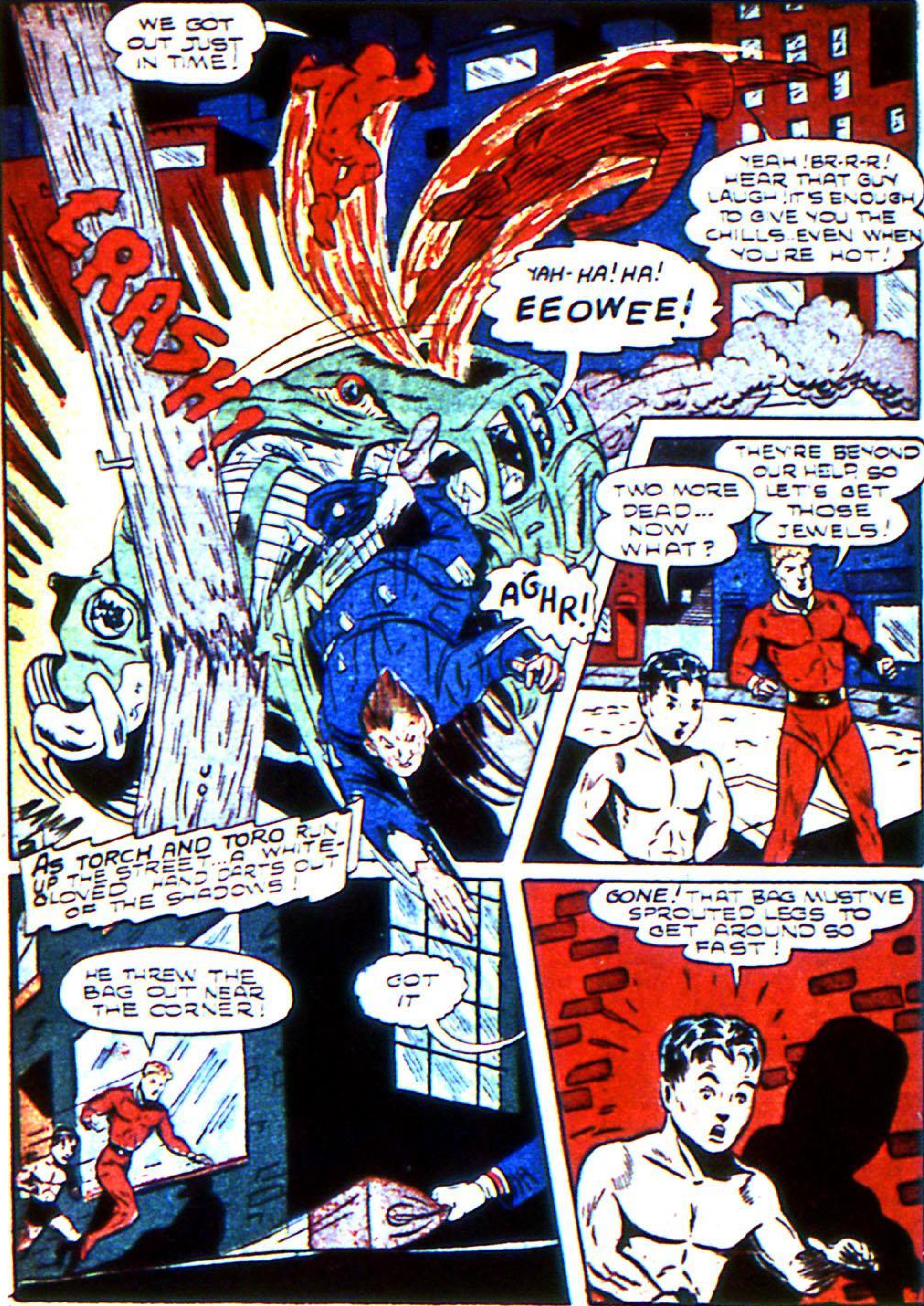

IN A ROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL.
THEY'RE GETTING QUITE IMPATIENT, MR. HASKELL!
LET US IN! IT'S GETTIN' LATE!
TELL 'EM TO GO HOME, ROBERTS, I'VE GOT ENOUGH NOW!

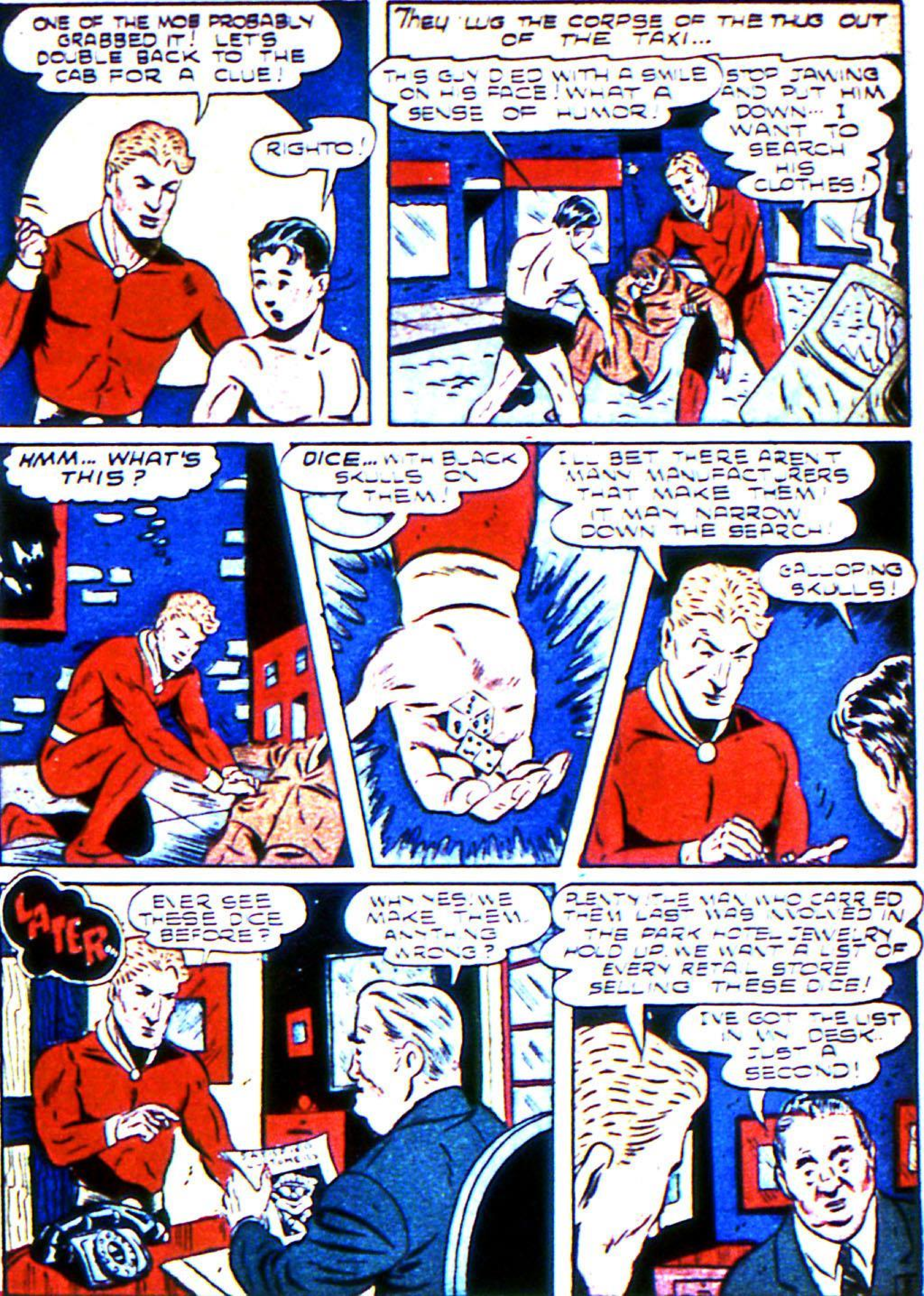

NOW, GENTLEMEN, I SHALL EXPLAIN THE MEANING OF THAT AD...
WHAT ABOUT DE EATS?
PIPE DOWN! WHERE'S YER MANNERS?
YOU HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY SELECTED! WITHOUT A DOUBT, YOU ARE THE MOST DESPERATE COLLECTION OF MEN UNDER ONE ROOF!
I PROPOSE TO FEED YOU, KEEP YOU WELL CLOTHED. YOU DO AS I TELL YOU AND WE'LL ALL BECOME RICH AND POWERFUL! YOU MUST OBEY ME IMPLICITLY... STEAL.. KILL... AT MY COMMAND!
I AIN'T AFRAID TO KILL!
I AIN'T AFRAID TO STEAL!
WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY. WE'RE DESPERATE!
GOOD! WE'LL NOW DRAW LOTS TO CHOOSE WHO'LL COMMIT THE FIRST CRIME! HERE... THE DICE OF DEATH!
A STRANGE GAME, WITH STRANGE STAKES ENSUES...
COME SEVEN!
That Night, UNAWARE OF THE ADVENTURE IN STORE FOR THEM, TORCH AND TORO WHILE TAKING A STROLL, SEE...
HEAR THAT? SHOTS!
YEAH! COMING FROM THE PARK HOTEL.. SUPPOSED TO BE A BIG SOCIETY SHINDIG TONIGHT!
BANG! BANG!

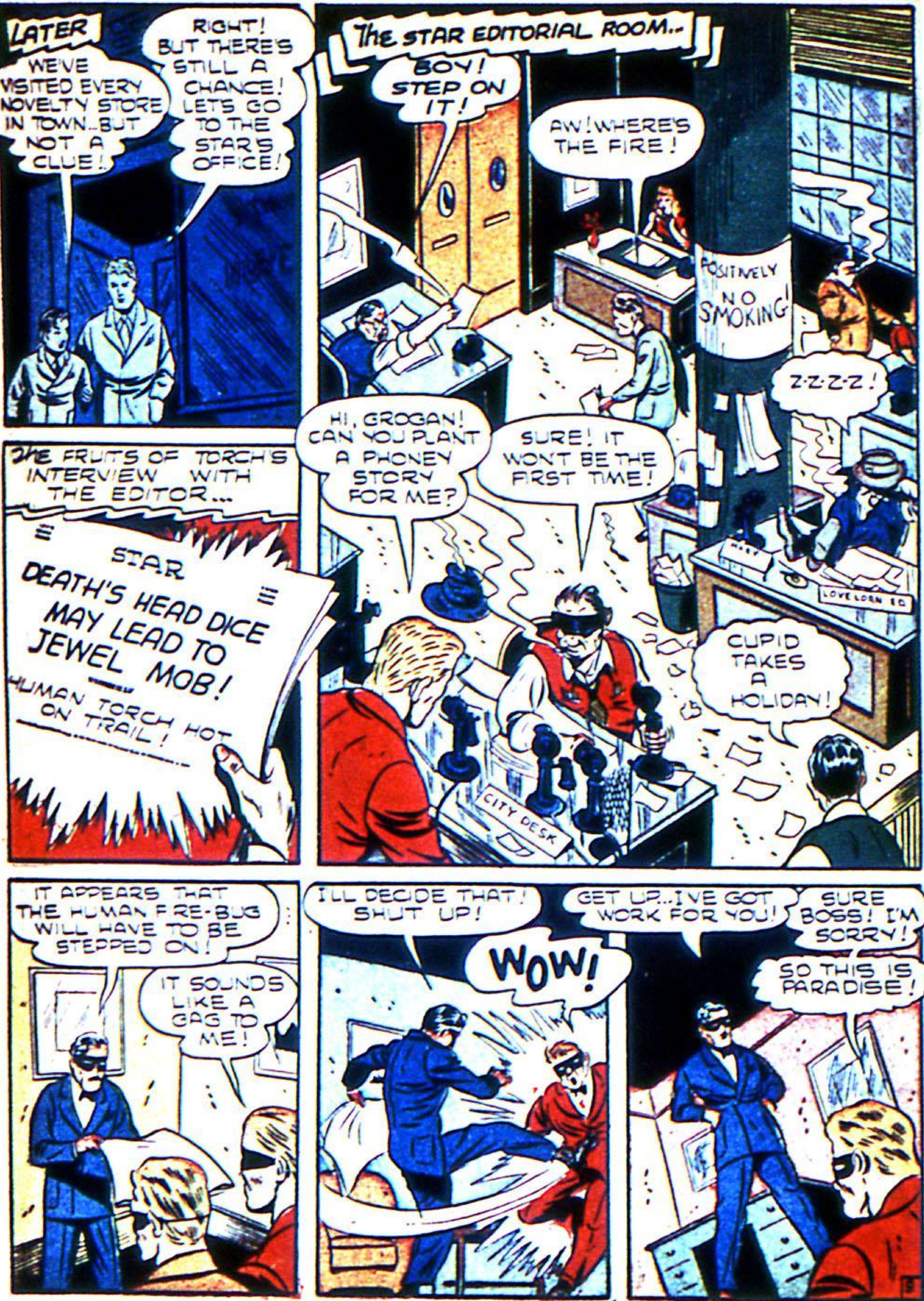

TWO RECRUITS OF THE LEGION OF DESPAIR GO INTO ACTION...
I GOT THE SPARKLERS!
YEAH...AND I GOT THE DOORMAN! HEH! HEH!
STOP! AIYEE!
TURN ON THE HEAT, KID-LOOKS LIKE A STICK UP!
I'M GETTING HOT!
TORCH AND TORO START TOSSING FIRE-BALLS!
CONCENTRATE ON THE MAN WITH THE JEWELRY!
SURE...I'LL SEND HIM A HOT FOOT!
WHAT THE?
WE GOT HIM BEWILDERED! NOW TO CLOSE IN!
THIS FLAME! I CAN'T SEE!
QUICK! TOSS THAT BAG!
OKAY! CATCH IT, AND SCRAM! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE HOT SHOTS!

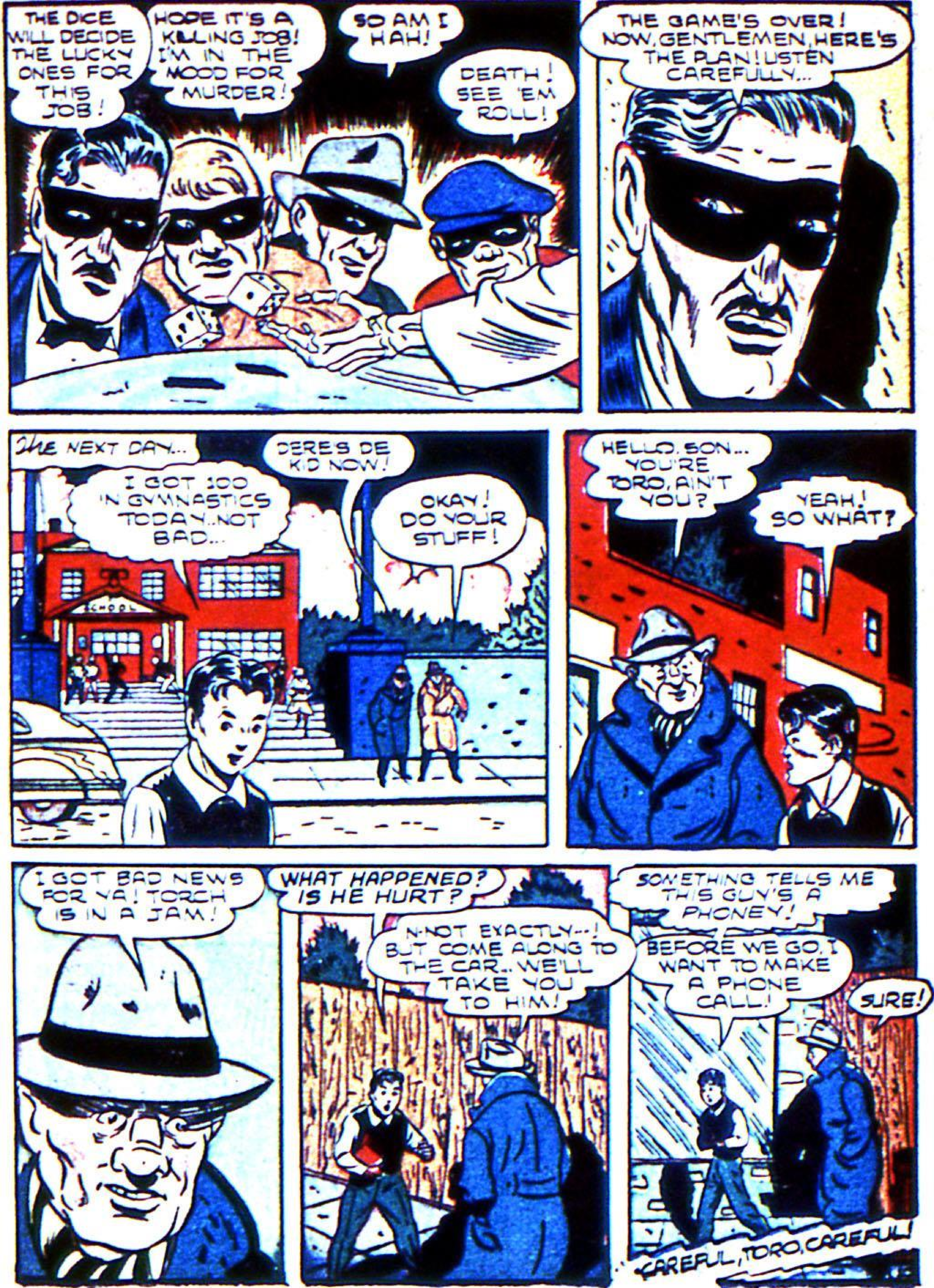

NOW TO COVER MY PAL'S RETREAT...WITH THIS HAND GRENADE!
With A SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER, THE THUG LEAPS... HOLDING THE GRENADE!
YAH-HA, HA! THIS IS BETTER! I WON'T MISS!
WHOA, KID!
?
HA! HA! YIEEE!
WOW!
BAM!
NOT MUCH LEFT OF HIM! BOY... HE MUSTA' BEEN DESPERATE TO PULL A STUNT LIKE THAT!
YEAH...HEY! WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER GUY HE'S GOT THE JEWELS!
THERE HE IS JUMPING INTO THAT CAB!
O.K., TORO, LET'S GIVE HIM THE WORKS!
GET GOING BUD!
WE'LL DIVE BOMB THE CAB!
LET 'ER RIP!

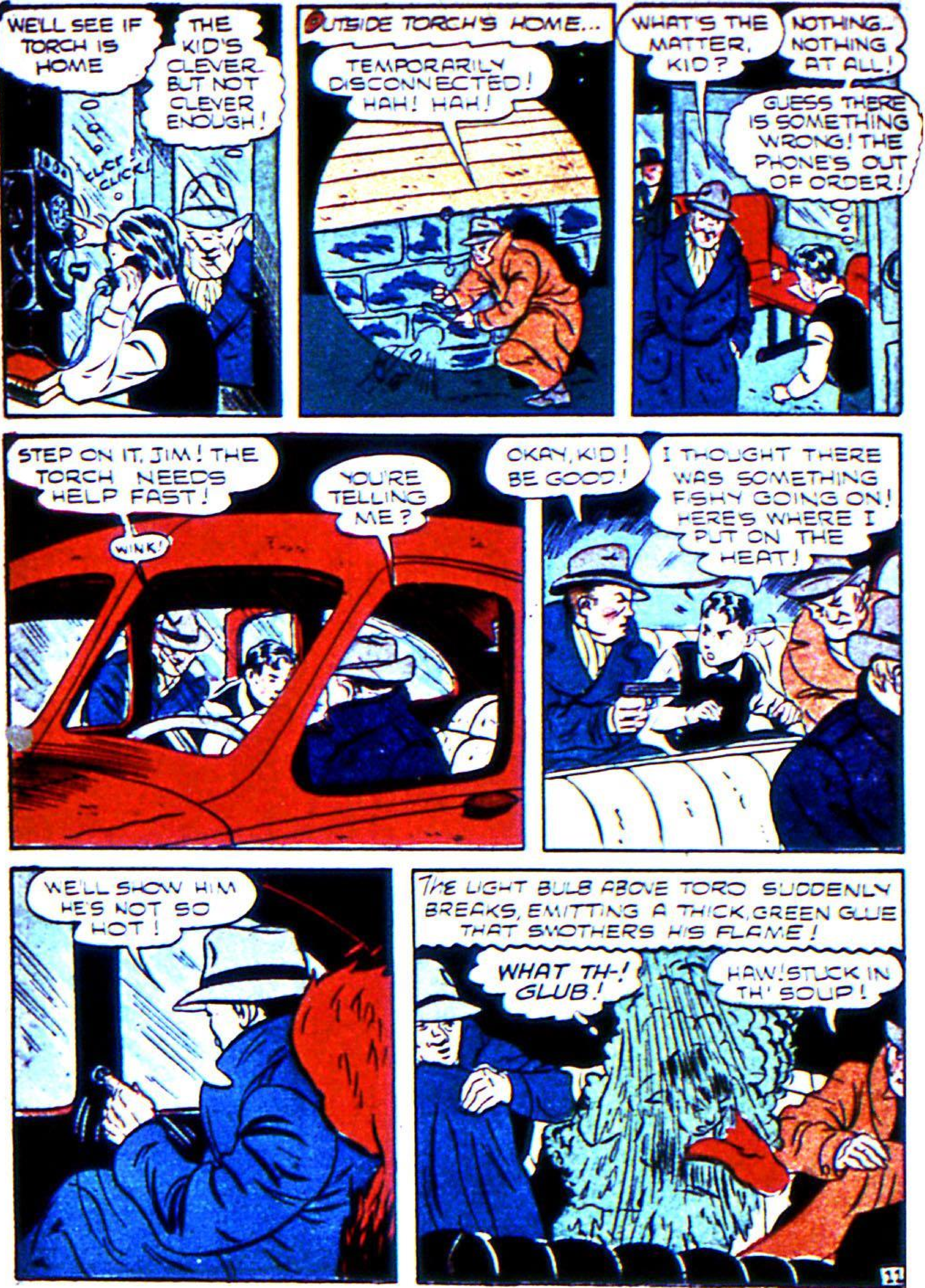

TORCH'S RED-HOT BODY MELTS THROUGH THE CAB ROOF!
DOUSE YOUR FLAME WHEN YOU ENTER KID... WE DON'T WANT TO WRECK THE CAB!
RIGHT!
?
GIVE UP THOSE JEWELS, OR WE'LL BURN YOU TO A FRAZZLE!
I'LL DIE FIRST!
STOP!
TOO LATE! HA! HA!
CRASH
Suddenly... THE THUG HURLS HIMSELF AT THE DRIVER!
!
IF I DIE, YOU ALL DIE!
AGHRR!
TURN ON YOUR FLAME, TORO... WE'RE GOING TO CRASH INTO A POLE!

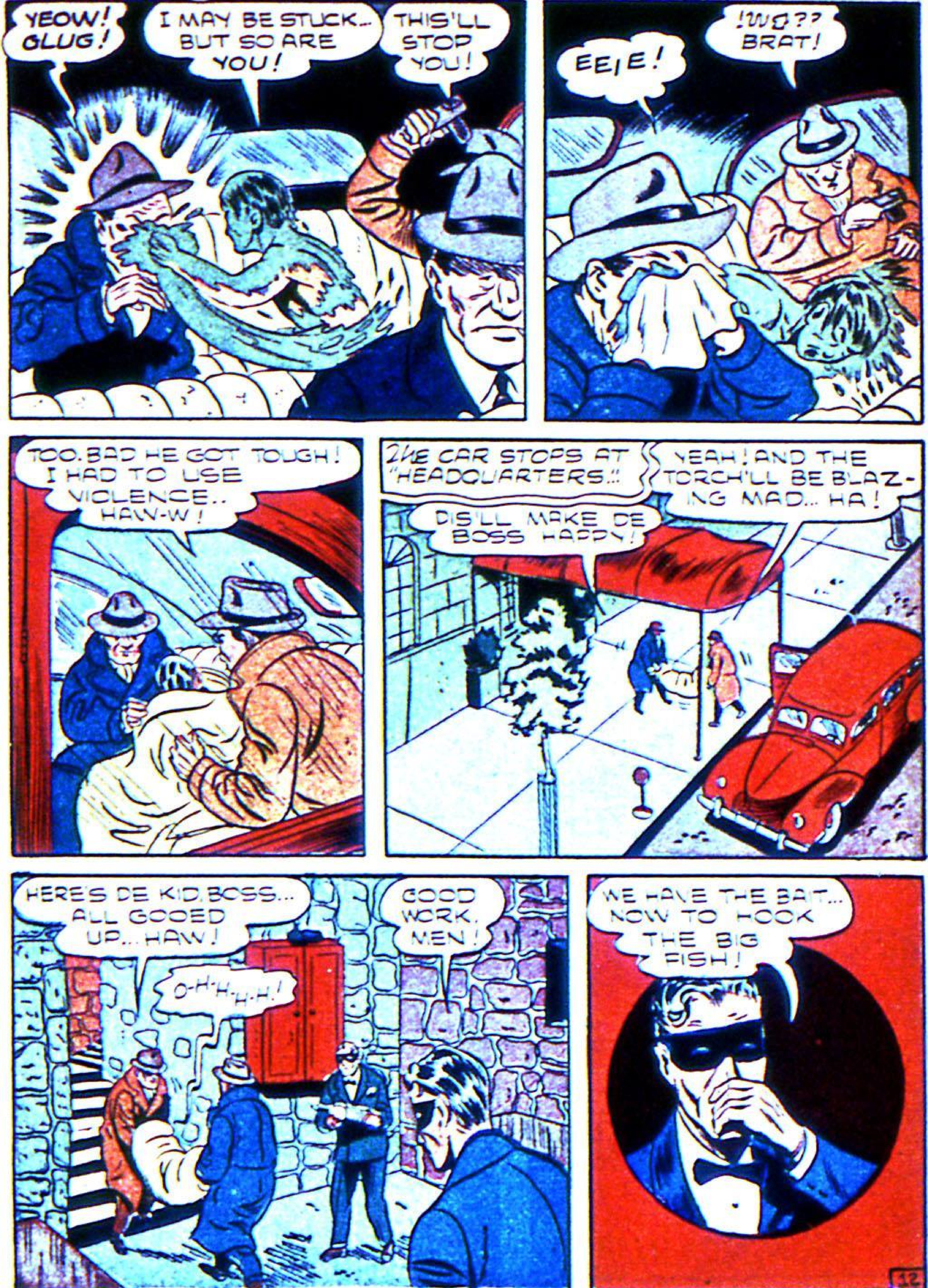

WE GOT OUT JUST IN TIME!
YEAH! BR-R-R! HEAR THAT GUY LAUGH! IT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE YOU THE CHILLS...EVEN WHEN YOU'RE HOT!
CRASH!
YAH-HA! HA! EEOWEE!
AGHR!
TWO MORE DEAD... NOW WHAT?
THEY'RE BEYOND OUR HELP, SO LET'S GET THOSE JEWELS!
AS TORCH AND TORO RUN UP THE STREET... A WHITE-GLOVED HAND DARTS OUT OF THE SHADOWS!
HE THREW THE BAG OUT NEAR THE CORNER!
GOT IT
GONE! THAT BAG MUST'VE SPROUTED LEGS TO GET AROUND SO FAST!

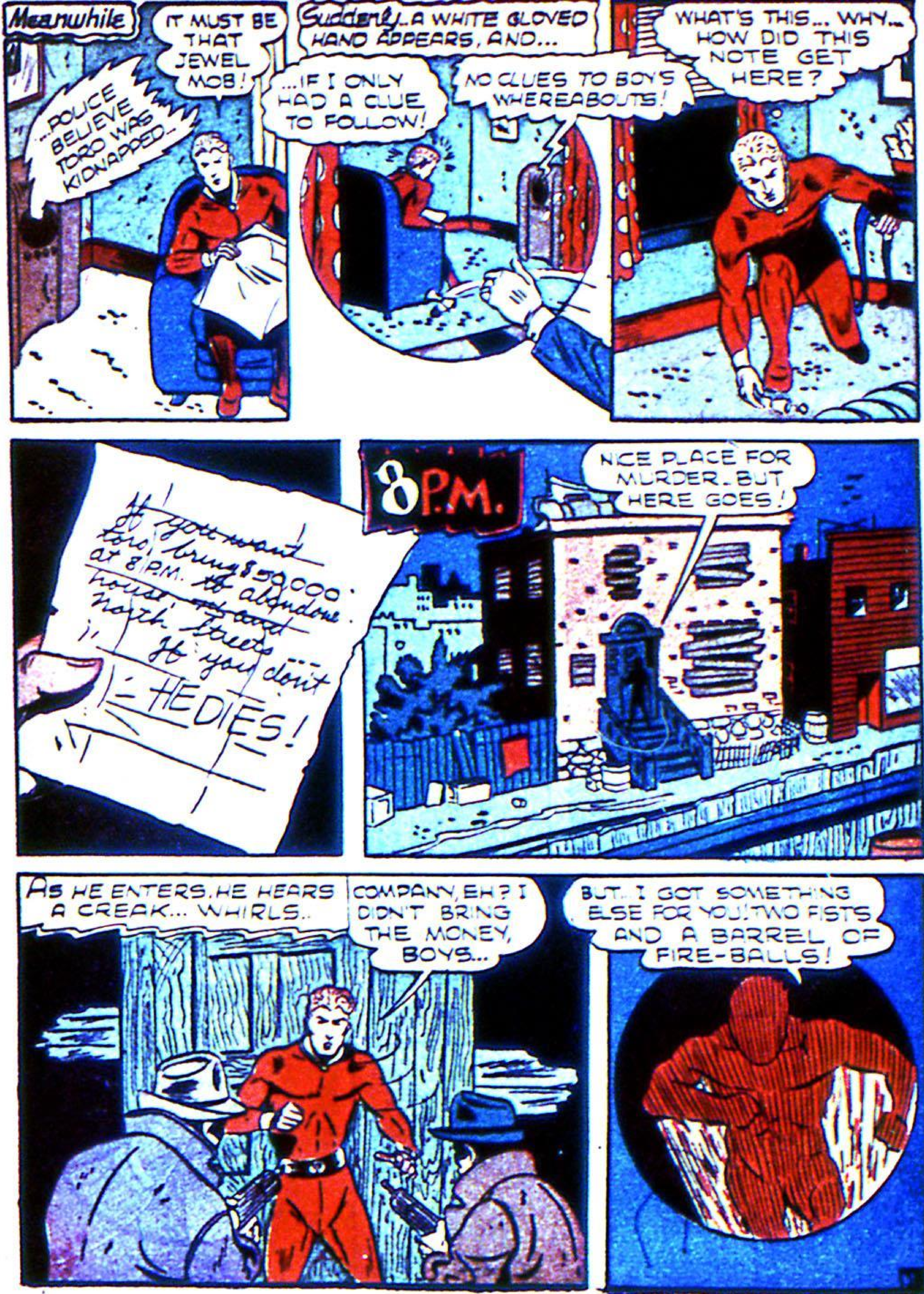

ONE OF THE MOB PROBABLY GRABBED IT! LET'S DOUBLE BACK TO THE CAB FOR A CLUE!
RIGHTO!
They LUG THE CORPSE OF THE THUG OUT OF THE TAXI...
THIS GUY DIED WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE! WHAT A SENSE OF HUMOR!
STOP JAWING AND PUT HIM DOWN... I WANT TO SEARCH HIS CLOTHES!
HMM... WHAT'S THIS?
DICE... WITH BLACK SKULLS ON THEM!
I'LL BET THERE ARENT MANY MANUFACTURERS THAT MAKE THEM! IT MAY NARROW DOWN THE SEARCH!
GALLOPING SKULLS!
LATER...
EVER SEE THESE DICE BEFORE?
WHY YES! WE MAKE THEM. ANYTHING WRONG?
PLENTY! THE MAN WHO CARRIED THEM LAST WAS INVOLVED IN THE PARK HOTEL JEWELRY HOLD UP. WE WANT A LIST OF EVERY RETAIL STORE SELLING THESE DICE!
I'VE GOT THE LIST IN MY DESK... JUST A SECOND!

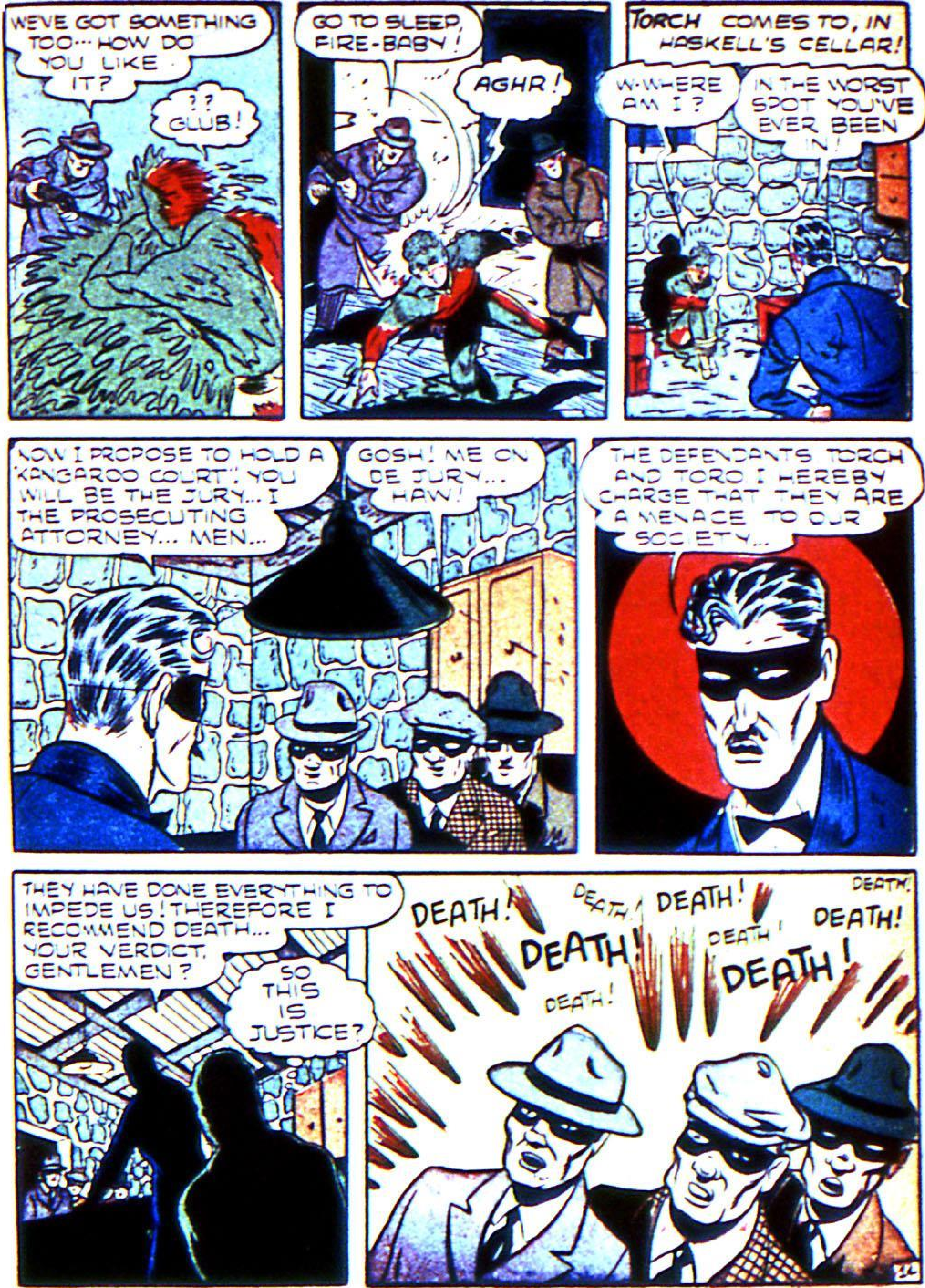

LATER
WE'VE VISITED EVERY NOVELTY STORE IN TOWN...BUT NOT A CLUE!
RIGHT! BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! LETS GO TO THE STAR'S OFFICE!
THE STAR EDITORIAL ROOM...
BOY! STEP ON IT!
AW! WHERE'S THE FIRE!
POSITIVELY NO SMOKING!
Z-Z-Z-Z!
THE FRUITS OF TORCH'S INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR...
STAR
DEATH'S HEAD DICE MAY LEAD TO JEWEL MOB!
HUMAN TORCH HOT ON TRAIL!
HI, GROGAN! CAN YOU PLANT A PHONEY STORY FOR ME?
SURE! IT WON'T BE THE FIRST TIME!
LOVE LORN ED.
CUPID TAKES A HOLIDAY!
CITY DESK
IT APPEARS THAT THE HUMAN FIRE-BUG WILL HAVE TO BE STEPPED ON!
IT SOUNDS LIKE A GAG TO ME!
I'LL DECIDE THAT! SHUT UP!
WOW!
GET UP...I'VE GOT WORK FOR YOU!
SURE BOSS! I'M SORRY!
SO THIS IS PARADISE!

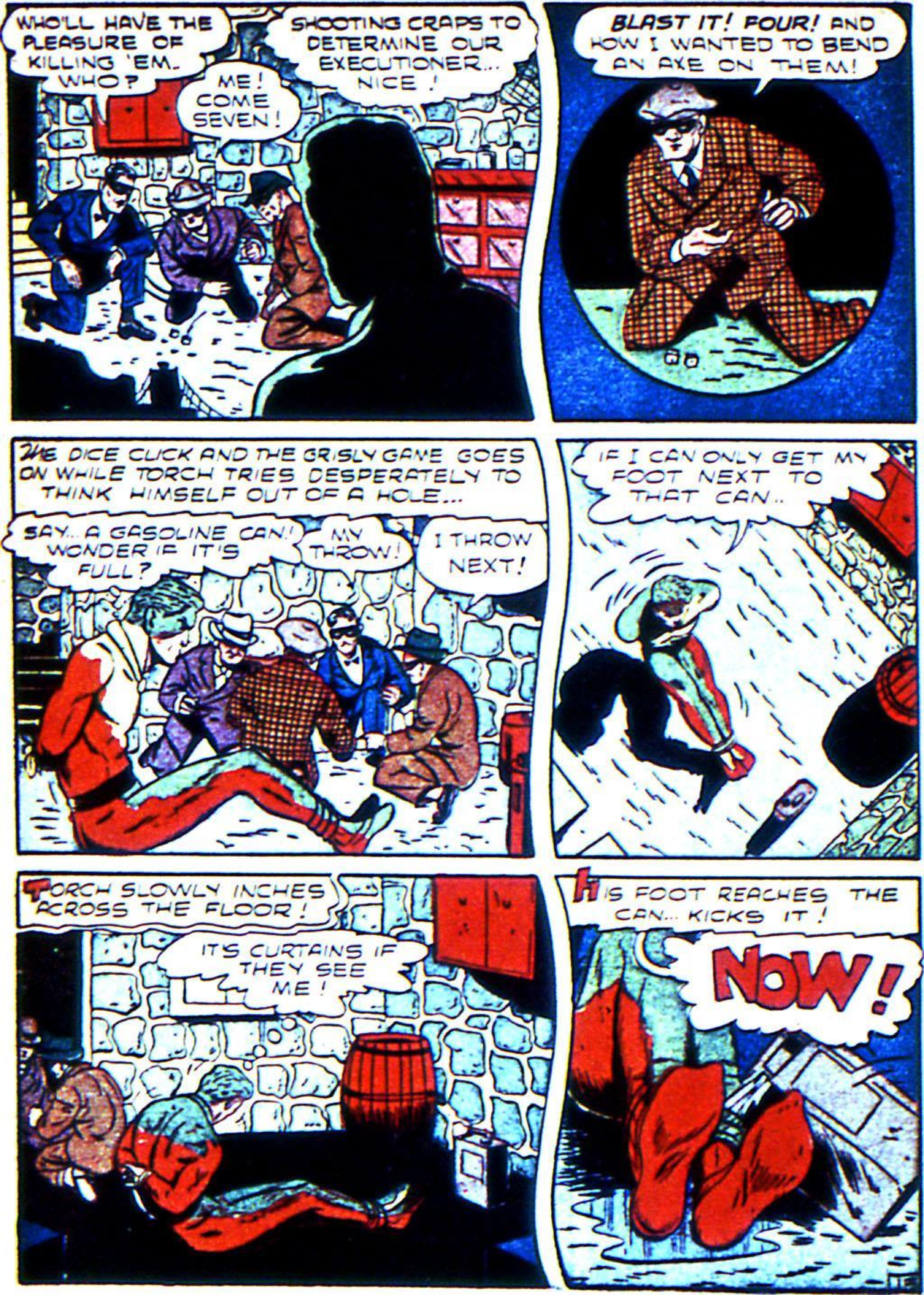

THE DICE WILL DECIDE THE LUCKY ONES FOR THIS JOB!
HOPE IT'S A KILLING JOB! I'M IN THE MOOD FOR MURDER!
SO AM I HAH!
DEATH! SEE 'EM ROLL!
THE GAME'S OVER! NOW, GENTLEMEN, HERE'S THE PLAN! LISTEN CAREFULLY...
The NEXT DAY...
I GOT 100 IN GYMNASTICS TODAY..NOT BAD...
DERE'S DE KID NOW!
OKAY! DO YOUR STUFF!
SCHOOL
HELLO, SON... YOU'RE TORO, AIN'T YOU?
YEAH! SO WHAT?
I GOT BAD NEWS FOR YA! TORCH IS IN A JAM!
WHAT HAPPENED? IS HE HURT?
N-NOT EXACTLY--! BUT COME ALONG TO THE CAR.. WE'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!
SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS GUY'S A PHONEY!
BEFORE WE GO, I WANT TO MAKE A PHONE CALL!
SURE!
CAREFUL, TORO, CAREFUL!

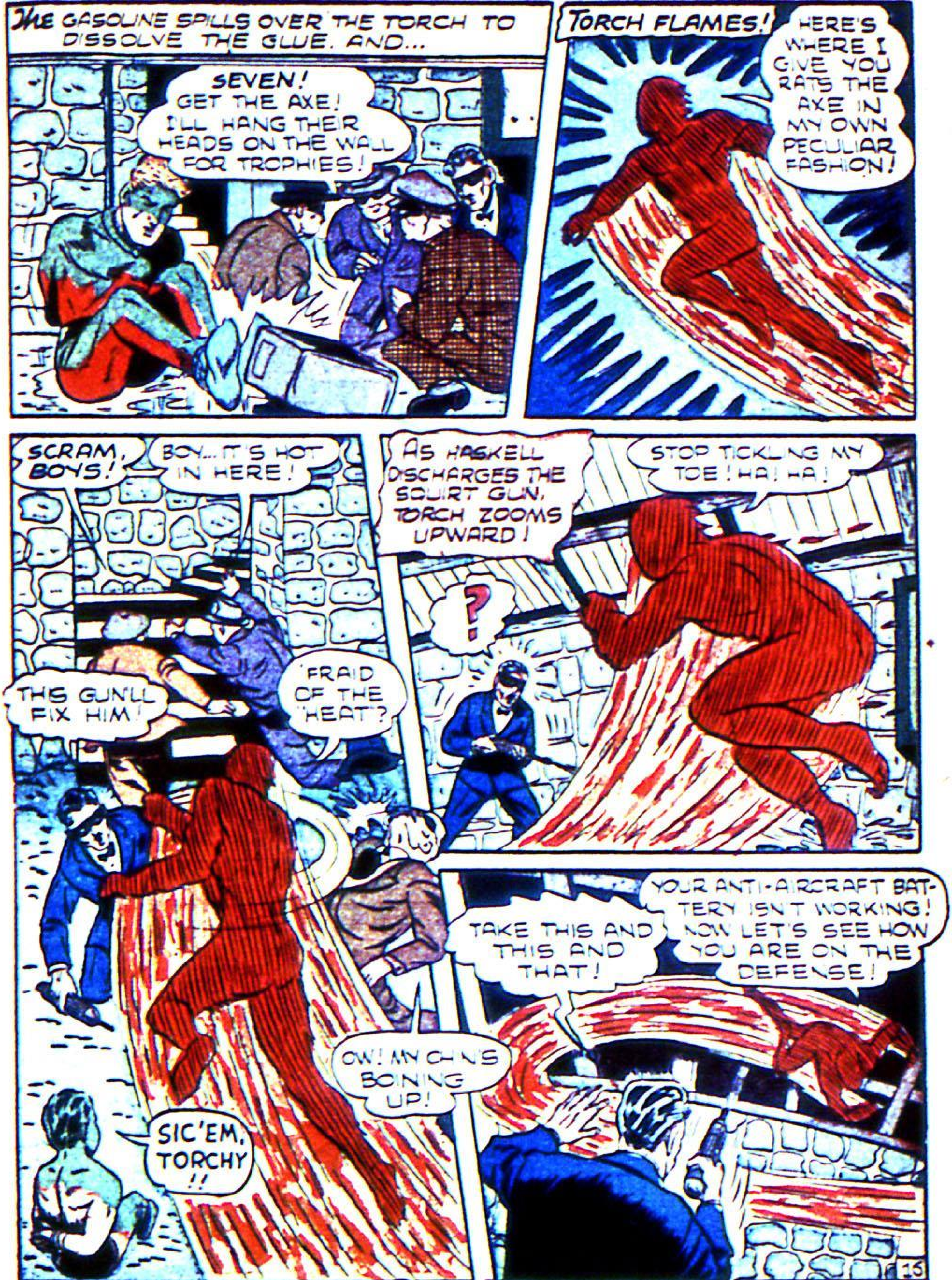

WE'LL SEE IF TORCH IS HOME
THE KID'S CLEVER.. BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH!
CLICK! CLICK!
OUTSIDE TORCH'S HOME...
TEMPORARILY DISCONNECTED! HAH! HAH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID?
NOTHING.. NOTHING AT ALL!
GUESS THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG! THE PHONE'S OUT OF ORDER!
STEP ON IT, JIM! THE TORCH NEEDS HELP FAST!
WINK!
YOU'RE TELLING ME?
OKAY, KID! BE GOOD!
I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON! HERE'S WHERE I PUT ON THE HEAT!
WE'LL SHOW HIM HE'S NOT SO HOT!
THE LIGHT BULB ABOVE TORO SUDDENLY BREAKS, EMITTING A THICK, GREEN GLUE THAT SMOTHERS HIS FLAME!
WHAT TH-! GLUB!
HAW! STUCK IN TH' SOUP!

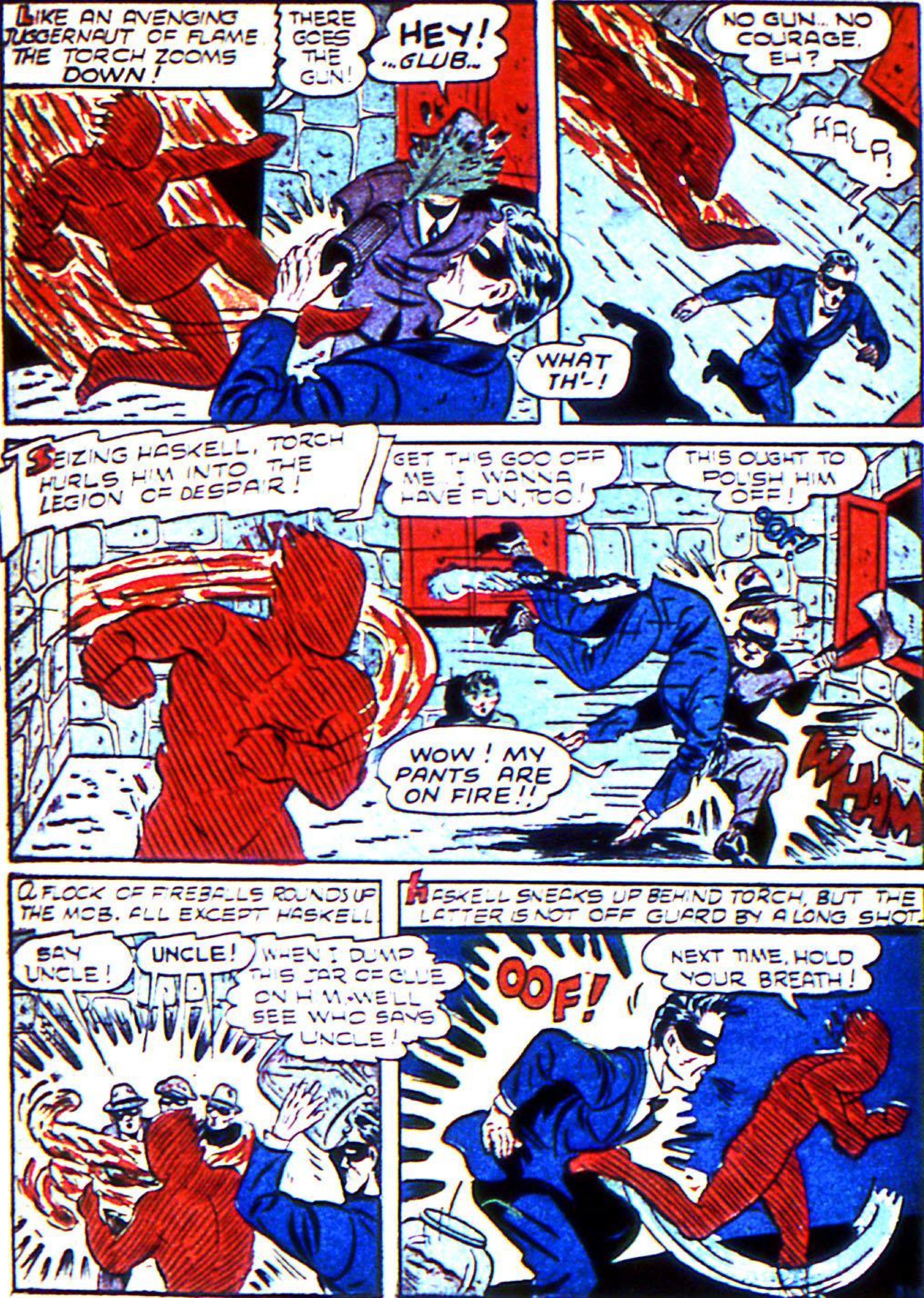

YEOW! GLUG!
I MAY BE STUCK... BUT SO ARE YOU!
THIS'LL STOP YOU!
EEIE!
!WO?? BRAT!
TOO BAD HE GOT TOUGH! I HAD TO USE VIOLENCE.. HAW-W!
THE CAR STOPS AT "HEADQUARTERS"!!
YEAH! AND THE TORCH'LL BE BLAZING MAD... HA!
DIS'LL MAKE DE BOSS HAPPY!
HERE'S DE KID, BOSS... ALL GOOED UP... HAW!
O-H-H-H-H!
GOOD WORK, MEN!
WE HAVE THE BAIT... NOW TO HOOK THE BIG FISH!

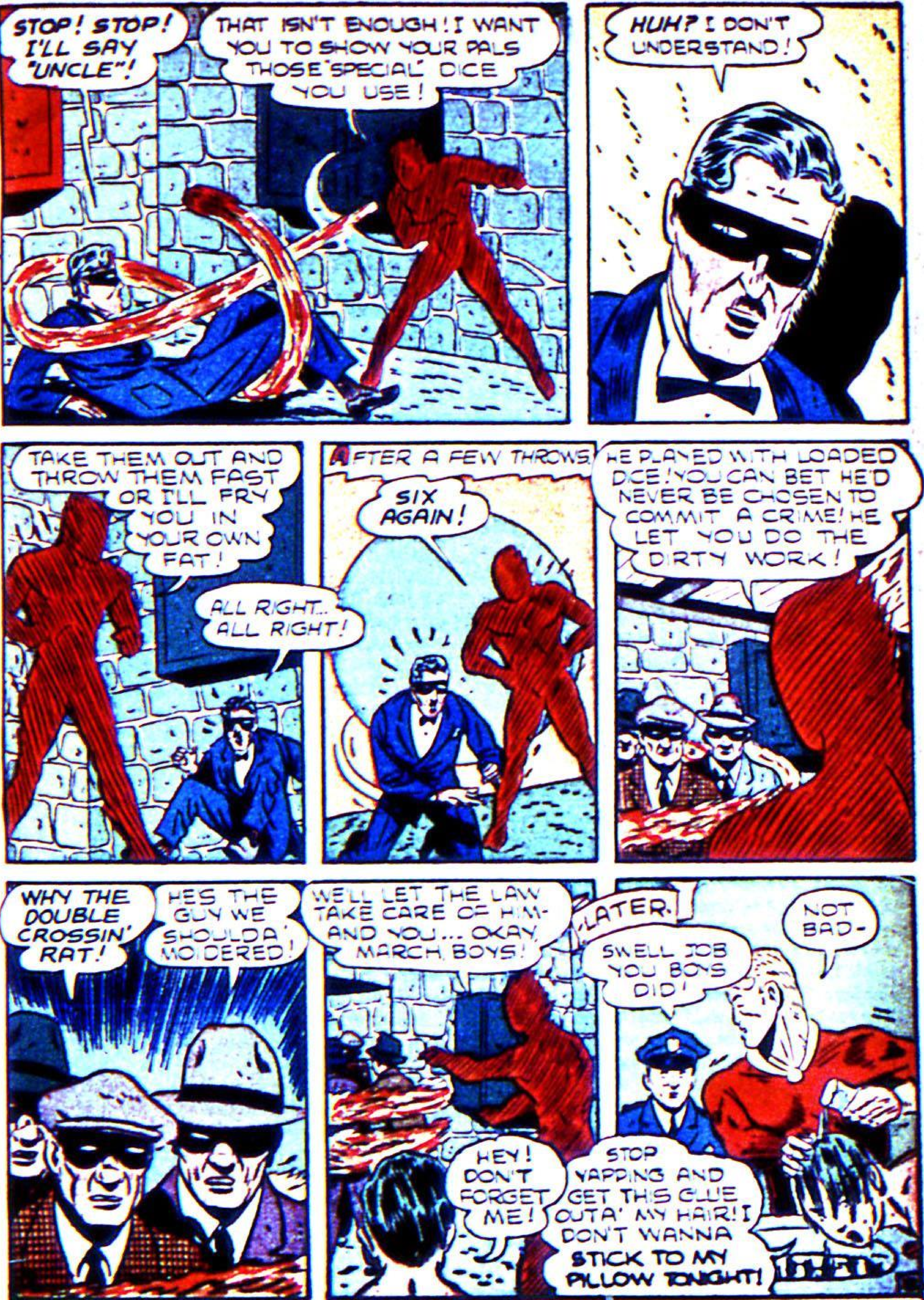

Meanwhile
IT MUST BE THAT JEWEL MOB!
...POLICE BELIEVE TORO WAS KIDNAPPED...
Suddenly.. A WHITE GLOVED HAND APPEARS, AND...
...IF I ONLY HAD A CLUE TO FOLLOW!
NO CLUES TO BOY'S WHEREABOUTS!
WHAT'S THIS... WHY... HOW DID THIS NOTE GET HERE?
If you want toro bring $50,000 at 8 P.M. to abandone house on and North Streets... If you don't - HE DIES!
8 P.M.
NICE PLACE FOR MURDER.. BUT HERE GOES!
AS HE ENTERS, HE HEARS A CREAK... WHIRLS..
COMPANY, EH? I DIDN'T BRING THE MONEY, BOYS...
BUT.. I GOT SOMETHING ELSE FOR YOU! TWO FISTS AND A BARREL OF FIRE-BALLS!


WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TOO... HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
?? GLUB!
GO TO SLEEP, FIRE-BABY!
AGHR!
TORCH COMES TO, IN HASKELL'S CELLAR!
W-WHERE AM I?
IN THE WORST SPOT YOU'VE EVER BEEN IN!
NOW I PROPOSE TO HOLD A "KANGAROO COURT"! YOU WILL BE THE JURY... I THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY... MEN...
GOSH! ME ON DE JURY... HAW!
THE DEFENDANTS, TORCH AND TORO, I HEREBY CHARGE THAT THEY ARE A MENACE TO OUR SOCIETY...
THEY HAVE DONE EVERYTHING TO IMPEDE US! THEREFORE I RECOMMEND DEATH... YOUR VERDICT, GENTLEMEN?
SO THIS IS JUSTICE?
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!
DEATH!


WHO'LL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING 'EM.. WHO?
ME! COME SEVEN!
SHOOTING CRAPS TO DETERMINE OUR EXECUTIONER... NICE!
BLAST IT! FOUR! AND HOW I WANTED TO BEND AN AXE ON THEM!
THE DICE CLICK AND THE GRISLY GAME GOES ON WHILE TORCH TRIES DESPERATELY TO THINK HIMSELF OUT OF A HOLE...
SAY... A GASOLINE CAN! WONDER IF IT'S FULL?
MY THROW!
I THROW NEXT!
IF I CAN ONLY GET MY FOOT NEXT TO THAT CAN..
TORCH SLOWLY INCHES ACROSS THE FLOOR!
IT'S CURTAINS IF THEY SEE ME!
HIS FOOT REACHES THE CAN... KICKS IT!
NOW!


The GASOLINE SPILLS OVER THE TORCH TO DISSOLVE THE GLUE. AND...
SEVEN! GET THE AXE! I'LL HANG THEIR HEADS ON THE WALL FOR TROPHIES!
TORCH FLAMES!
HERE'S WHERE I GIVE YOU RATS THE AXE IN MY OWN PECULIAR FASHION!
SCRAM, BOYS!
BOY... IT'S HOT IN HERE!
THIS GUN'LL FIX HIM!
'FRAID OF THE "HEAT"?
OW! MY CHIN'S BOINING UP!
SIC'EM, TORCHY!!
AS HASKELL DISCHARGES THE SQUIRT GUN, TORCH ZOOMS UPWARD!
STOP TICKLING MY TOE! HA! HA!
?
YOUR ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY ISN'T WORKING! NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU ARE ON THE DEFENSE!
TAKE THIS AND THIS AND THAT!


LIKE AN AVENGING JUGGERNAUT OF FLAME THE TORCH ZOOMS DOWN!
THERE GOES THE GUN!
HEY! ...GLUB...
NO GUN... NO COURAGE, EH?
KALP!
WHAT TH'-!
SEIZING HASKELL, TORCH HURLS HIM INTO THE LEGION OF DESPAIR!
GET THIS GOO OFF ME.. I WANNA HAVE FUN, TOO!
THIS OUGHT TO POLISH HIM OFF!
OOF!
WOW! MY PANTS ARE ON FIRE!!
WHAM
A FLOCK OF FIREBALLS ROUNDS UP THE MOB, ALL EXCEPT HASKELL
SAY UNCLE!
UNCLE!
WHEN I DUMP THIS JAR OF GLUE ON HIM--WE'LL SEE WHO SAYS UNCLE!
HASKELL SNEAKS UP BEHIND TORCH, BUT THE LATTER IS NOT OFF GUARD BY A LONG SHOT.
OOF!
NEXT TIME, HOLD YOUR BREATH!


STOP! STOP! I'LL SAY "UNCLE"!
THAT ISN'T ENOUGH! I WANT YOU TO SHOW YOUR PALS THOSE "SPECIAL" DICE YOU USE!
HUH? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
TAKE THEM OUT AND THROW THEM FAST OR I'LL FRY YOU IN YOUR OWN FAT!
ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT!
AFTER A FEW THROWS.
SIX AGAIN!
HE PLAYED WITH LOADED DICE! YOU CAN BET HE'D NEVER BE CHOSEN TO COMMIT A CRIME! HE LET YOU DO THE DIRTY WORK!
WHY THE DOUBLE CROSSIN' RAT!
HE'S THE GUY WE SHOULDA' MOIDERED!
WE'LL LET THE LAW TAKE CARE OF HIM- AND YOU... OKAY, MARCH, BOYS!
LATER.
SWELL JOB YOU BOYS DID!
NOT BAD-
HEY! DON'T FORGET ME!
STOP YAPPING AND GET THIS GLUE OUTA' MY HAIR! I DON'T WANNA STICK TO MY PILLOW TONIGHT!

HOT-SHOT HARMONY

By Andrew McWhiney

NOW ain't that lovely!" sneered Division Superintendent Brooks. "Radio communication between engine and caboose!" He glared at Engineer Jack Hanlon. "Heave that junk out, mister! This coal hot-shot is due at tidewater in the morning—that means fast running and mind on your work alone! You'll have time for nothing but the engine, get me?"

Jack was seething as he climbed aboard huge 8900. To blazes with all supers! He'd leave the radio hooked up—a man needed *something* to keep him awake on a long night run, he complained to his fireman as he began to work the big hog slowly out of the yards.

Tom Stearns watched curiously as they settled into their mainline stride, and Hanlon called the caboose to talk with, Conductor Grimes. Jack was pretty proud of this hobby pet. "I'll bet Brooks wires Jersey City to check the train when we pull in, and see if it's still here," Tom ventured.

Hanlon gasped. "Wow! I didn't think of that! He's sure to—he's plenty sore at me. Well, if I'm to lose two weeks pay, I might as well enjoy this last run before he suspends me." He told Grimes about it, grinning ruefully, as the long train roared through the night.

"The rat!" came Grimes' sympathetic voice. "Curled up with a big cigar somewhere, enjoying himself, while we bounce along in this rough-riding hot-shot all night." He paused. "Seriously, though, Jack, he's probably jumpy about Red Mountain Tunnel."

"What about it" demanded Jack.

"Well, you know it's a bottleneck between the coal country and the seaboard. If sabotage should block that one track, there'd be a serious coal shortage. Tie the defense factories up in knots. The road's got an armed guard there, you know. By the way, slow down when you approach it—he'll have a daily report for us to pick up and take in."

"Sure." Hanlon shut off the radio and concentrated on wheeling the 8900 awhile. She was plenty hot tonight. He glanced approvingly at Tom. A good fireman, a smart fellow. He watched the moon-flooded country move swiftly behind them. The lights of towns flashed up, then dropped away. She was rolling. Might as well make time now, before the traffic started to thicken with night freight.

LATER, he called Grimes again. "Hey, Skipper," he said into the little mike. "What should I do if I see a saboteur? Throw coal at him?"

"No, toss the radio," interrupted Tom "That'll make Brooks happy."

"It's no joke, Jack," Grimes answered the set. "If that tunnel were closed, it'd shut down defense factories cold."

"Okay. But keep calm now—I'm slowing on order from West River tower. Agent must have a message for us." Indeed, the night man handed one up on the loop as 8900 thundered by. Hanlon reported it to Skipper Grimes, far behind. "A wait at East Portal for Number Eleven. She's due at 1:05." He glanced at his watch.

"H'mm. Nineteen minutes, twenty-four miles. So long, Grimes! I'll be busy. I don't want to meet her in that tunnel!"

Switching the radio off, he shouted across the cab. "Stoke her, Tom! We're meeting the Limited beyond the tunnel—I want some time to spare to make up for that guard slowing us!"

8900's stack blasted louder as she picked up speed. Jack Hanlon forgot the radio as he coaxed the big hog faster. She was wheeling. Her whistle tore the night apart when crossings loomed. Their time margin widened, and at the river bridge he'd gained nine minutes. That should do it. They leaned to the long curve and roared away from the river. Now the tunnel warning signals flashed overhead, and shutting her down half way, he shoved his head out into the wind's rush. In the moonlight the tunnel's mouth gaped blackly. Where was the swinging flash of the guard's lantern?

Moonlight reigned serene and undisturbed. Jack was puzzled . . .

SUDDENLY his eye caught a moving blur. Then the brilliant headlight beam picked up a figure—a man, running alongside the track. He was making for the tunnel entrance, nearing it rapidly. Although the brakes were biting, the train was still gaining, and the headlight blaze flooded him, picking out the object in his hand. Hack had once worked on a track gang, and recognized a stick of dynamite when he saw it . . .

The throttle opened wide. As the stack bellowed for speed, he switched on the radio. "Grimes! Get this, and don't ask why! We're stopping inside. Stay by the caboose and clonk the guy who runs out! Tell you later."

He whirled on the gaping fireman. "When we stop, make tracks for the far end with some flares. Flag down Eleven—if you don't, there'll be a bloody mess in this tunnel!"

8900 hit the entrance wide open. The noise was stupefying, like a volcano exploding. Exhaust fumes poured into the cab in a suffocating fog. Eating smoke, Jack poked his head briefly out the window. The headlight blaze burst blindingly against the dense vapor, but he glimpsed a human figure flattened against the tunnel wall. The air crashed on hard; fire spun and slew about the wheels of the heavy train.

BEFORE they fully stopped, the enginemen hit the ground running. Stearns vanished ahead. Good boy. Gasping for air, Jack moved back. He heard Tom's feet echoing behind. And suddenly, the long, high-yelling fury of a whistle, far out beyond the east entrance. Eleven, charging toward the tunnel.

Something moved in the choking murk. Jack sprang. The man vanished in the gloom, feet pounding back along the train. The engineer followed. Had Grimes understood, blocked the exit? Gradually the air became clearer as they approached the hind end. Then there was a shock ahead, followed by a heavy thump. In the dim glow of the caboose's lanterns, Jack made out men rolling on the ground. Suddenly one sprang up and ran. Brass winked on the prone figure in the lantern light. Grimes.

No joke, maybe, but handy. Jack snatched a lump of coal and hurled it at the almost-invisible target. The man tottered, then crashed under Jack's flying tackle.

Grimes climbed to his feet, examining the object in his hand. "Dynamite!" he gasped. "He was going to blow the tunnel; when we were early and surprised him, he thought he'd have time anyway. He'd have gotten Eleven, too. Hey! Incidentally—"

"O.K. Tom stopped her in time." Jack pointed through the tunnel where red flares still glowed behind a halted headlight at the far mouth. "Glad you heard me, so you could delay him long enough to give me a shot." They picked the unconscious dynamiter up and put him in a caboose, then located the bound and gagged guard.

NOW men swarmed up from the limited. Grimes nudged Jack, and he recognized the road's Operating Vice President. The official machine-gunned questions.

"Good work," he commented finally. "But what made Grimes, at the other end, block up the exit?"

"Hot-shot harmony," said Jack, explaining the radio. "One end of the train always knows what the other end's doing."

The V.P. looked thoughtful. "You have something there, Hanlon. Maybe every train should be equipped. Lay over in Jersey City—I'll be back tomorrow and we'll talk this over."

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of The Human Torch Comics published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the The Human Torch Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are Publisher, Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C., Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C., Business Manager, Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Timely Comics, Inc., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C., Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

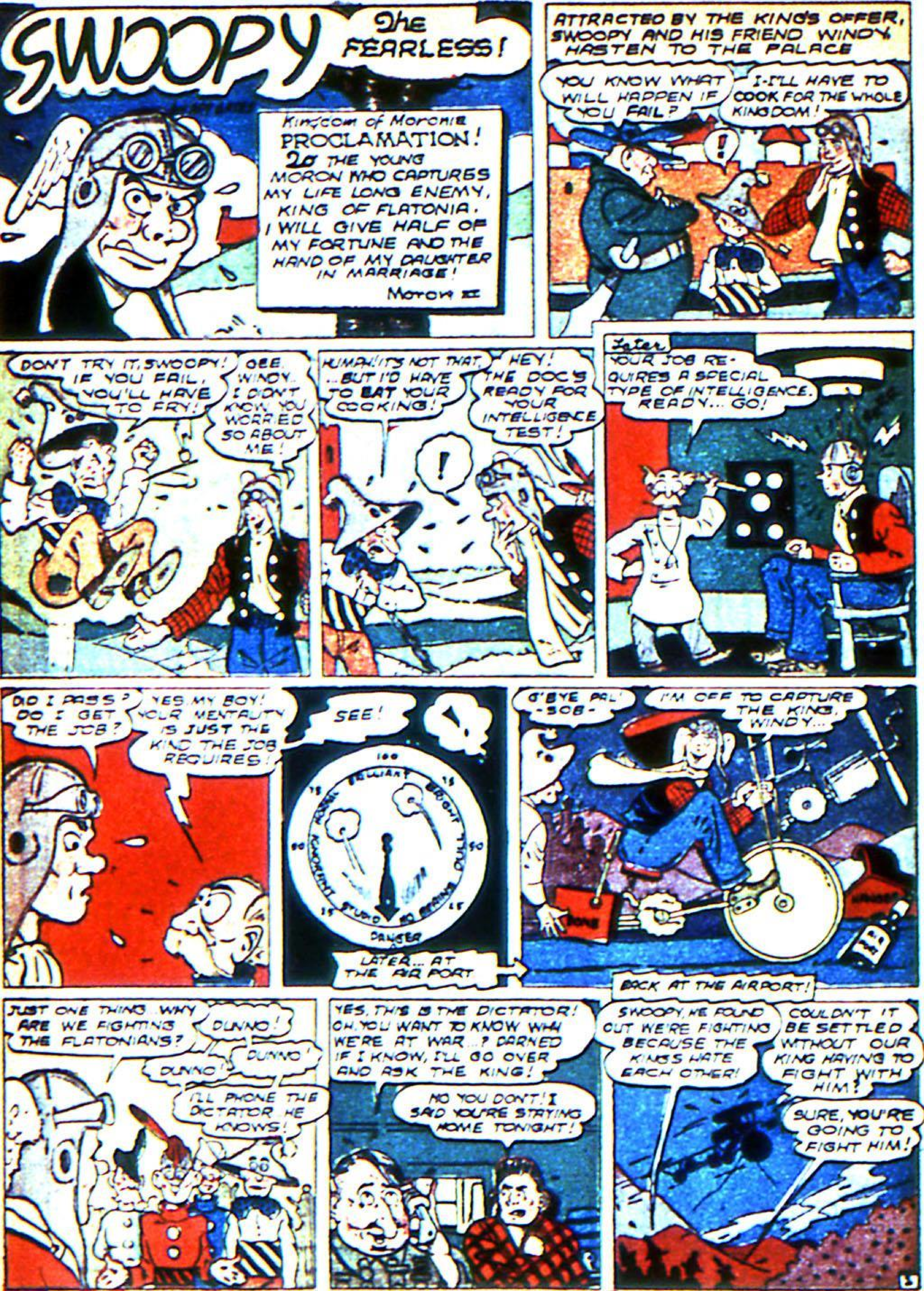
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state.) None.

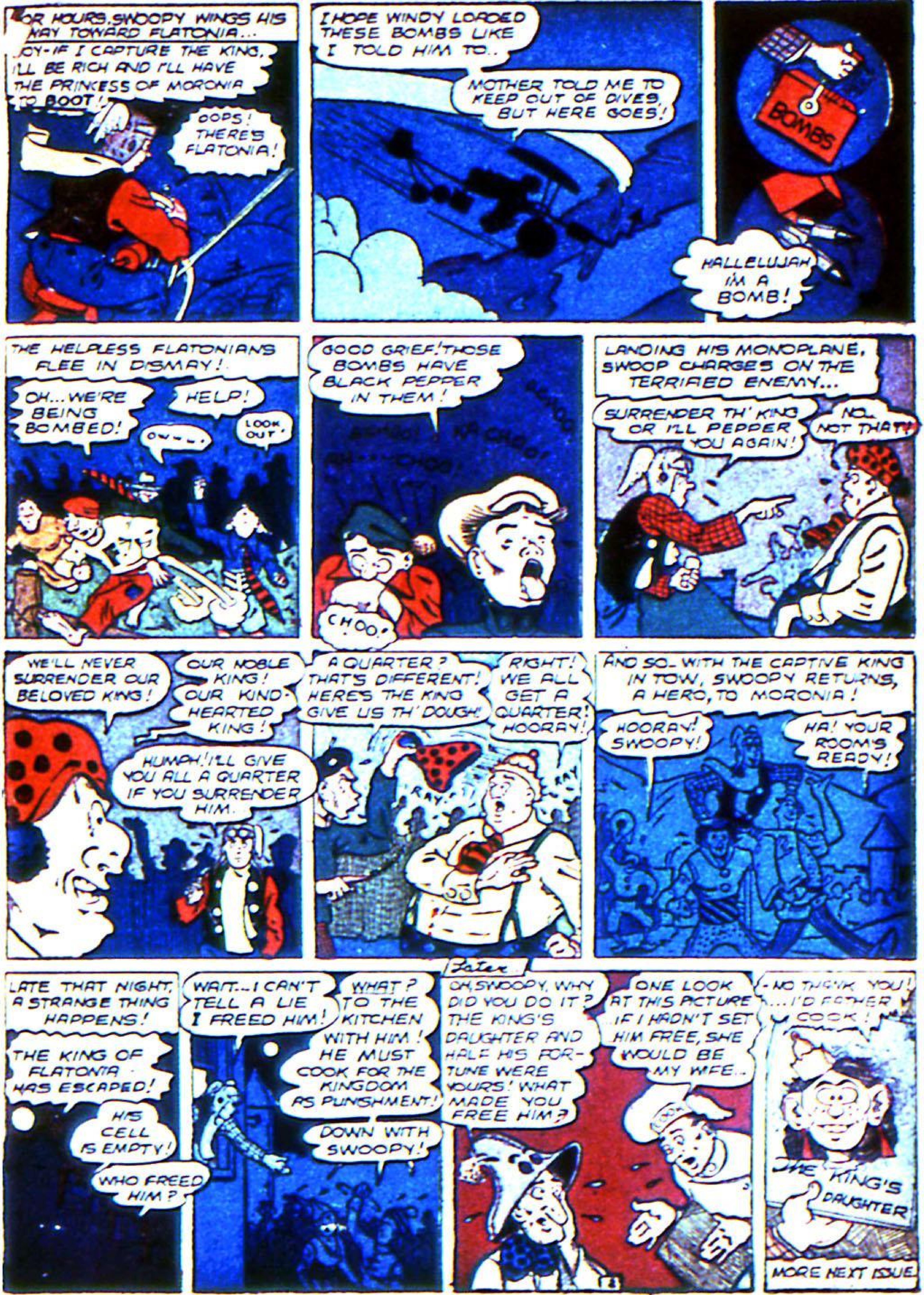
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

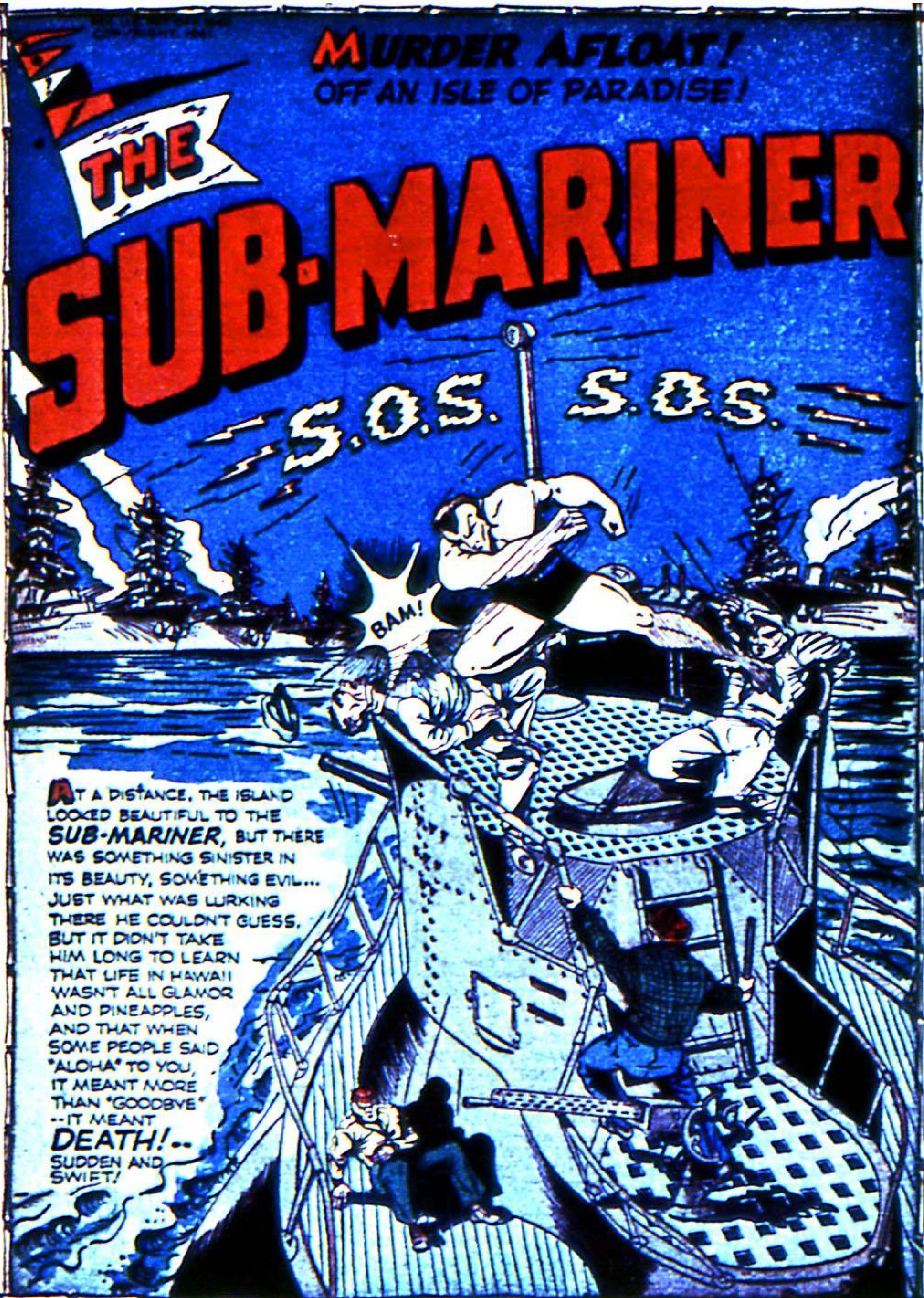
(Signed) ABRAHAM GOODMAN

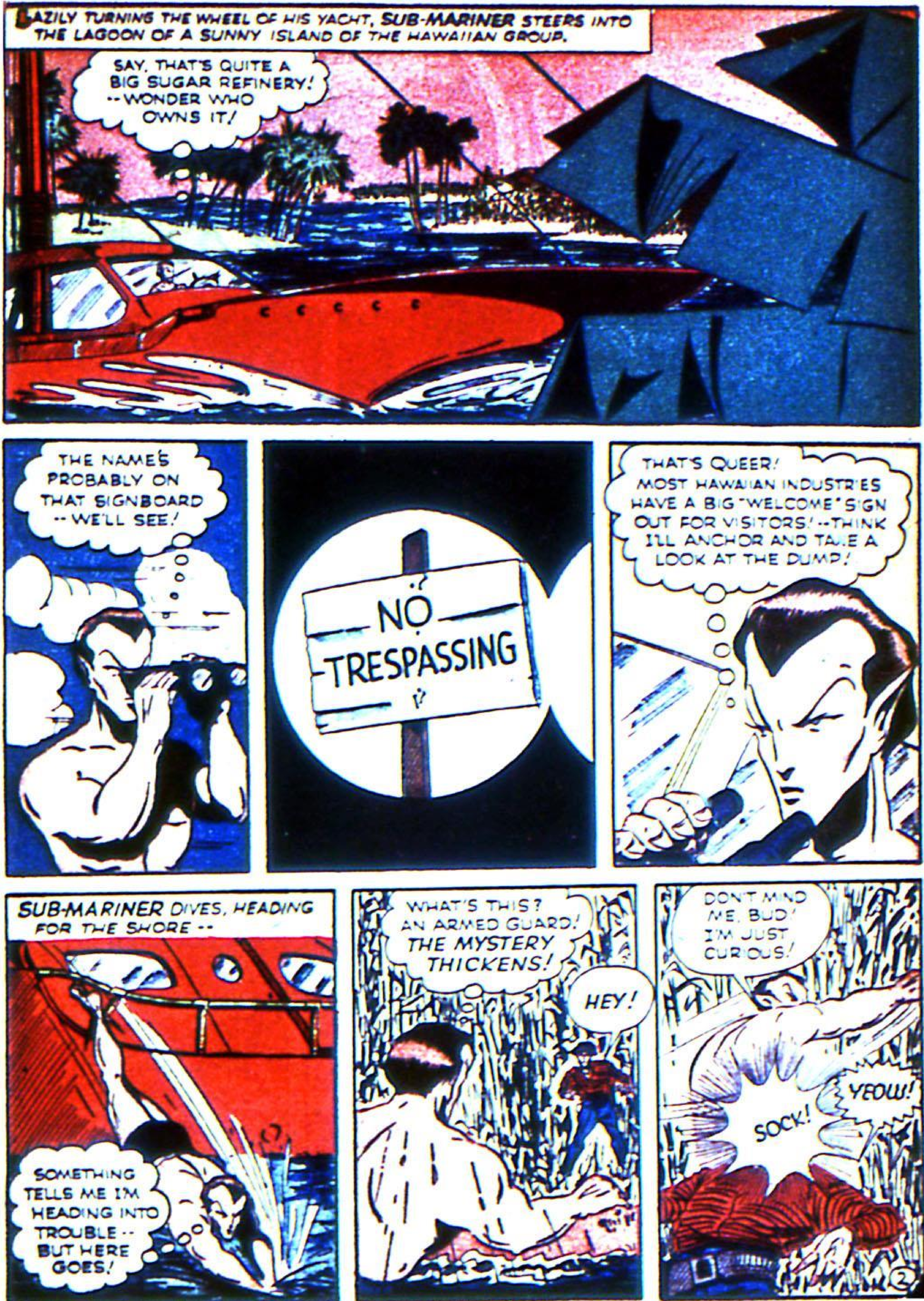
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1941.

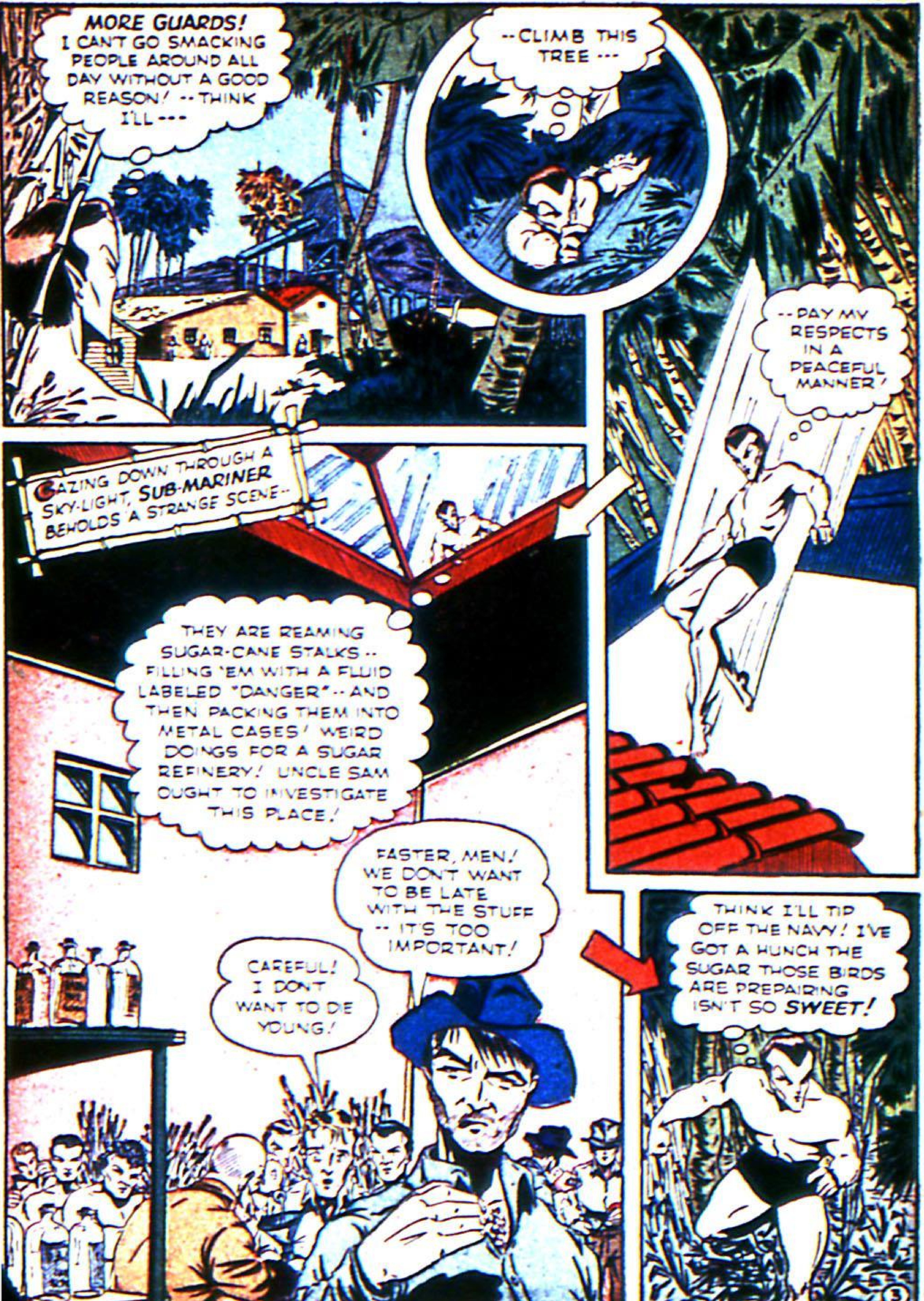
(SEAL) BERNARD ARBITAL.
(My Commission expires March 30, 1943.)

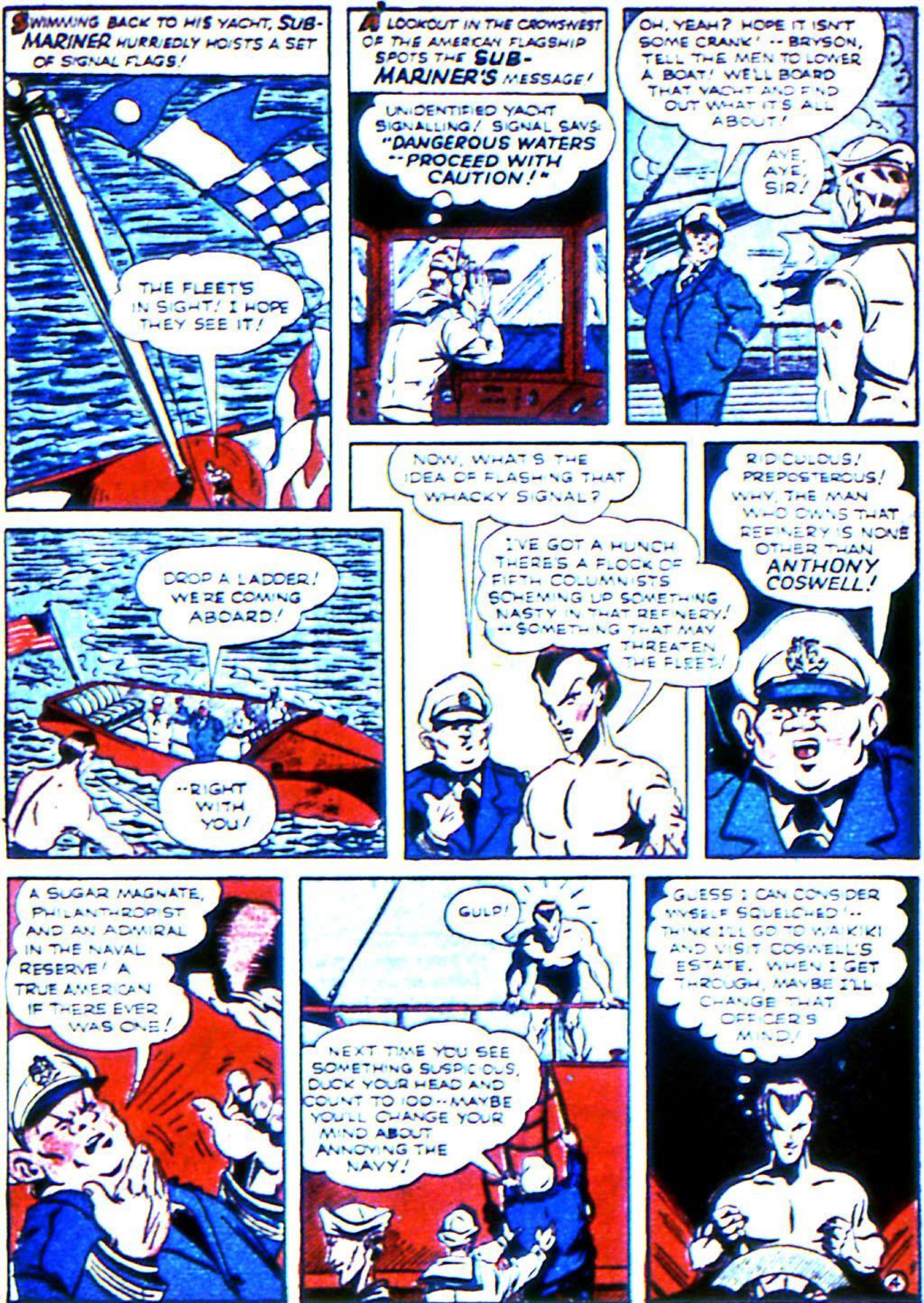

SWOOPY
The FEARLESS!
Kingdom of Moronie
PROCLAMATION!
To THE YOUNG MORON WHO CAPTURES MY LIFE LONG ENEMY, KING OF FLATONIA. I WILL GIVE HALF OF MY FORTUNE AND THE HAND OF MY DAUGHTER IN MARRIAGE!
Moron III
ATTRACTED BY THE KING'S OFFER, SWOOPY AND HIS FRIEND WINDY, HASTEN TO THE PALACE
YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF YOU FAIL?
I-I'LL HAVE TO COOK FOR THE WHOLE KINGDOM!
!
DON'T TRY IT, SWOOPY! IF YOU FAIL, YOU'LL HAVE TO FRY!
GEE, WINDY.. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WORRIED SO ABOUT ME!
HUMPH! IT'S NOT THAT, ...BUT I'D HAVE TO EAT YOUR COOKING!
HEY! THE DOC'S READY FOR YOUR INTELLIGENCE TEST!
!
Later
YOUR JOB REQUIRES A SPECIAL TYPE OF INTELLIGENCE. READY... GO!
DID I PASS? DO I GET THE JOB?
YES, MY BOY! YOUR MENTALITY IS JUST THE KIND THE JOB REQUIRES!
SEE!
!
100
BRILLIANT
75
BRIGHT
75
NORMAL
50
KNOWING
50
DULL
25
STUPID
NO BRAINS
25
DANGER
LATER... AT THE AIR PORT
G'BYE PAL' -SOB-
I'M OFF TO CAPTURE THE KING, WINDY...
BACK AT THE AIRPORT!
JUST ONE THING...WHY ARE WE FIGHTING THE FLATONIANS?
DUNNO!
DUNNO!
DUNNO!
I'LL PHONE THE DICTATOR HE KNOWS!
YES, THIS IS THE DICTATOR! OH, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY WE'RE AT WAR...? DARNED IF I KNOW, I'LL GO OVER AND ASK THE KING!
NO YOU DON'T! I SAID YOU'RE STAYING HOME TONIGHT!
SWOOPY, HE FOUND OUT WE'RE FIGHTING BECAUSE THE KINGS HATE EACH OTHER!
COULDN'T IT BE SETTLED WITHOUT OUR KING HAVING TO FIGHT WITH HIM?
SURE, YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT HIM!

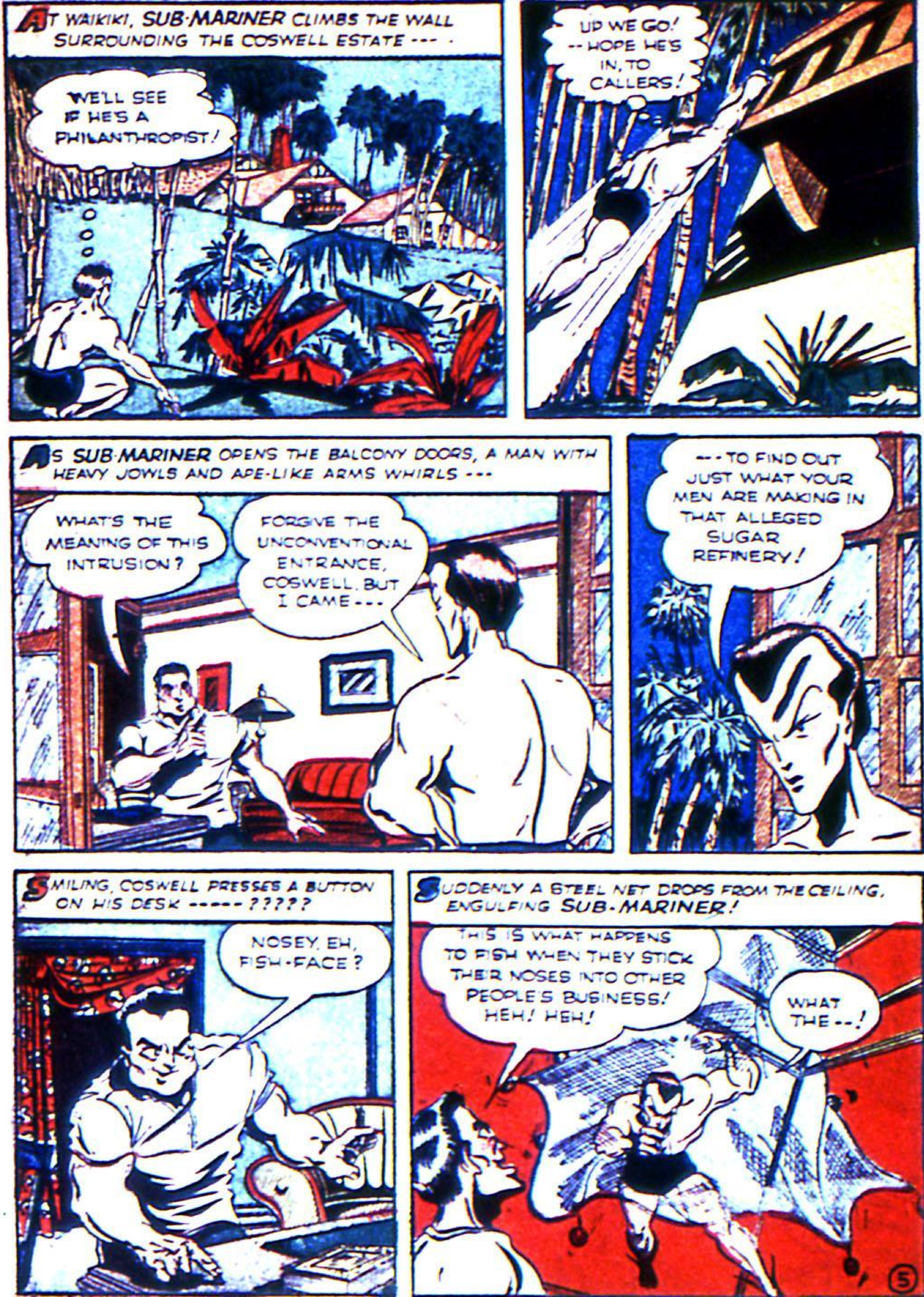

OR HOURS, SWOOPY WINGS HIS WAY TOWARD FLATONIA...
JOY - IF I CAPTURE THE KING, I'LL BE RICH AND I'LL HAVE THE PRINCESS OF MORONIA TO BOOT!
OOPS! THERE'S FLATONIA!
I HOPE WINDY LOADED THESE BOMBS LIKE I TOLD HIM TO..
MOTHER TOLD ME TO KEEP OUT OF DIVES, BUT HERE GOES!
BOMBS
HALLELUJAH I'M A BOMB!
THE HELPLESS FLATONIANS FLEE IN DISMAY!
OH... WE'RE BEING BOMBED!
HELP!
OW--!
LOOK OUT!
GOOD GRIEF! THOSE BOMBS HAVE BLACK PEPPER IN THEM!
KA-CHOO!
CHOO!
LANDING HIS MONOPLANE, SWOOP CHARGES ON THE TERRIFIED ENEMY...
SURRENDER TH' KING OR I'LL PEPPER YOU AGAIN!
NO... NOT THAT!
WE'LL NEVER SURRENDER OUR BELOVED KING!
OUR NOBLE KING! OUR KIND-HEARTED KING!
HUMPH! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL A QUARTER IF YOU SURRENDER HIM.
A QUARTER? THAT'S DIFFERENT! HERE'S THE KING GIVE US TH' DOUGH!
RIGHT! WE ALL GET A QUARTER! HOORAY!
RAY!
RAY
AND SO - WITH THE CAPTIVE KING IN TOW, SWOOPY RETURNS, A HERO, TO MORONIA!
HOORAY! SWOOPY!
HA! YOUR ROOM'S READY!
Later
LATE THAT NIGHT, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS!
THE KING OF FLATONIA HAS ESCAPED!
HIS CELL IS EMPTY!
WHO FREED HIM?
WAIT... I CAN'T TELL A LIE I FREED HIM!
WHAT? TO THE KITCHEN WITH HIM! HE MUST COOK FOR THE KINGDOM AS PUNISHMENT!
DOWN WITH SWOOPY!
OH, SWOOPY, WHY DID YOU DO IT? THE KING'S DAUGHTER AND HALF HIS FORTUNE WERE YOURS! WHAT MADE YOU FREE HIM?
ONE LOOK AT THIS PICTURE ...IF I HADN'T SET HIM FREE, SHE WOULD BE MY WIFE...
- NO THANK YOU! ...I'D RATHER COOK!
THE KING'S DAUGHTER
MORE NEXT ISSUE.

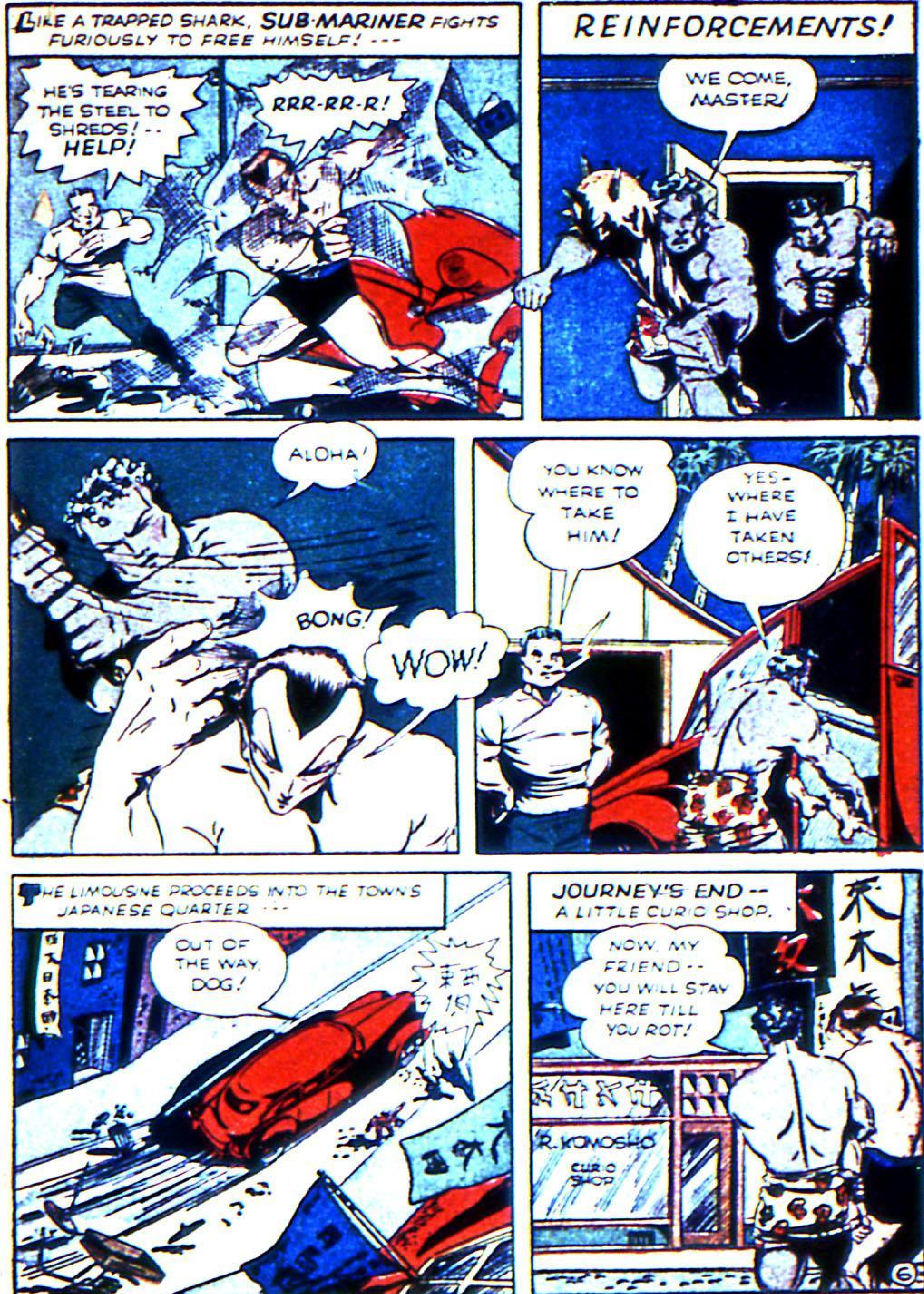

MURDER AFLOAT!
OFF AN ISLE OF PARADISE!
THE
SUB-MARINER
S.O.S. S.O.S.
BAM!
AT A DISTANCE, THE ISLAND LOOKED BEAUTIFUL TO THE SUB-MARINER, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING SINISTER IN ITS BEAUTY, SOMETHING EVIL... JUST WHAT WAS LURKING THERE HE COULDN'T GUESS. BUT IT DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO LEARN — THAT LIFE IN HAWAII WASN'T ALL GLAMOR AND PINEAPPLES, AND THAT WHEN SOME PEOPLE SAID "ALOHA" TO YOU, IT MEANT MORE THAN "GOODBYE" --IT MEANT DEATH!-- SUDDEN AND SWIFT!

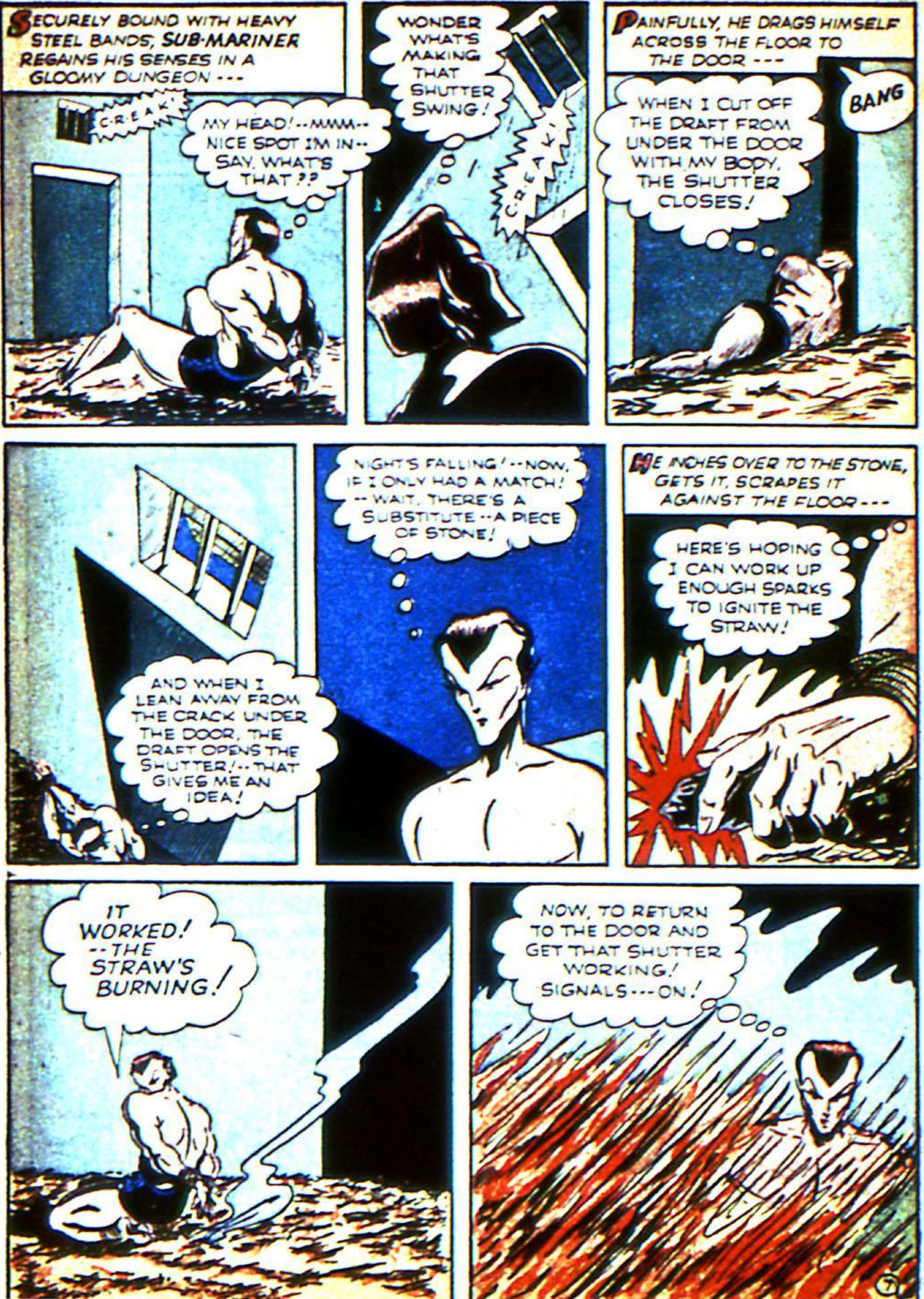

LAZILY TURNING THE WHEEL OF HIS YACHT, SUB-MARINER STEERS INTO THE LAGOON OF A SUNNY ISLAND OF THE HAWAIIAN GROUP.
SAY, THAT'S QUITE A BIG SUGAR REFINERY! --WONDER WHO OWNS IT!
THE NAME'S PROBABLY ON THAT SIGNBOARD --WE'LL SEE!
NO TRESPASSING
THAT'S QUEER! MOST HAWAIIAN INDUSTRIES HAVE A BIG "WELCOME" SIGN OUT FOR VISITORS! --THINK I'LL ANCHOR AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE DUMP!
SUB-MARINER DIVES, HEADING FOR THE SHORE --
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M HEADING INTO TROUBLE -- BUT HERE GOES!
WHAT'S THIS? AN ARMED GUARD! THE MYSTERY THICKENS!
HEY!
DON'T MIND ME, BUD! I'M JUST CURIOUS!
YEOW!
SOCK!

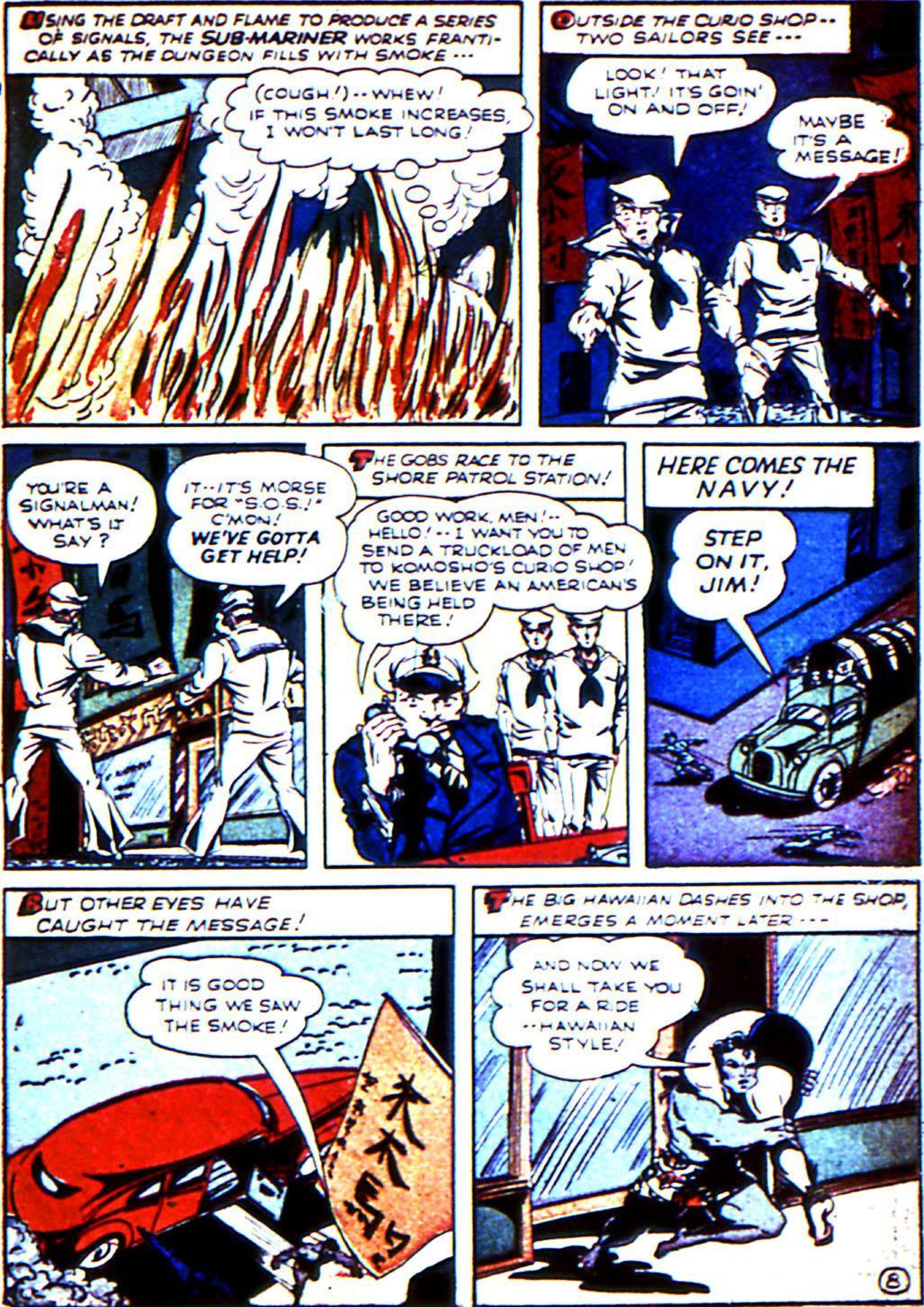

MORE GUARDS! I CAN'T GO SMACKING PEOPLE AROUND ALL DAY WITHOUT A GOOD REASON! -- THINK I'LL ---
--CLIMB THIS TREE ---
--PAY MY RESPECTS IN A PEACEFUL MANNER!
GAZING DOWN THROUGH A SKY-LIGHT, SUB-MARINER BEHOLDS A STRANGE SCENE--
THEY ARE REAMING SUGAR-CANE STALKS -- FILLING 'EM WITH A FLUID LABELED "DANGER" -- AND THEN PACKING THEM INTO METAL CASES! WEIRD DOINGS FOR A SUGAR REFINERY! UNCLE SAM OUGHT TO INVESTIGATE THIS PLACE!
FASTER, MEN! WE DON'T WANT TO BE LATE WITH THE STUFF -- IT'S TOO IMPORTANT!
CAREFUL! I DONT WANT TO DIE YOUNG!
THINK I'LL TIP OFF THE NAVY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE SUGAR THOSE BIRDS ARE PREPAIRING ISN'T SO SWEET!
3

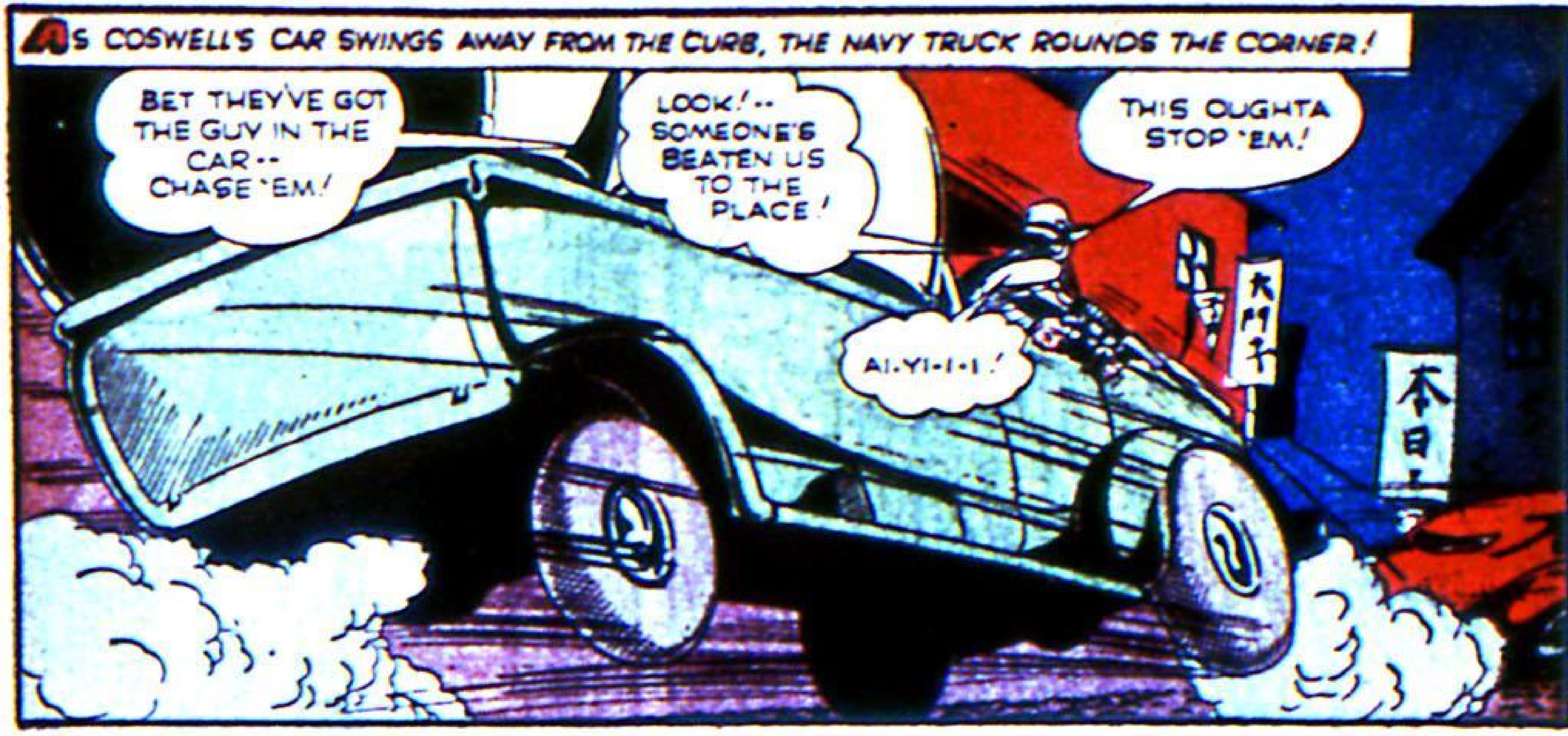

SWIMMING BACK TO HIS YACHT, SUB-MARINER HURRIEDLY HOISTS A SET OF SIGNAL FLAGS!
THE FLEET'S IN SIGHT! I HOPE THEY SEE IT!
A LOOKOUT IN THE CROWSNEST OF THE AMERICAN FLAGSHIP SPOTS THE SUB-MARINER'S MESSAGE!
UNIDENTIFIED YACHT SIGNALLING! SIGNAL SAYS: "DANGEROUS WATERS --PROCEED WITH CAUTION!"
OH, YEAH? HOPE IT ISN'T SOME CRANK! -- BRYSON, TELL THE MEN TO LOWER A BOAT! WE'LL BOARD THAT YACHT AND FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
DROP A LADDER! WE'RE COMING ABOARD!
--RIGHT WITH YOU!
NOW, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF FLASHING THAT WHACKY SIGNAL?
I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S A FLOCK OF FIFTH COLUMNISTS SCHEMING UP SOMETHING NASTY IN THAT REFINERY! --SOMETHING THAT MAY THREATEN THE FLEET!
RIDICULOUS! PREPOSTEROUS! WHY, THE MAN WHO OWNS THAT REFINERY IS NONE OTHER THAN ANTHONY COSWELL!
A SUGAR MAGNATE, PHILANTHROPIST AND AN ADMIRAL IN THE NAVAL RESERVE! A TRUE AMERICAN IF THERE EVER WAS ONE!
GULP!
NEXT TIME YOU SEE SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS, DUCK YOUR HEAD AND COUNT TO 100 -- MAYBE YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT ANNOYING THE NAVY!
GUESS I CAN CONSIDER MYSELF SQUELCHED! -- THINK I'LL GO TO WAIKIKI AND VISIT COSWELL'S ESTATE. WHEN I GET THROUGH, MAYBE I'LL CHANGE THAT OFFICER'S MIND!


AT WAIKIKI, SUB-MARINER CLIMBS THE WALL SURROUNDING THE COSWELL ESTATE ---
WE'LL SEE IF HE'S A PHILANTHROPIST!
UP WE GO! --HOPE HE'S IN, TO CALLERS!
AS SUB-MARINER OPENS THE BALCONY DOORS, A MAN WITH HEAVY JOWLS AND APE-LIKE ARMS WHIRLS ---
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION?
FORGIVE THE UNCONVENTIONAL ENTRANCE, COSWELL, BUT I CAME ---
--- TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT YOUR MEN ARE MAKING IN THAT ALLEGED SUGAR REFINERY!
SMILING, COSWELL PRESSES A BUTTON ON HIS DESK ----- ?????
NOSEY, EH, FISH-FACE?
SUDDENLY A STEEL NET DROPS FROM THE CEILING, ENGULFING SUB-MARINER!
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO FISH WHEN THEY STICK THEIR NOSES INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS! HEH! HEH!
WHAT THE --!


LIKE A TRAPPED SHARK, SUB-MARINER FIGHTS FURIOUSLY TO FREE HIMSELF! ---
HE'S TEARING THE STEEL TO SHREDS! -- HELP!
RRR-RR-R!
REINFORCEMENTS!
WE COME, MASTER!
ALOHA!
BONG!
WOW!
YOU KNOW WHERE TO TAKE HIM!
YES- WHERE I HAVE TAKEN OTHERS!
THE LIMOUSINE PROCEEDS INTO THE TOWN'S JAPANESE QUARTER ---
OUT OF THE WAY, DOG!
JOURNEY'S END -- A LITTLE CURIO SHOP.
NOW, MY FRIEND -- YOU WILL STAY HERE TILL YOU ROT!
R. KONOSHO
CURIO SHOP
6

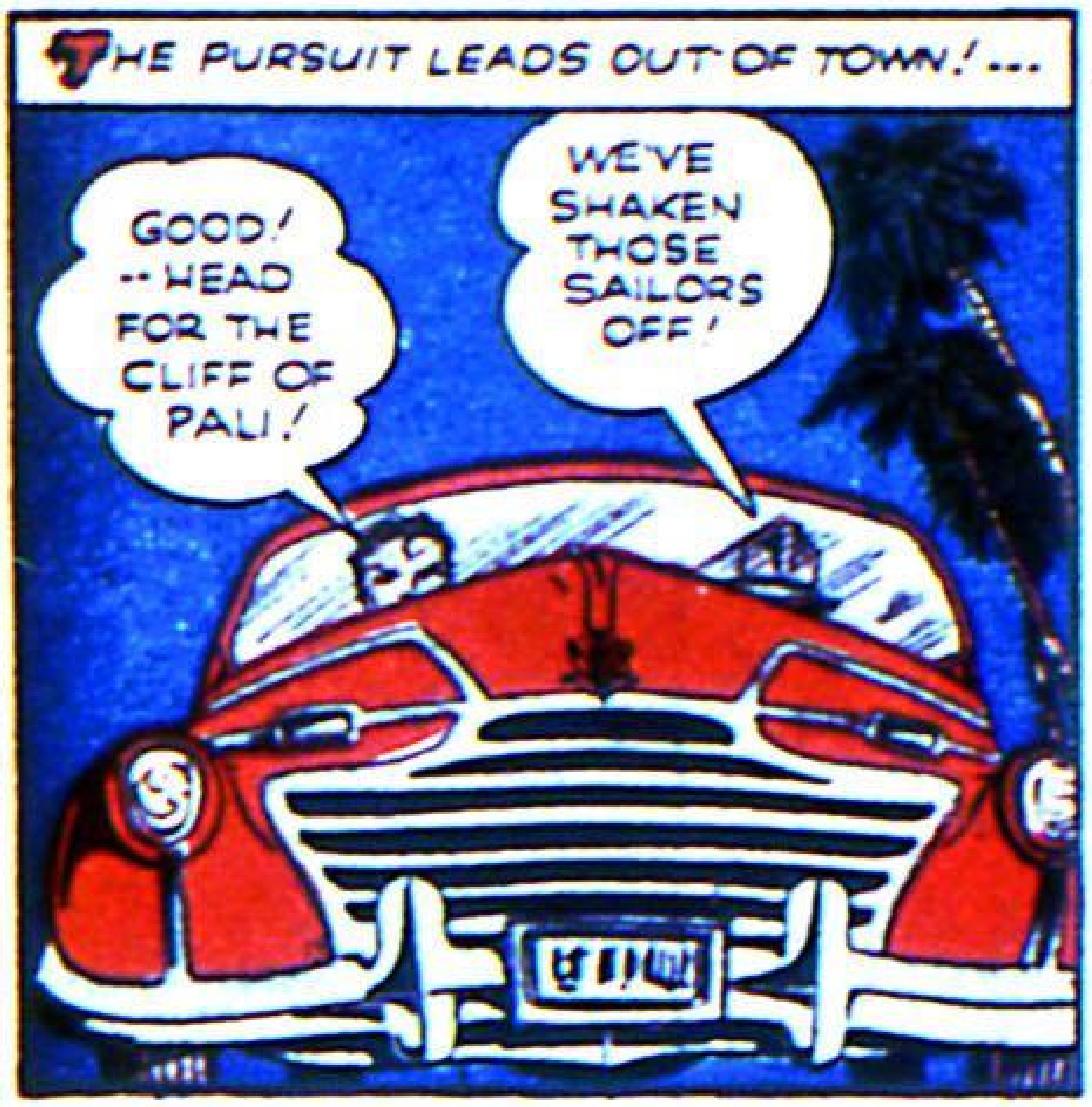

SECURELY BOUND WITH HEAVY STEEL BANDS, SUB-MARINER REGAINS HIS SENSES IN A GLOOMY DUNGEON ---
C-R-E-A-K!
MY HEAD! --MMM-- NICE SPOT I'M IN-- SAY, WHAT'S THAT??
WONDER WHAT'S MAKING THAT SHUTTER SWING!
C-R-E-A-K!
PAINFULLY, HE DRAGS HIMSELF ACROSS THE FLOOR TO THE DOOR ---
WHEN I CUT OFF THE DRAFT FROM UNDER THE DOOR WITH MY BODY, THE SHUTTER CLOSES!
BANG
AND WHEN I LEAN AWAY FROM THE CRACK UNDER THE DOOR, THE DRAFT OPENS THE SHUTTER! --THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
NIGHT'S FALLING! --NOW, IF I ONLY HAD A MATCH! --WAIT, THERE'S A SUBSTITUTE --A PIECE OF STONE!
HE INCHES OVER TO THE STONE, GETS IT, SCRAPES IT AGAINST THE FLOOR ---
HERE'S HOPING I CAN WORK UP ENOUGH SPARKS TO IGNITE THE STRAW!
IT WORKED! --THE STRAW'S BURNING!
NOW, TO RETURN TO THE DOOR AND GET THAT SHUTTER WORKING! SIGNALS --- ON!


USING THE DRAFT AND FLAME TO PRODUCE A SERIES OF SIGNALS, THE SUB-MARINER WORKS FRANTICALLY AS THE DUNGEON FILLS WITH SMOKE ---
(COUGH!) -- WHEW! IF THIS SMOKE INCREASES, I WON'T LAST LONG!
OUTSIDE THE CURIO SHOP -- TWO SAILORS SEE ---
LOOK! THAT LIGHT! IT'S GOIN' ON AND OFF!
MAYBE IT'S A MESSAGE!
YOU'RE A SIGNALMAN! WHAT'S IT SAY?
IT--IT'S MORSE FOR "S.O.S.!" C'MON! WE'VE GOTTA GET HELP!
THE GOBS RACE TO THE SHORE PATROL STATION!
GOOD WORK, MEN! -- HELLO! -- I WANT YOU TO SEND A TRUCKLOAD OF MEN TO KOMOSHO'S CURIO SHOP! WE BELIEVE AN AMERICAN'S BEING HELD THERE!
HERE COMES THE NAVY!
STEP ON IT, JIM!
BUT OTHER EYES HAVE CAUGHT THE MESSAGE!
IT IS GOOD THING WE SAW THE SMOKE!
THE BIG HAWAIIAN DASHES INTO THE SHOP, EMERGES A MOMENT LATER ---
AND NOW WE SHALL TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE --HAWAIIAN STYLE!



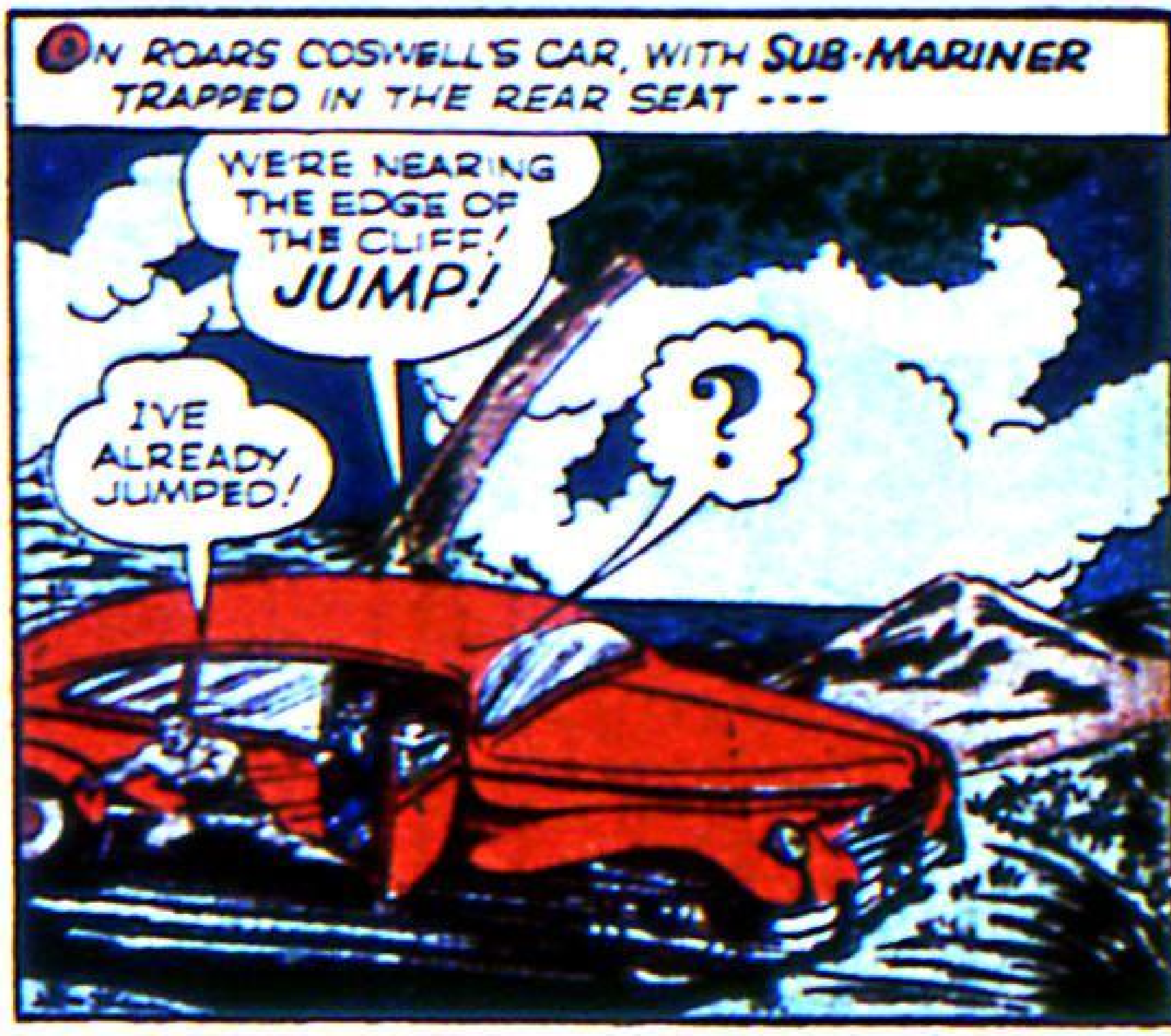
AS COSWELL'S CAR SWINGS AWAY FROM THE CURB, THE NAVY TRUCK ROUNDS THE CORNER!

BET THEY'VE GOT THE GUY IN THE CAR -- CHASE 'EM!
LOOK! -- SOMEONE'S BEATEN US TO THE PLACE!
THIS OUGHTA STOP 'EM!
AI-YI-I-I!
本日



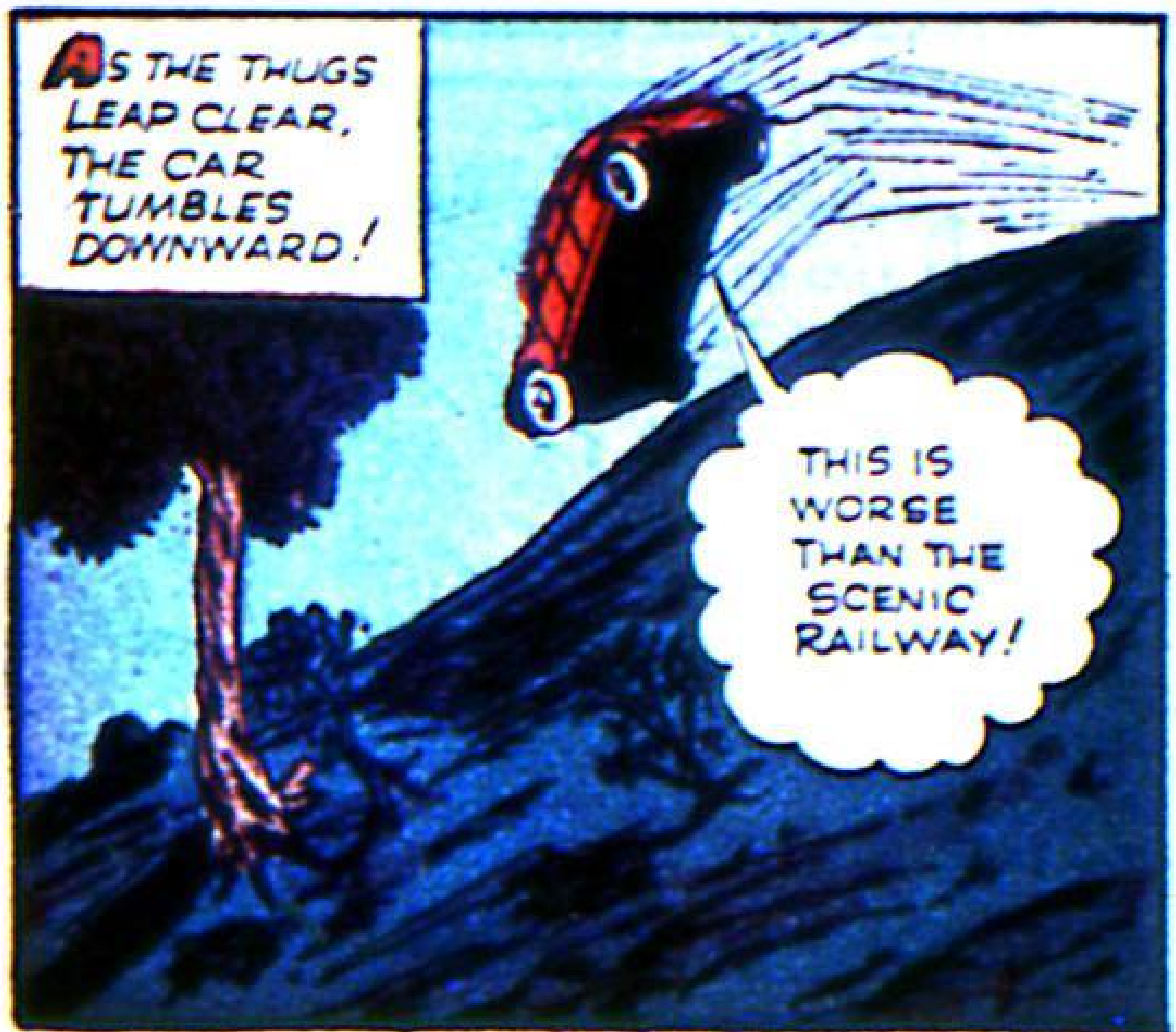
THE PURSUIT LEADS OUT OF TOWN! ...

GOOD! -- HEAD FOR THE CLIFF OF PALI!
WE'VE SHAKEN THOSE SAILORS OFF!



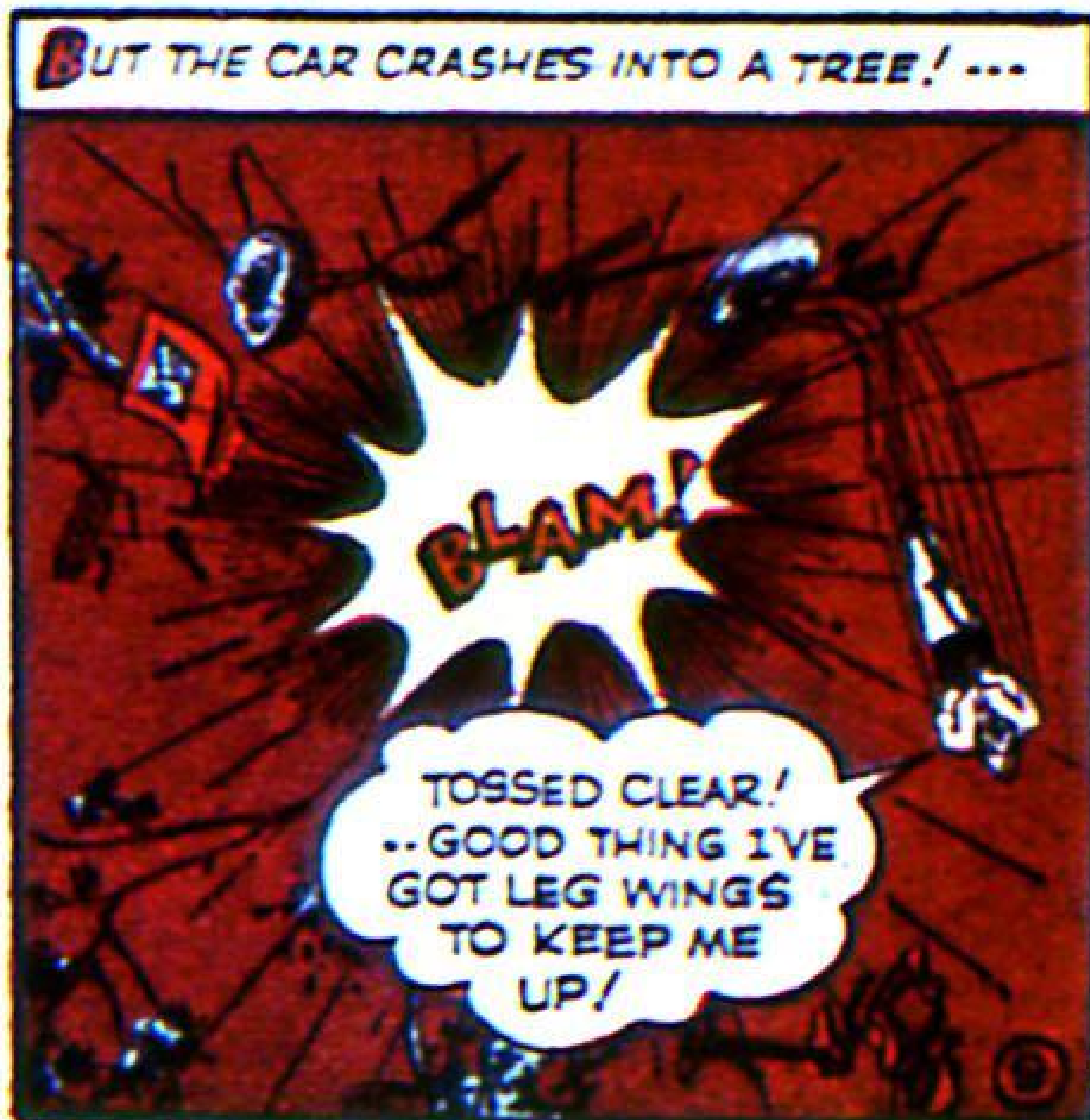
ON ROARS COSWELL'S CAR, WITH **SUB-MARINER** TRAPPED IN THE REAR SEAT ---

WE'RE NEARING THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF! JUMP!
I'VE ALREADY JUMPED!
?



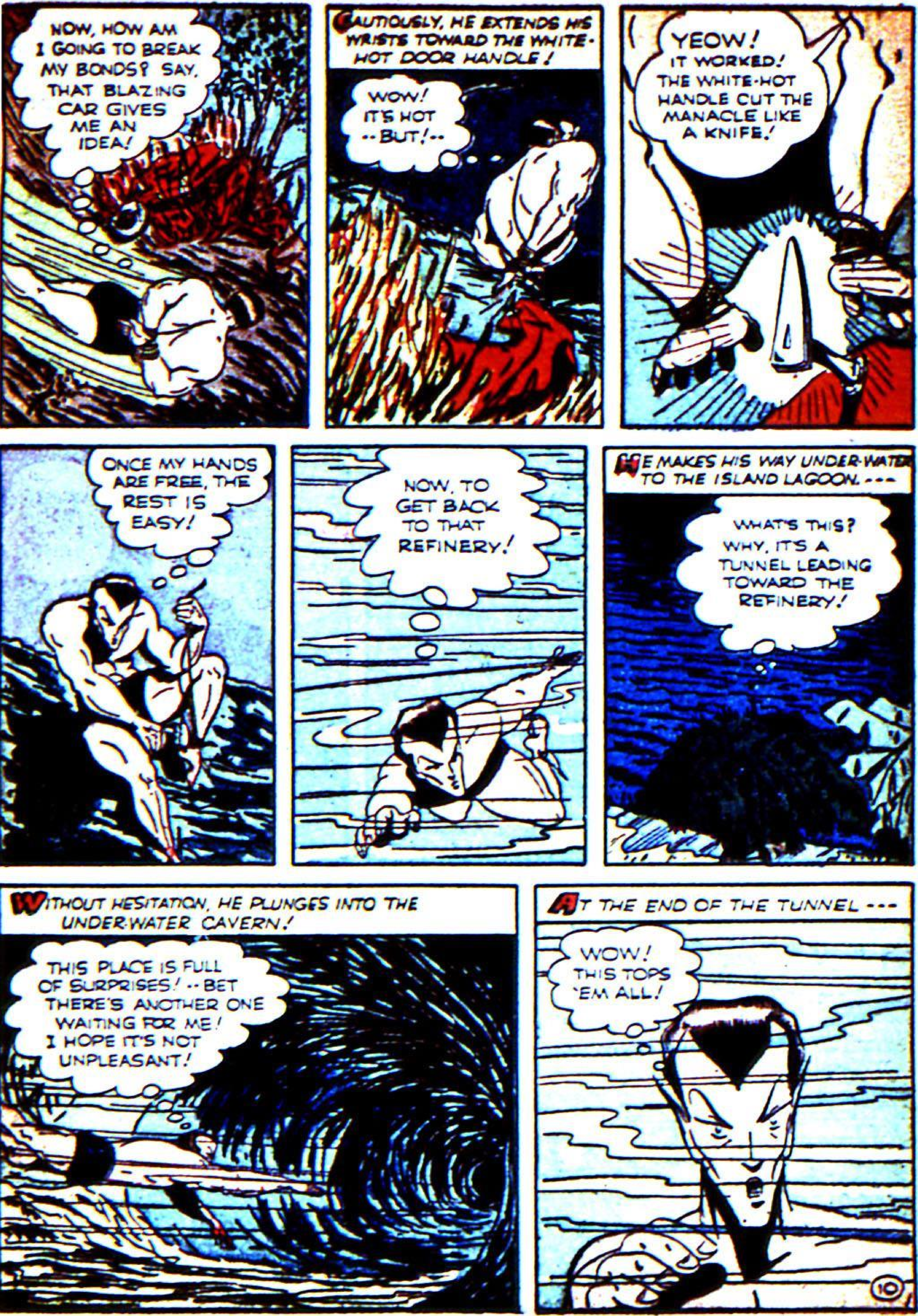
AS THE THUGS LEAP CLEAR, THE CAR TUMBLES DOWNWARD!

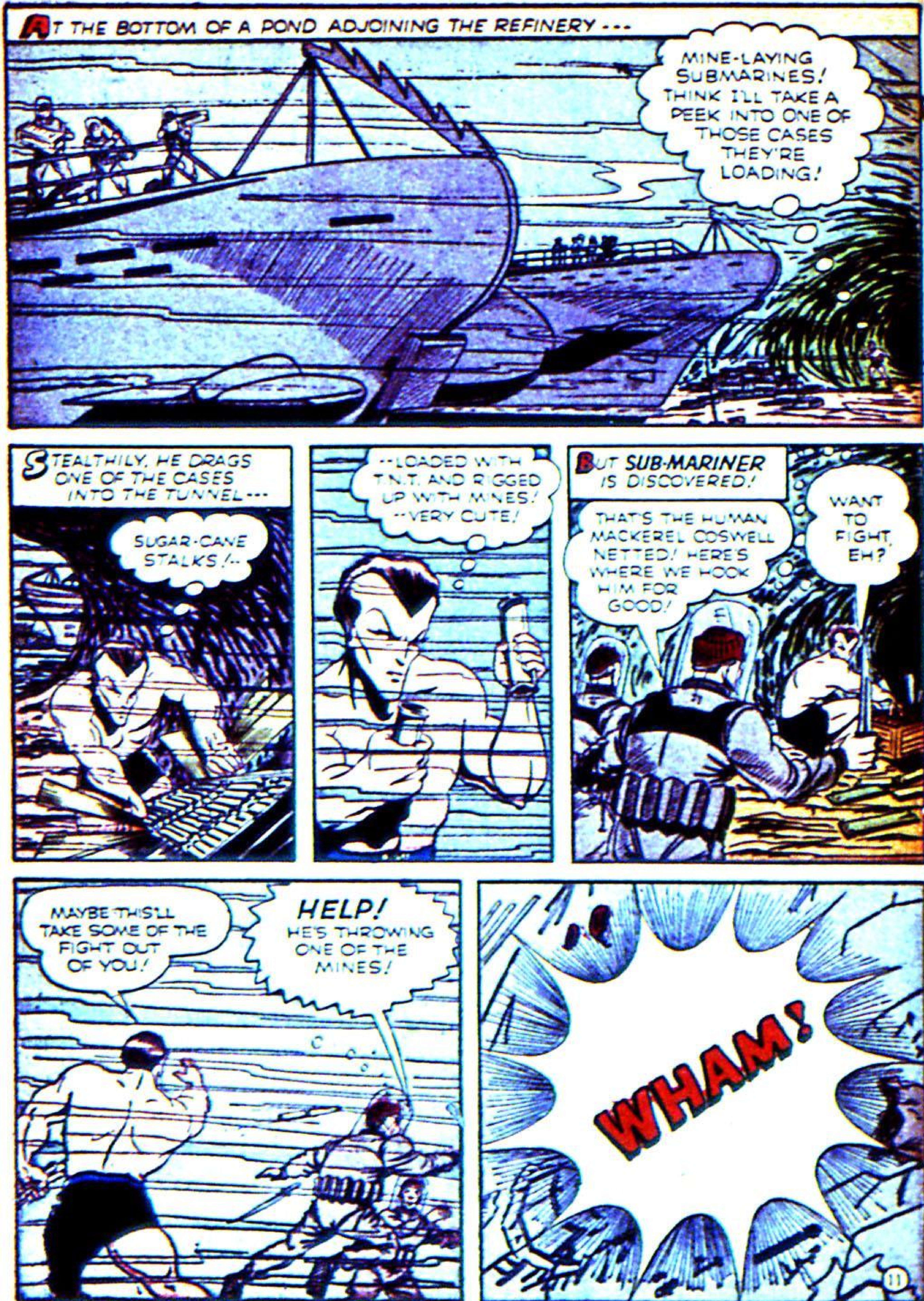
THIS IS WORSE THAN THE SCENIC RAILWAY!

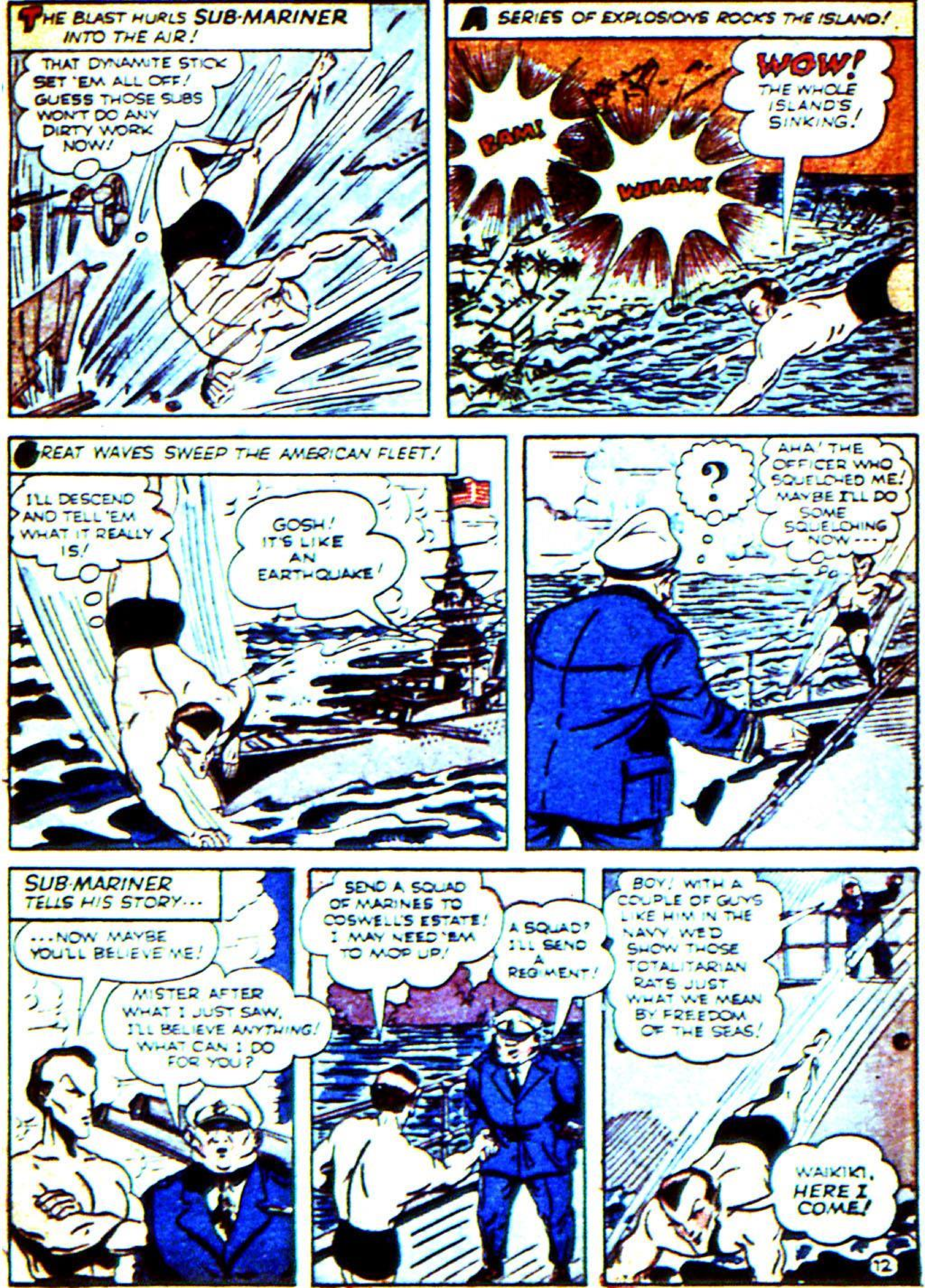


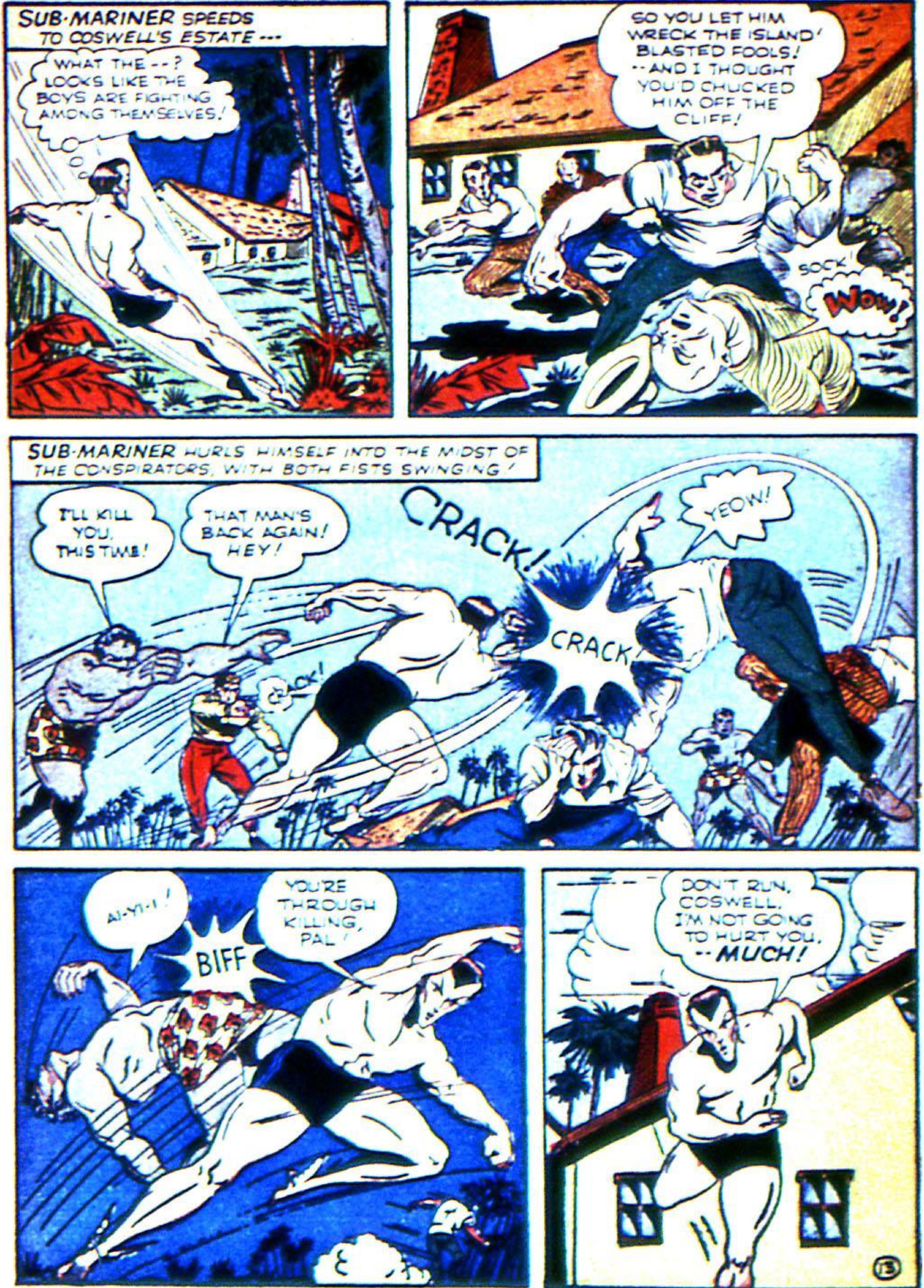
BUT THE CAR CRASHES INTO A TREE! ---

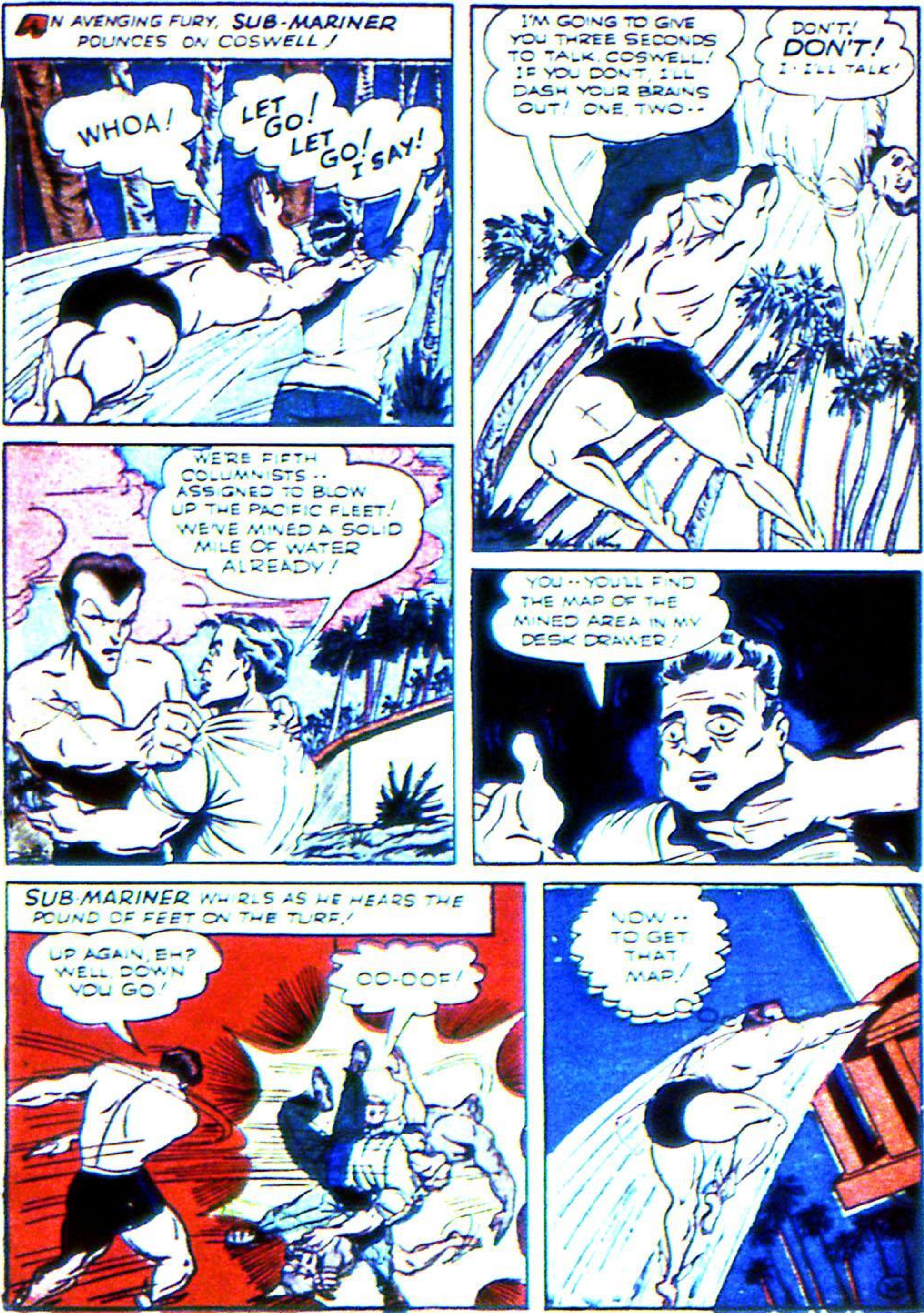
BLAM!
TOSSED CLEAR! -- GOOD THING I'VE GOT LEG WINGS TO KEEP ME UP!

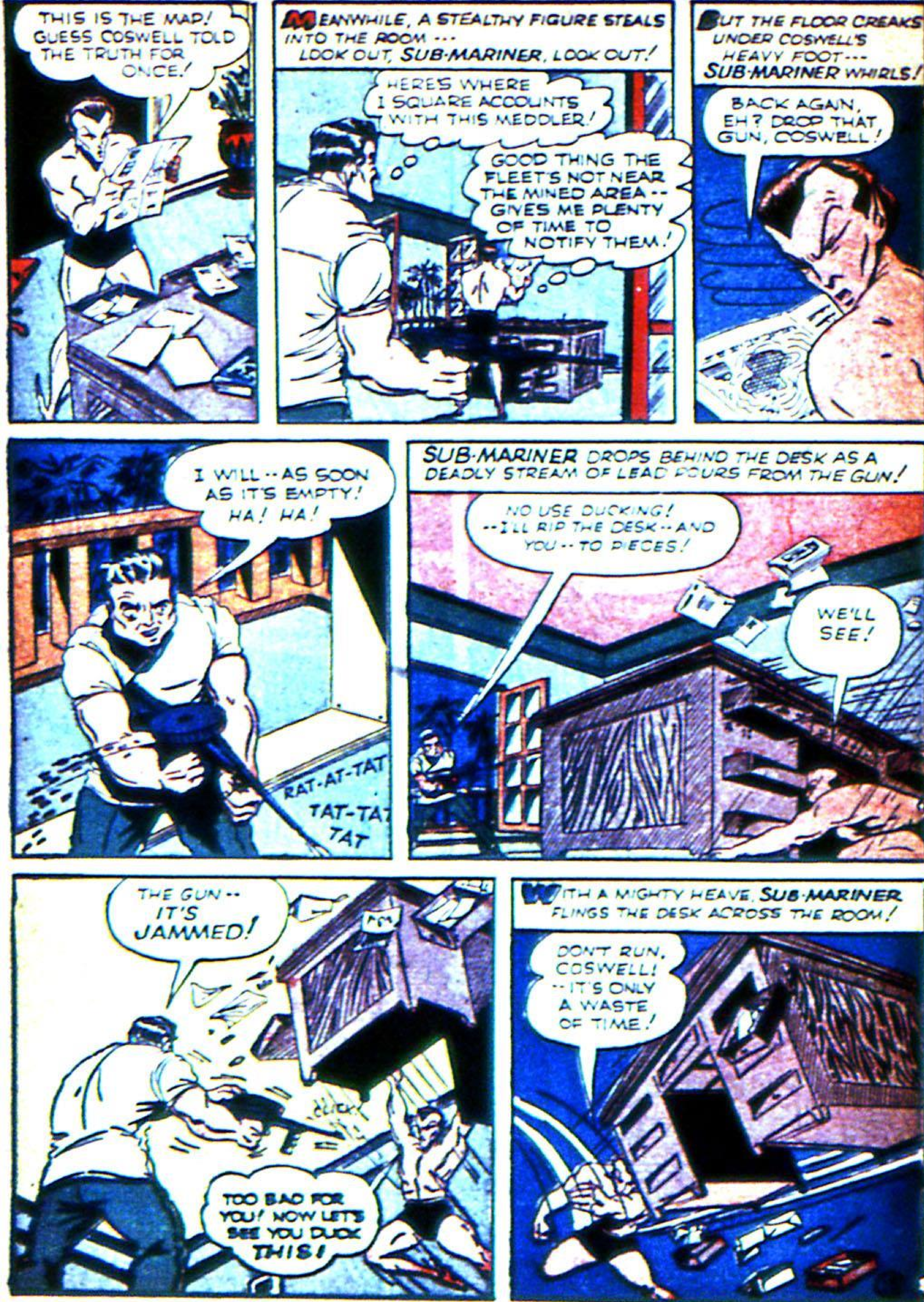

NOW, HOW AM I GOING TO BREAK MY BONDS? SAY, THAT BLAZING CAR GIVES ME AN IDEA!
CAUTIOUSLY, HE EXTENDS HIS WRISTS TOWARD THE WHITE-HOT DOOR HANDLE!
WOW! IT'S HOT -- BUT!--
YEOW! IT WORKED! THE WHITE-HOT HANDLE CUT THE MANACLE LIKE A KNIFE!
ONCE MY HANDS ARE FREE, THE REST IS EASY!
NOW, TO GET BACK TO THAT REFINERY!
HE MAKES HIS WAY UNDER-WATER TO THE ISLAND LAGOON ---
WHAT'S THIS? WHY, IT'S A TUNNEL LEADING TOWARD THE REFINERY!
WITHOUT HESITATION, HE PLUNGES INTO THE UNDER-WATER CAVERN!
THIS PLACE IS FULL OF SURPRISES! -- BET THERE'S ANOTHER ONE WAITING FOR ME! I HOPE IT'S NOT UNPLEASANT!
AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL ---
WOW! THIS TOPS 'EM ALL!
10

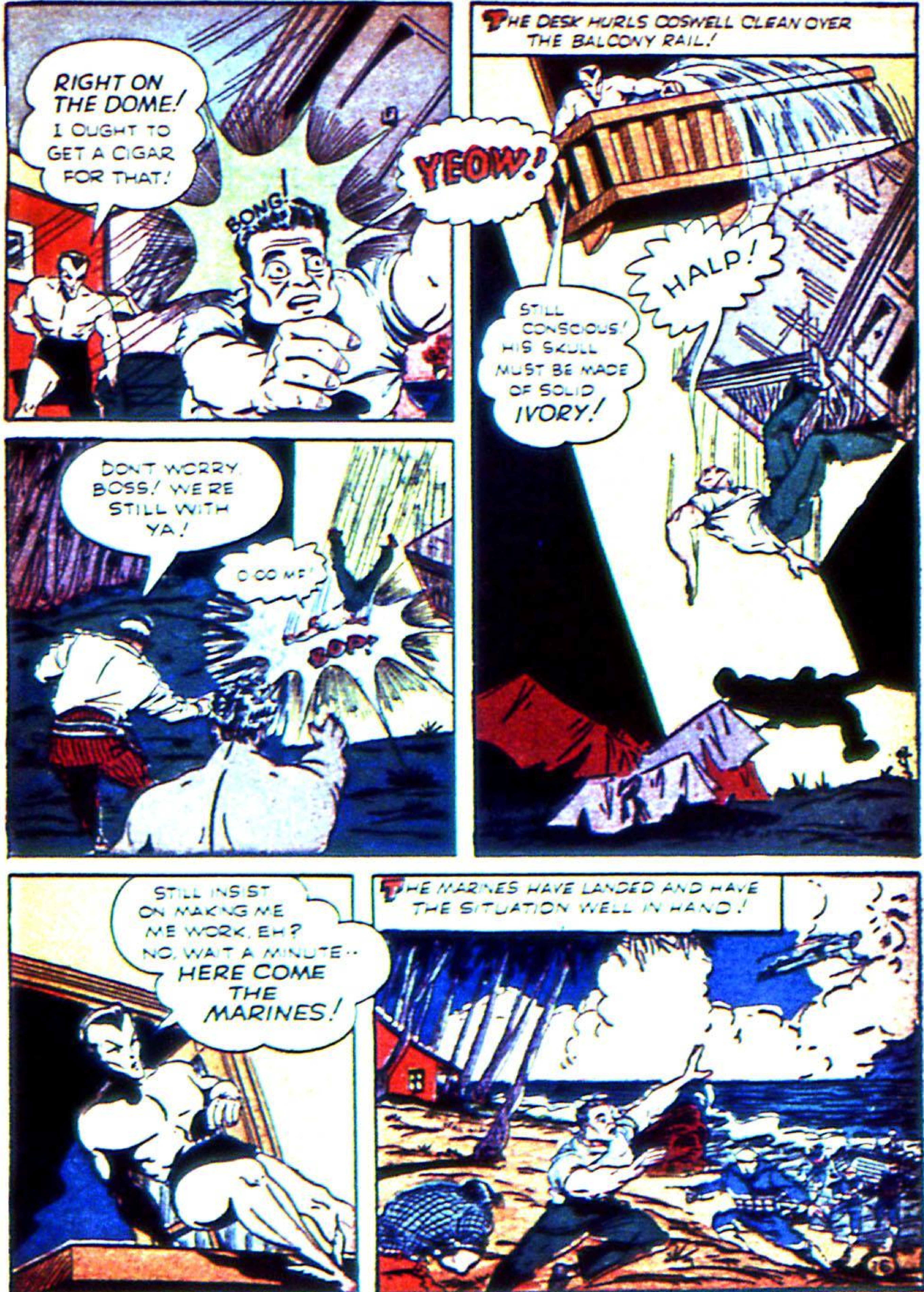

AT THE BOTTOM OF A POND ADJOINING THE REFINERY---
MINE-LAYING SUBMARINES! THINK I'LL TAKE A PEEK INTO ONE OF THOSE CASES THEY'RE LOADING!
STEALTHILY, HE DRAGS ONE OF THE CASES INTO THE TUNNEL---
SUGAR-CANE STALKS!--
--LOADED WITH T.N.T. AND RIGGED UP WITH MINES! --VERY CUTE!
BUT SUB-MARINER IS DISCOVERED!
THAT'S THE HUMAN MACKEREL COSWELL NETTED! HERE'S WHERE WE HOOK HIM FOR GOOD!
WANT TO FIGHT, EH?
MAYBE THIS'LL TAKE SOME OF THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU!
HELP! HE'S THROWING ONE OF THE MINES!
WHAM!

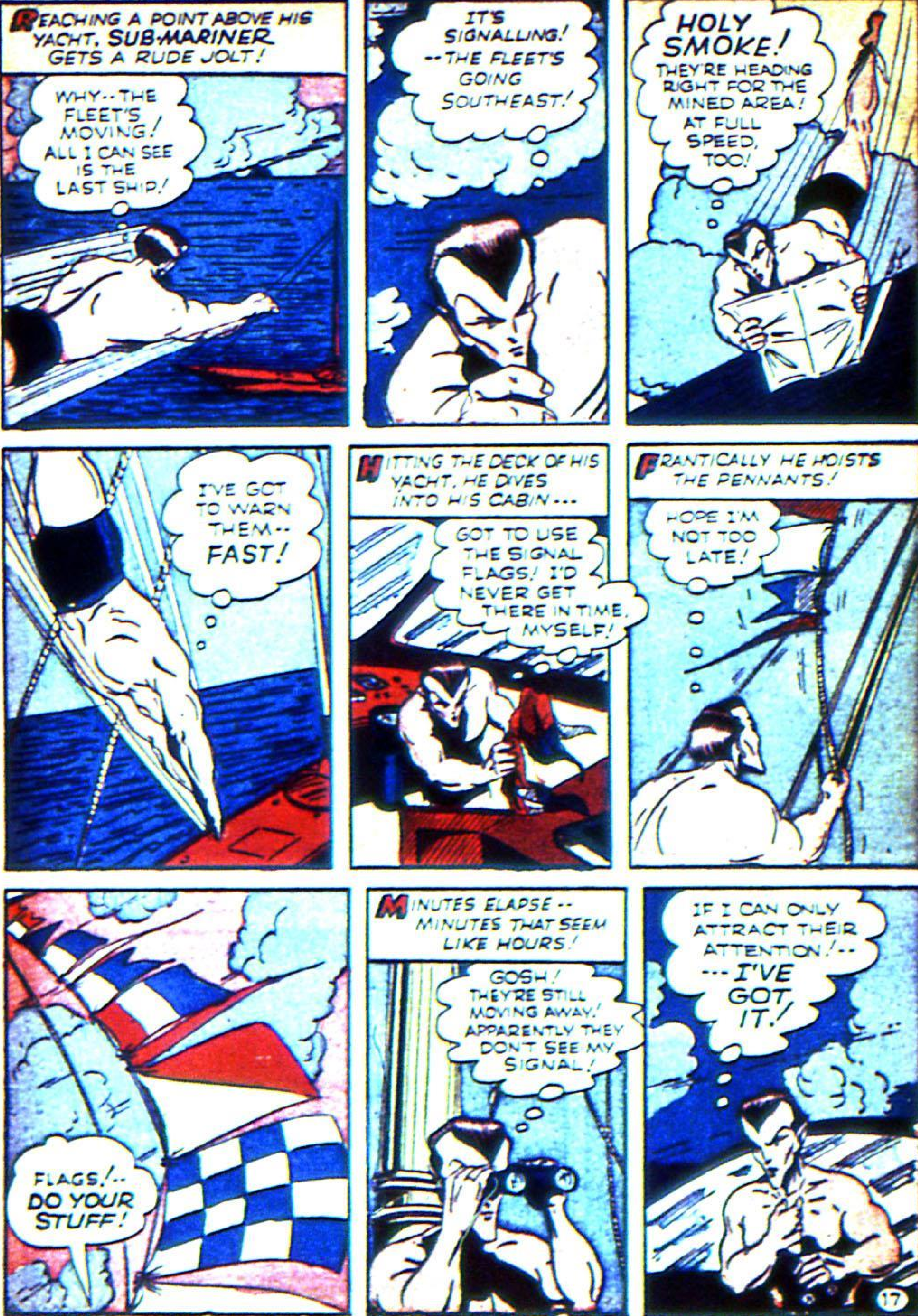

THE BLAST HURLS SUB-MARINER INTO THE AIR!
THAT DYNAMITE STICK SET 'EM ALL OFF! GUESS THOSE SUBS WON'T DO ANY DIRTY WORK NOW!
A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS ROCKS THE ISLAND!
BAM!
WHAM!
WOW! THE WHOLE ISLAND'S SINKING!
GREAT WAVES SWEEP THE AMERICAN FLEET!
I'LL DESCEND AND TELL 'EM WHAT IT REALLY IS!
GOSH! IT'S LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE!
?
AHA! THE OFFICER WHO SQUELCHED ME! MAYBE I'LL DO SOME SQUELCHING NOW---
SUB-MARINER TELLS HIS STORY...
...NOW MAYBE YOU'LL BELIEVE ME!
MISTER AFTER WHAT I JUST SAW, I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
SEND A SQUAD OF MARINES TO COSWELL'S ESTATE! I MAY NEED 'EM TO MOP UP!
A SQUAD? I'LL SEND A REGIMENT!
BOY! WITH A COUPLE OF GUYS LIKE HIM IN THE NAVY WE'D SHOW THOSE TOTALITARIAN RATS JUST WHAT WE MEAN BY FREEDOM OF THE SEAS!
WAIKIKI, HERE I COME!

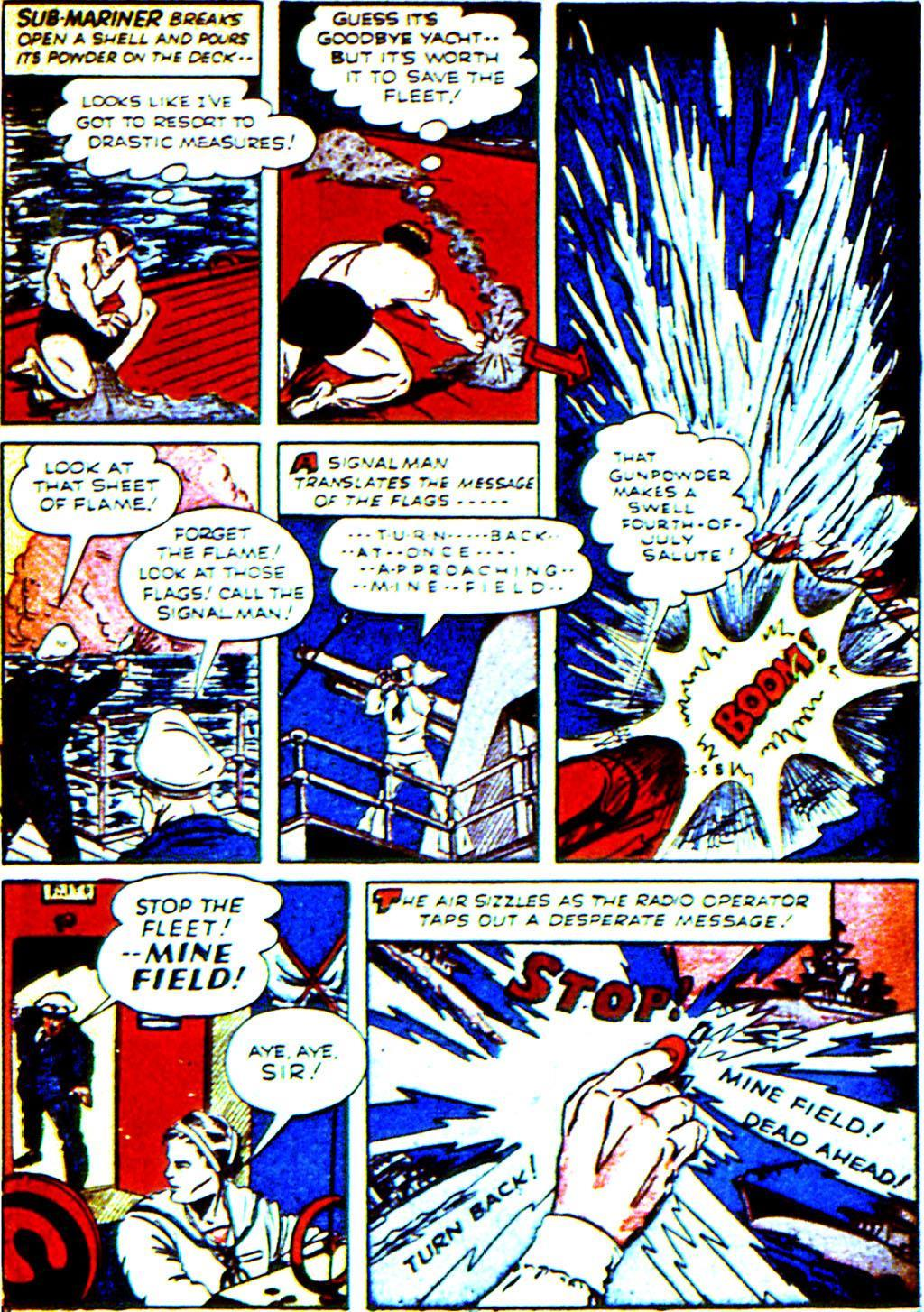

SUB-MARINER SPEEDS TO COSWELL'S ESTATE ---
WHAT THE --? LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS ARE FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES!
SO YOU LET HIM WRECK THE ISLAND! BLASTED FOOLS! --AND I THOUGHT YOU'D CHUCKED HIM OFF THE CLIFF!
SOCK!
WOW!
SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE MIDST OF THE CONSPIRATORS, WITH BOTH FISTS SWINGING!
I'LL KILL YOU, THIS TIME!
THAT MAN'S BACK AGAIN! HEY!
CRACK!
YEOW!
CRACK!
CRACK!
AI-YI-I!
BIFF
YOU'RE THROUGH KILLING, PAL!
DON'T RUN, COSWELL, I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU, --MUCH!

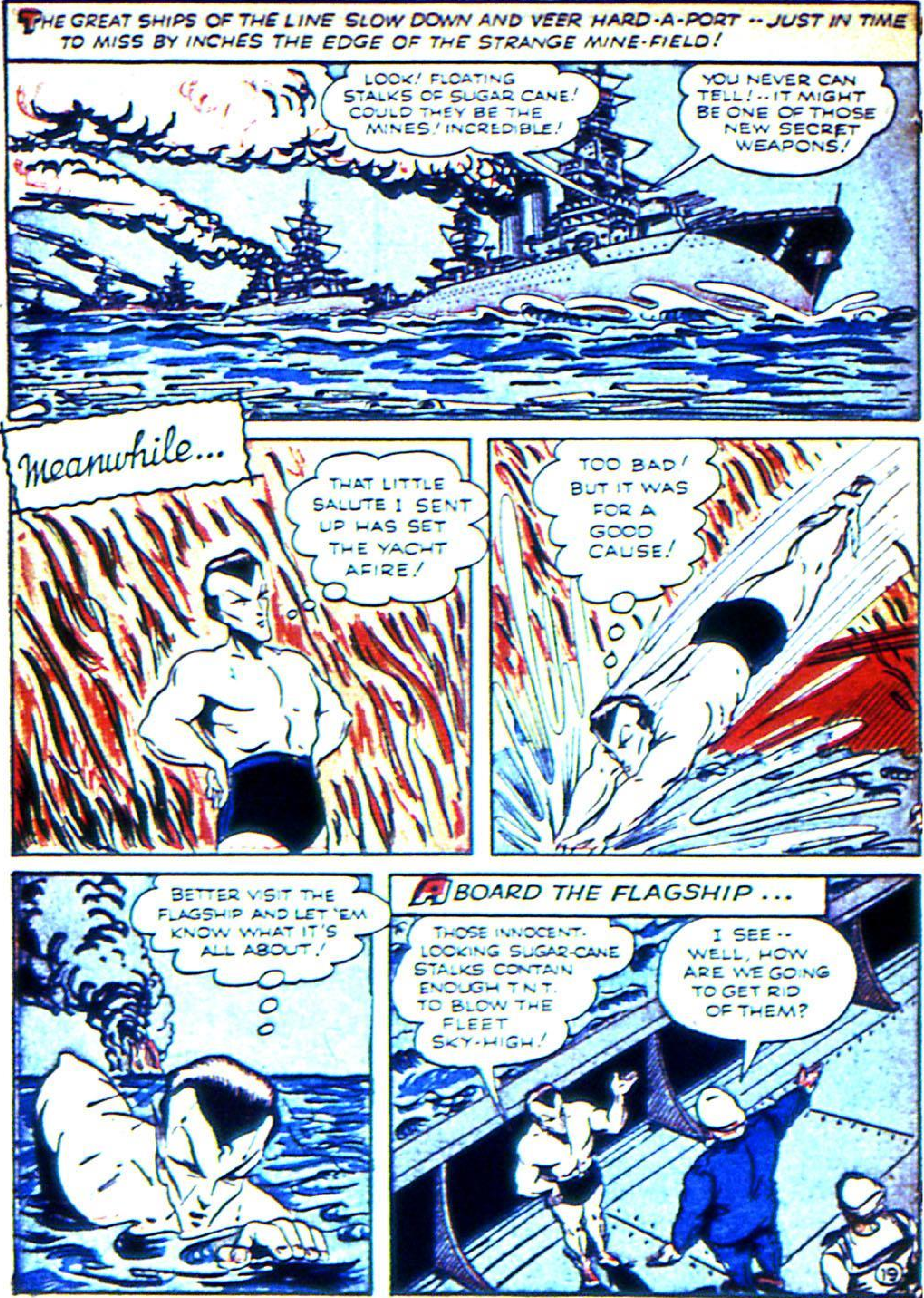

AN AVENGING FURY, SUB-MARINER POUNCES ON COSWELL!
WHOA!
LET GO! LET GO! I SAY!
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THREE SECONDS TO TALK, COSWELL! IF YOU DON'T, I'LL DASH YOUR BRAINS OUT! ONE, TWO--
DON'T! DON'T! I-I'LL TALK!
WE'RE FIFTH COLUMNISTS -- ASSIGNED TO BLOW UP THE PACIFIC FLEET! WE'VE MINED A SOLID MILE OF WATER ALREADY!
YOU -- YOU'LL FIND THE MAP OF THE MINED AREA IN MY DESK DRAWER!
SUB-MARINER WHIRLS AS HE HEARS THE POUND OF FEET ON THE TURF!
UP AGAIN, EH? WELL, DOWN YOU GO!
OO-OOF!
NOW -- TO GET THAT MAP!

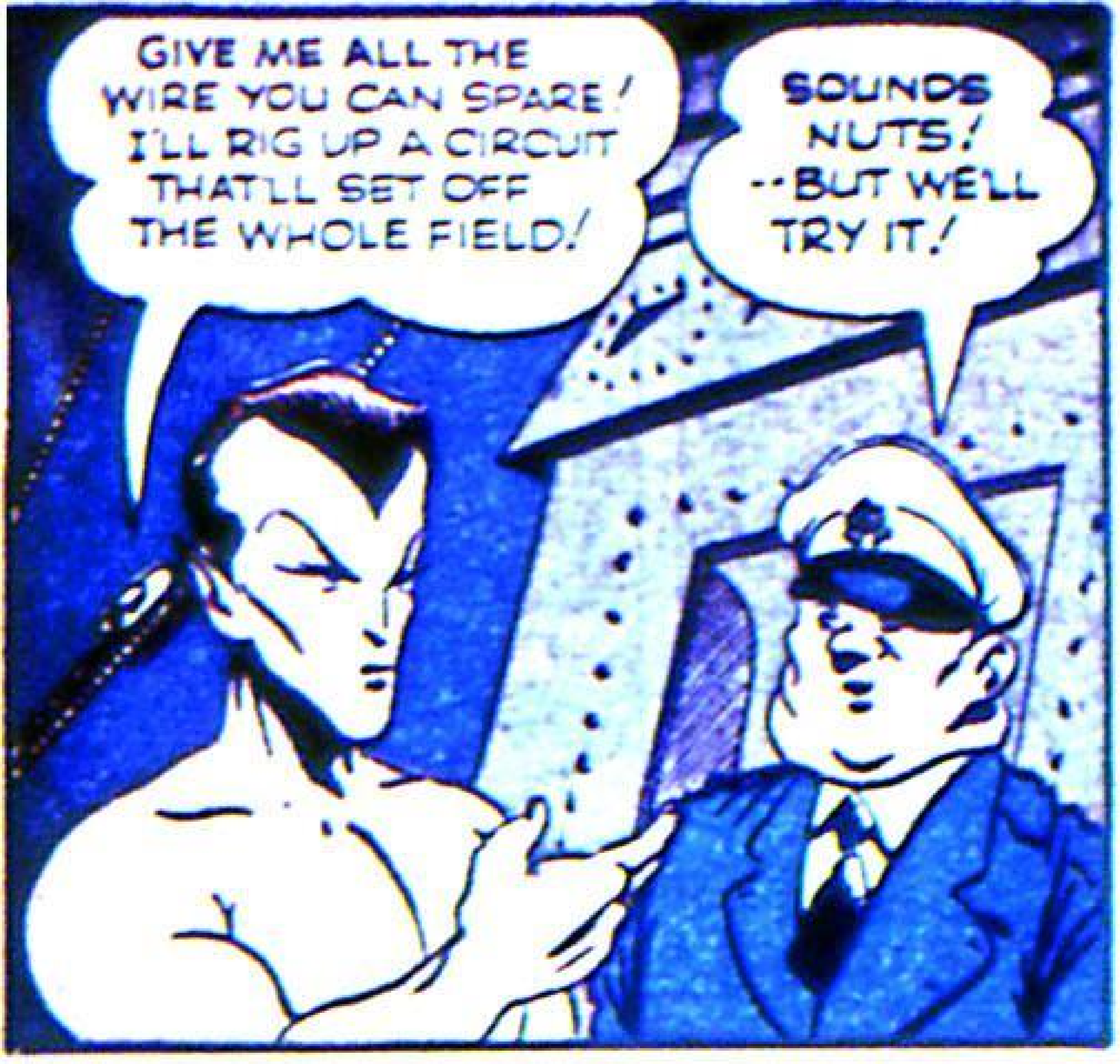

THIS IS THE MAP! GUESS COSWELL TOLD THE TRUTH FOR ONCE!
MEANWHILE, A STEALTHY FIGURE STEALS INTO THE ROOM --- LOOK OUT, SUB-MARINER, LOOK OUT!
HERE'S WHERE I SQUARE ACCOUNTS WITH THIS MEDDLER!
GOOD THING THE FLEET'S NOT NEAR THE MINED AREA -- GIVES ME PLENTY OF TIME TO NOTIFY THEM!
BUT THE FLOOR CREAKS UNDER COSWELL'S HEAVY FOOT --- SUB-MARINER WHIRLS!
BACK AGAIN, EH? DROP THAT GUN, COSWELL!
I WILL -- AS SOON AS IT'S EMPTY! HA! HA!
RAT-AT-TAT TAT-TAT TAT
SUB-MARINER DROPS BEHIND THE DESK AS A DEADLY STREAM OF LEAD POURS FROM THE GUN!
NO USE DUCKING! -- I'LL RIP THE DESK -- AND YOU -- TO PIECES!
WE'LL SEE!
THE GUN -- IT'S JAMMED!
CLICK!
TOO BAD FOR YOU! NOW LET'S SEE YOU DUCK THIS!
WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, SUB-MARINER FLINGS THE DESK ACROSS THE ROOM!
DON'T RUN, COSWELL! -- IT'S ONLY A WASTE OF TIME!

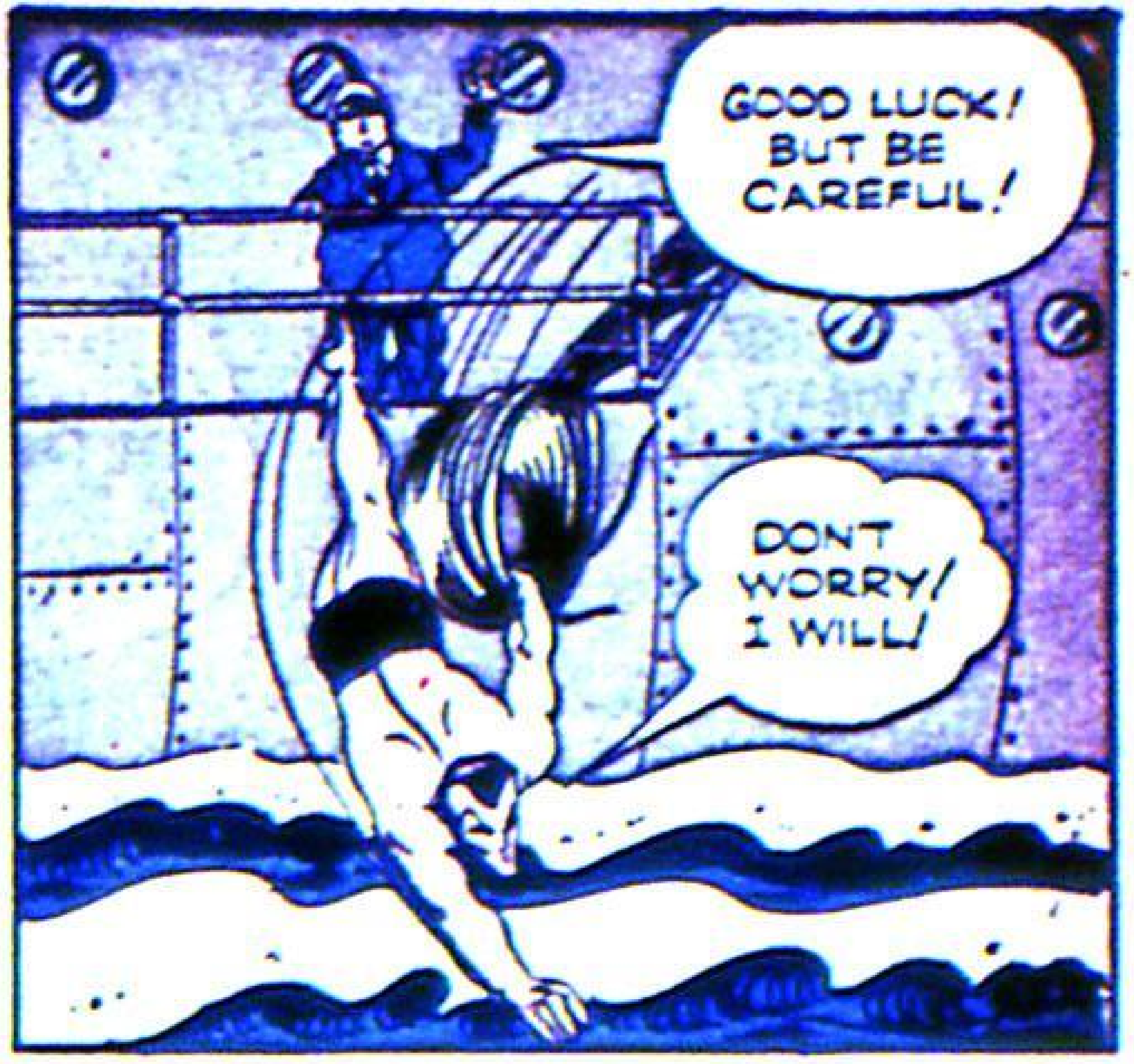

RIGHT ON THE DOME! I OUGHT TO GET A CIGAR FOR THAT!
BONG!
YEOW!
THE DESK HURLS COSWELL CLEAN OVER THE BALCONY RAIL!
STILL CONSCIOUS! HIS SKULL MUST BE MADE OF SOLID IVORY!
HALP!
DON'T WORRY, BOSS! WE'RE STILL WITH YA!
O-OO ME!
SOP!
STILL INSIST ON MAKING ME ME WORK, EH? NO, WAIT A MINUTE -- HERE COME THE MARINES!
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED AND HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

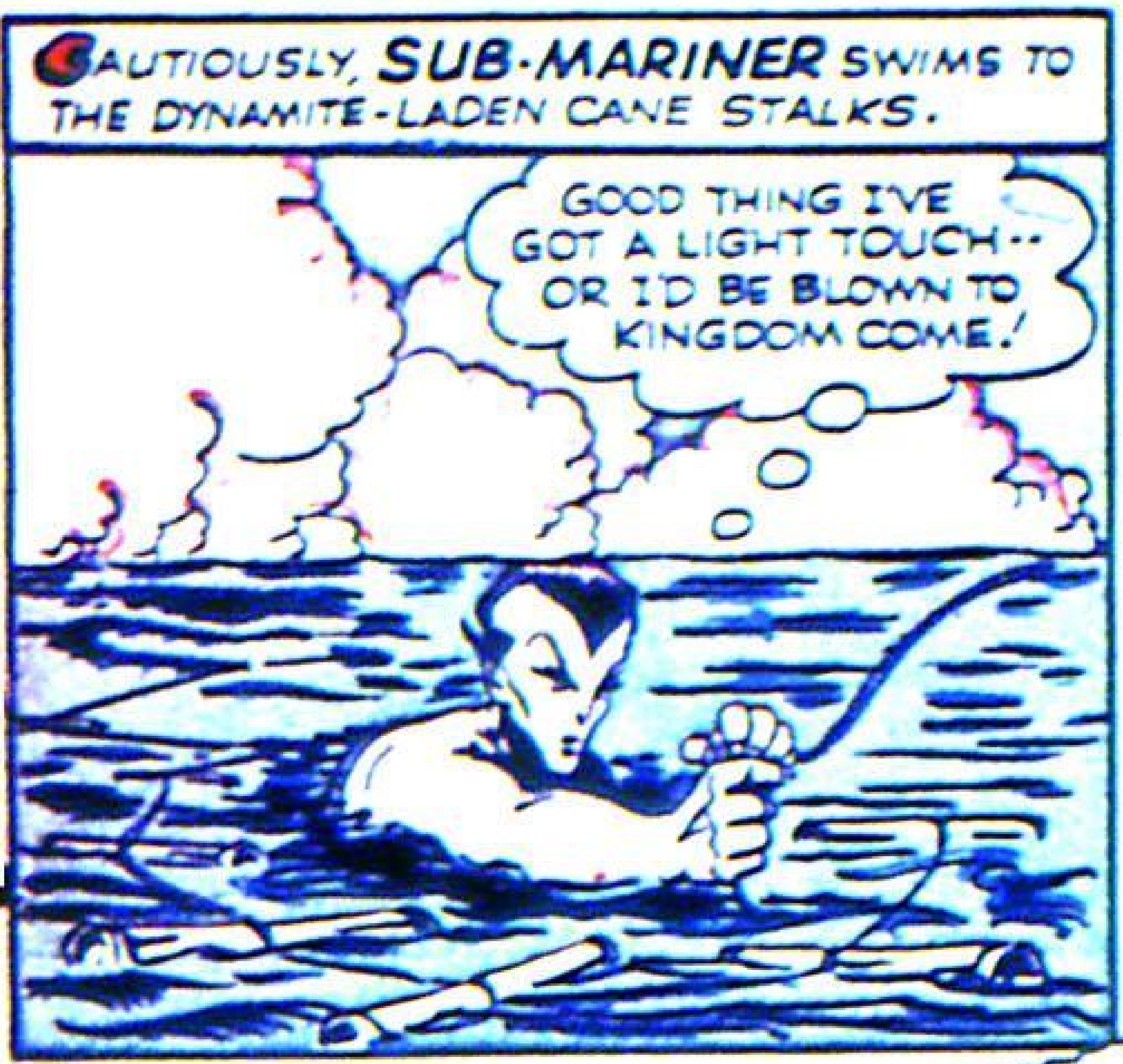

REACHING A POINT ABOVE HIS YACHT, SUB-MARINER GETS A RUDE JOLT!
WHY-- THE FLEET'S MOVING! ALL I CAN SEE IS THE LAST SHIP!
IT'S SIGNALLING! --THE FLEET'S GOING SOUTHEAST!
HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR THE MINED AREA! AT FULL SPEED, TOO!
I'VE GOT TO WARN THEM-- FAST!
HITTING THE DECK OF HIS YACHT, HE DIVES INTO HIS CABIN...
GOT TO USE THE SIGNAL FLAGS! I'D NEVER GET THERE IN TIME, MYSELF!
FRANTICALLY HE HOISTS THE PENNANTS!
HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
FLAGS!-- DO YOUR STUFF!
MINUTES ELAPSE -- MINUTES THAT SEEM LIKE HOURS!
GOSH! THEY'RE STILL MOVING AWAY! APPARENTLY THEY DON'T SEE MY SIGNAL!
IF I CAN ONLY ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION!-- --I'VE GOT IT!

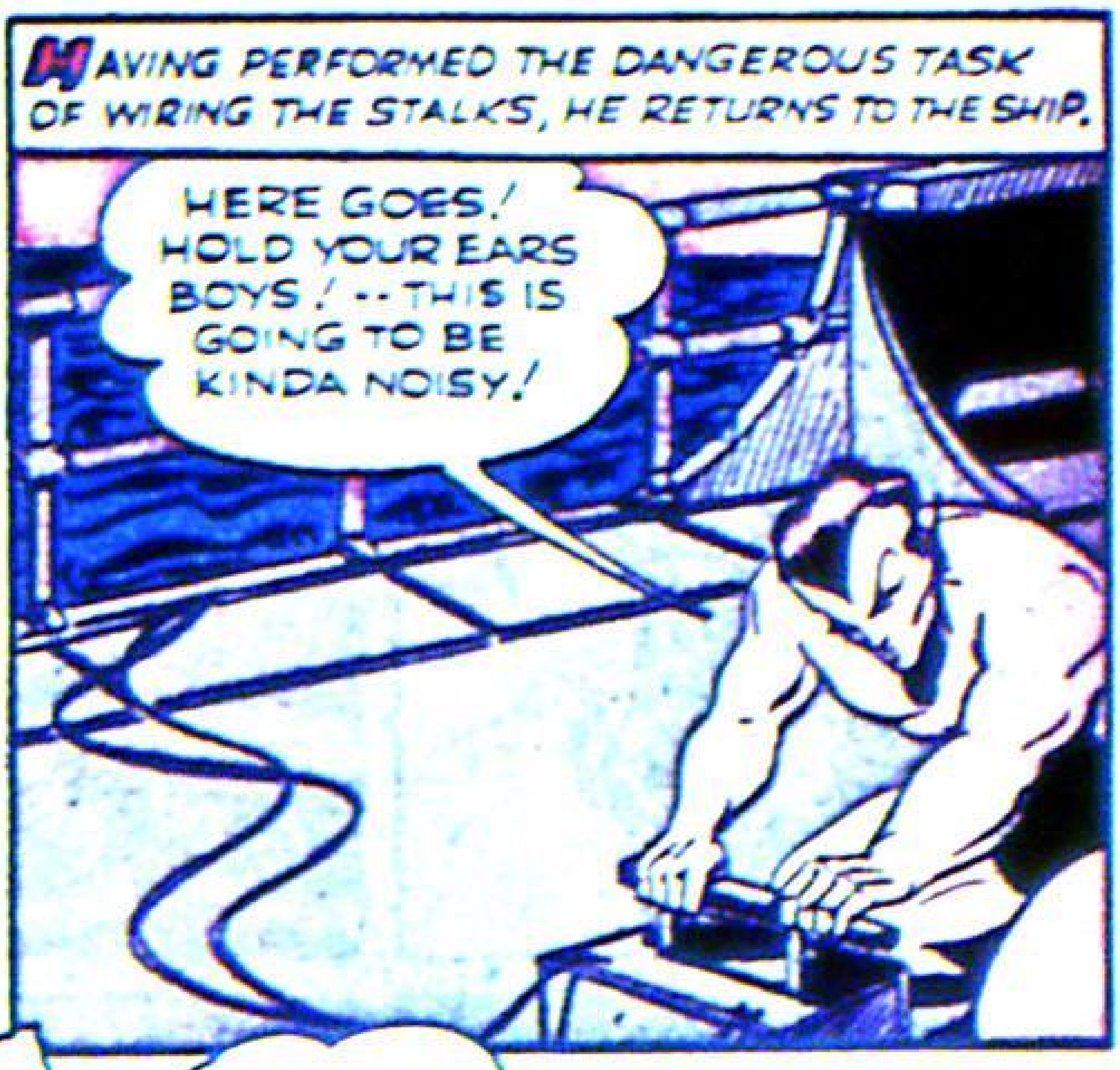

SUB-MARINER BREAKS OPEN A SHELL AND POURS ITS POWDER ON THE DECK--
LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT TO RESORT TO DRASTIC MEASURES!
GUESS IT'S GOODBYE YACHT-- BUT IT'S WORTH IT TO SAVE THE FLEET!
THAT GUNPOWDER MAKES A SWELL FOURTH-OF-JULY SALUTE!
BOOM!
SSS
LOOK AT THAT SHEET OF FLAME!
FORGET THE FLAME! LOOK AT THOSE FLAGS! CALL THE SIGNALMAN!
A SIGNALMAN TRANSLATES THE MESSAGE OF THE FLAGS -----
---TURN-----BACK-- --AT--ONCE---- --APPROACHING-- --MINE--FIELD--
STOP THE FLEET! --MINE FIELD!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
THE AIR SIZZLES AS THE RADIO OPERATOR TAPS OUT A DESPERATE MESSAGE!
STOP!
MINE FIELD! DEAD AHEAD!
TURN BACK!

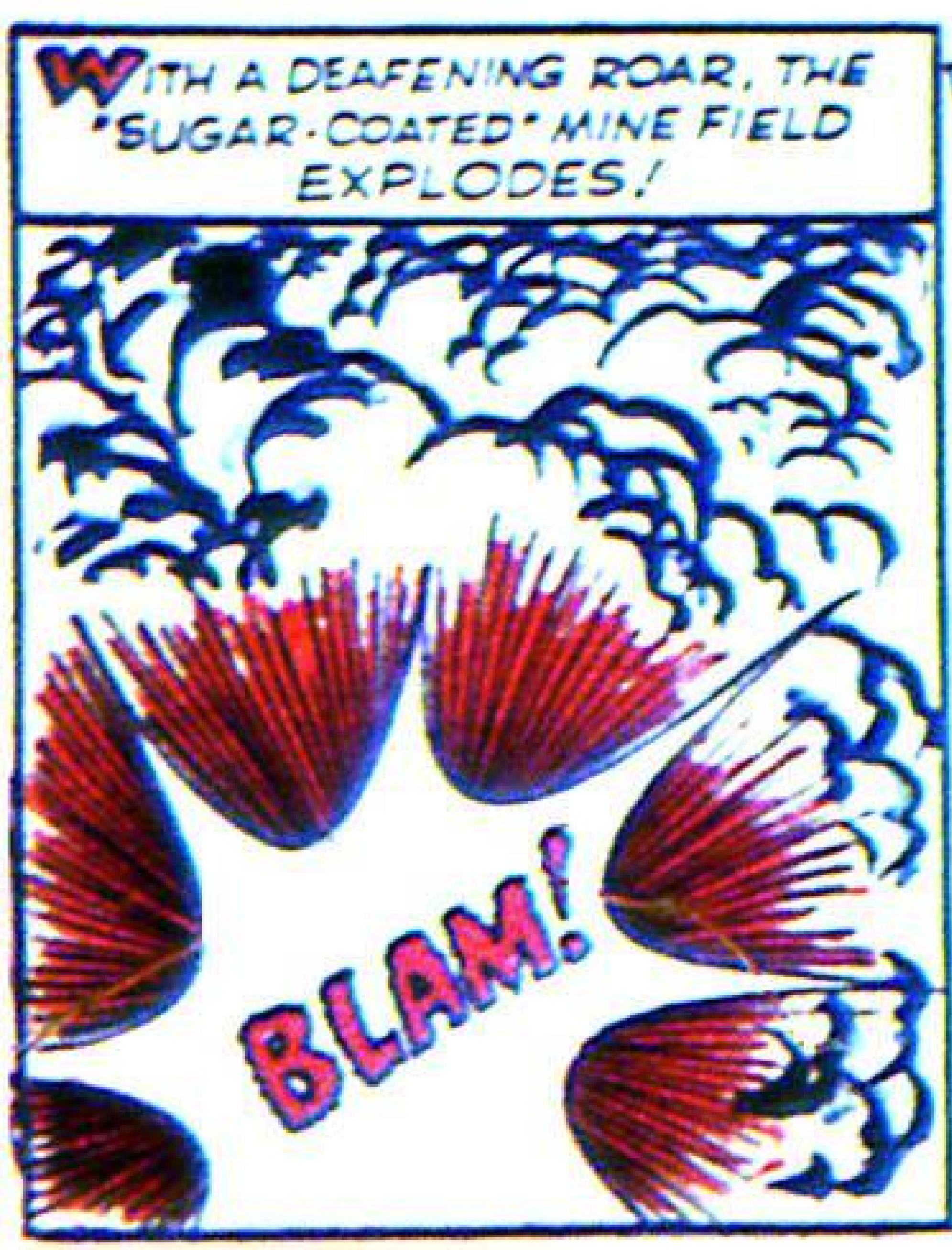

THE GREAT SHIPS OF THE LINE SLOW DOWN AND VEER HARD-A-PORT -- JUST IN TIME TO MISS BY INCHES THE EDGE OF THE STRANGE MINE-FIELD!
LOOK! FLOATING STALKS OF SUGAR CANE! COULD THEY BE THE MINES! INCREDIBLE!
YOU NEVER CAN TELL! -- IT MIGHT BE ONE OF THOSE NEW SECRET WEAPONS!
Meanwhile...
THAT LITTLE SALUTE I SENT UP HAS SET THE YACHT AFIRE!
TOO BAD! BUT IT WAS FOR A GOOD CAUSE!
BETTER VISIT THE FLAGSHIP AND LET 'EM KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP ...
THOSE INNOCENT-LOOKING SUGAR-CANE STALKS CONTAIN ENOUGH T.N.T. TO BLOW THE FLEET SKY-HIGH!
I SEE -- WELL, HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET RID OF THEM?

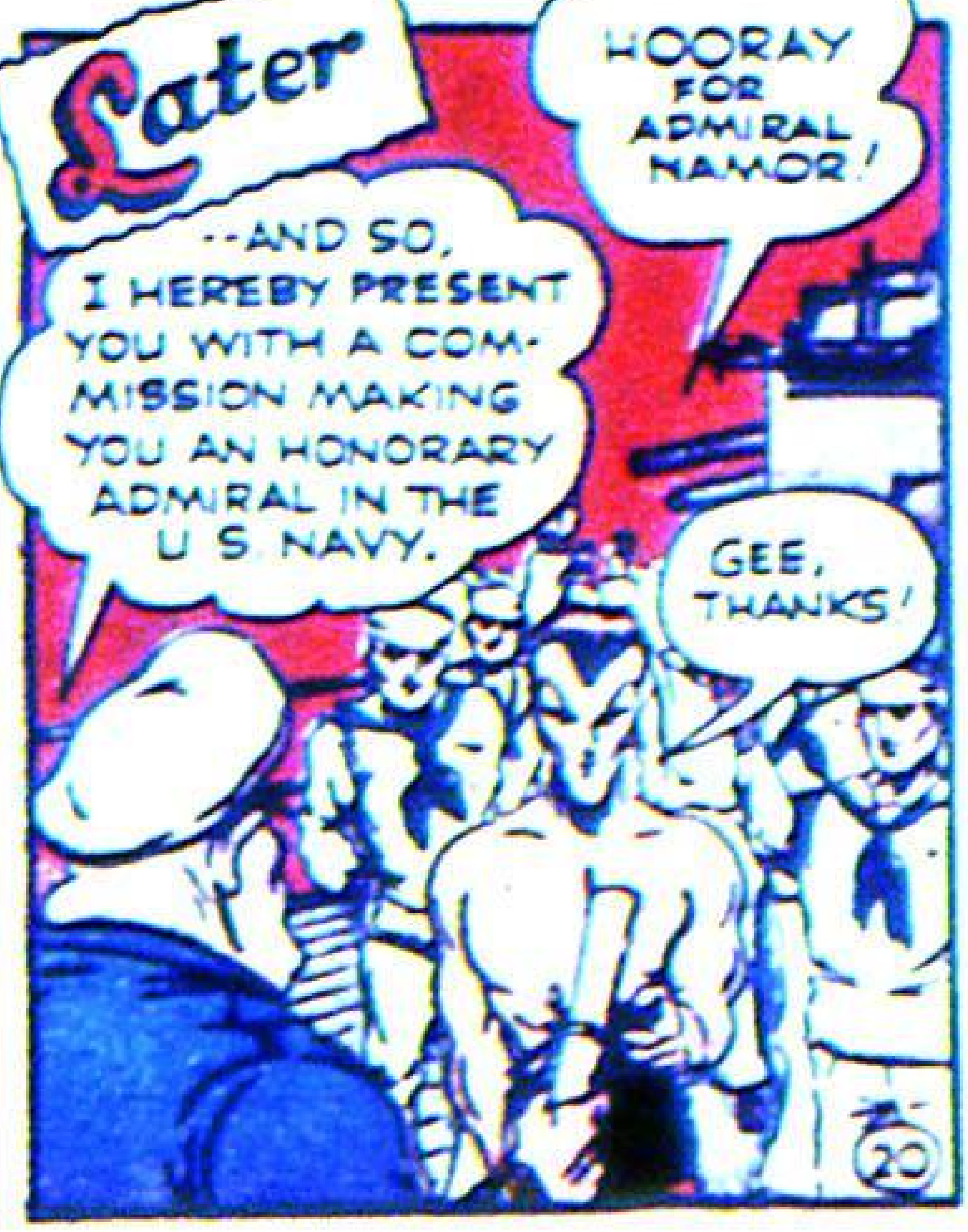

GIVE ME ALL THE WIRE YOU CAN SPARE! I'LL RIG UP A CIRCUIT THAT'LL SET OFF THE WHOLE FIELD!
SOUNDS NUTS! --BUT WE'LL TRY IT!


GOOD LUCK! BUT BE CAREFUL!
DONT WORRY! I WILL!

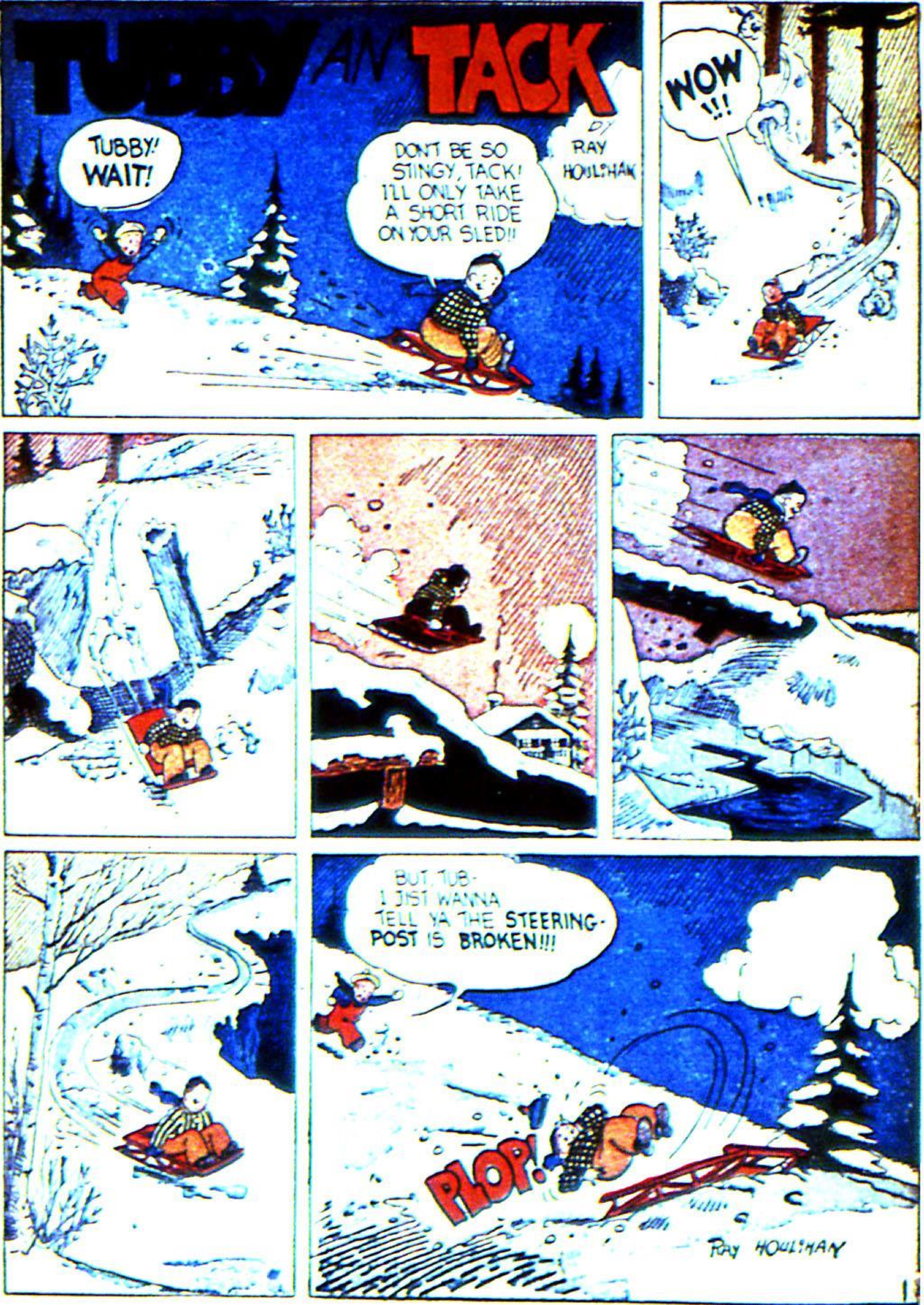

CAUTIOUSLY, SUB-MARINER SWIMS TO THE DYNAMITE-LADEN CANE STALKS.
GOOD THING I'VE GOT A LIGHT TOUCH-- OR I'D BE BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME!

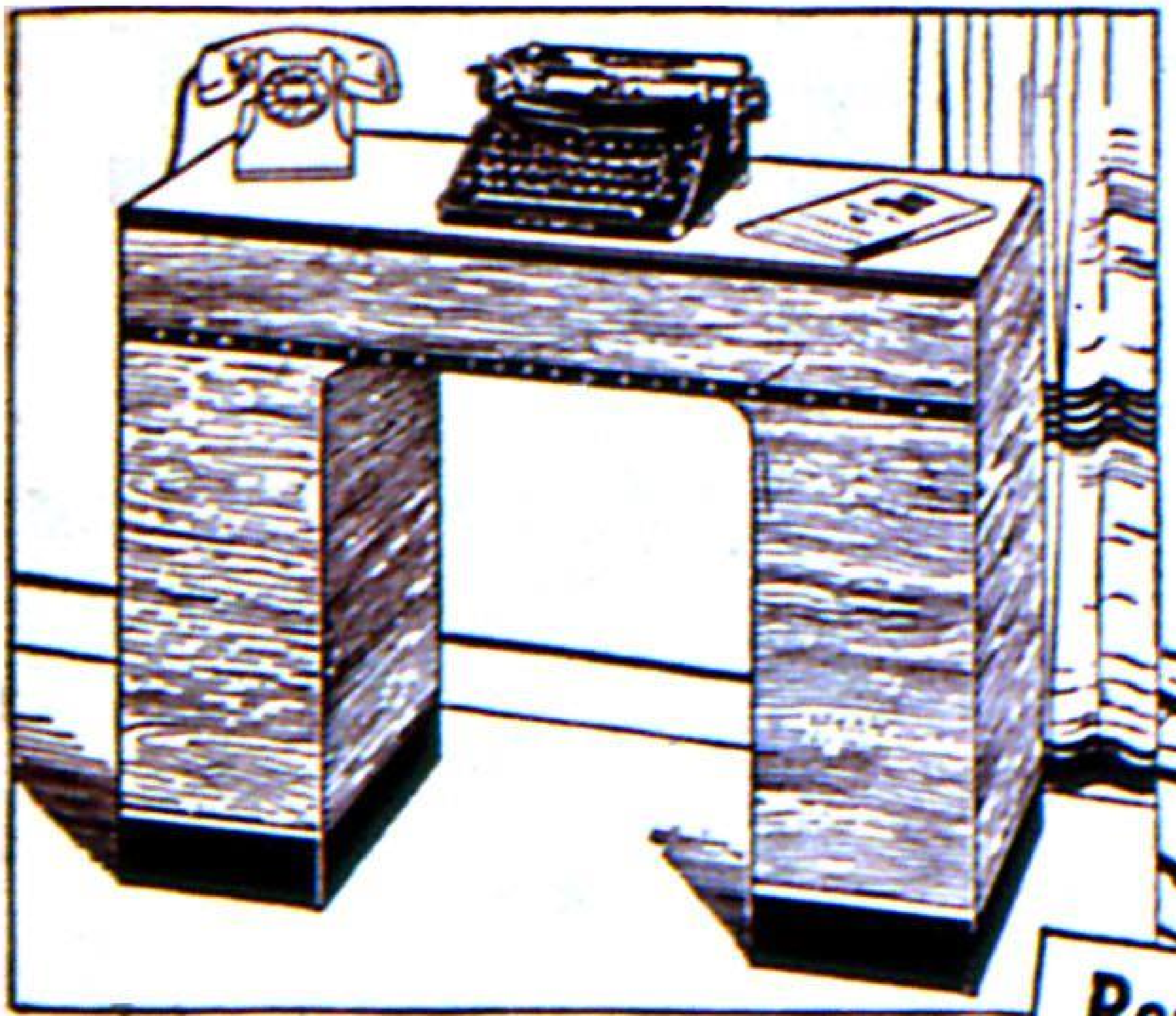

HAVING PERFORMED THE DANGEROUS TASK OF WIRING THE STALKS, HE RETURNS TO THE SHIP.
HERE GOES! HOLD YOUR EARS BOYS! --THIS IS GOING TO BE KINDA NOISY!


WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE "SUGAR-COATED" MINE FIELD EXPLODES!
BLAM!


Later
HOORAY FOR ADMIRAL NAMOR!
--AND SO, I HEREBY PRESENT YOU WITH A COMMISSION MAKING YOU AN HONORARY ADMIRAL IN THE U.S. NAVY.
GEE, THANKS!

THRILL AGAIN!
TO THE
SUB-MARINER'S
HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES -
AS HE ONCE MORE DEALS A DEATH-BLOW TO EVIL, IN
NEXT MONTH'S
MARVEL COMICS
THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING COMICS MAGAZINE!


TUBBY AN' TACK
by RAY HOULIHAN
TUBBY! WAIT!
DON'T BE SO STINGY, TACK! I'LL ONLY TAKE A SHORT RIDE ON YOUR SLED!!
WOW !!!
BUT, TUB- I JIST WANNA TELL YA THE STEERING-POST IS BROKEN!!!
PLOP!
RAY HOULIHAN



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How easy it is to get this combination. Just imagine! A small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy ten pay plan. Become immediately the possessor of this beautiful desk and a brand new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. DO IT TODAY!

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A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar ($1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

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To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

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ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

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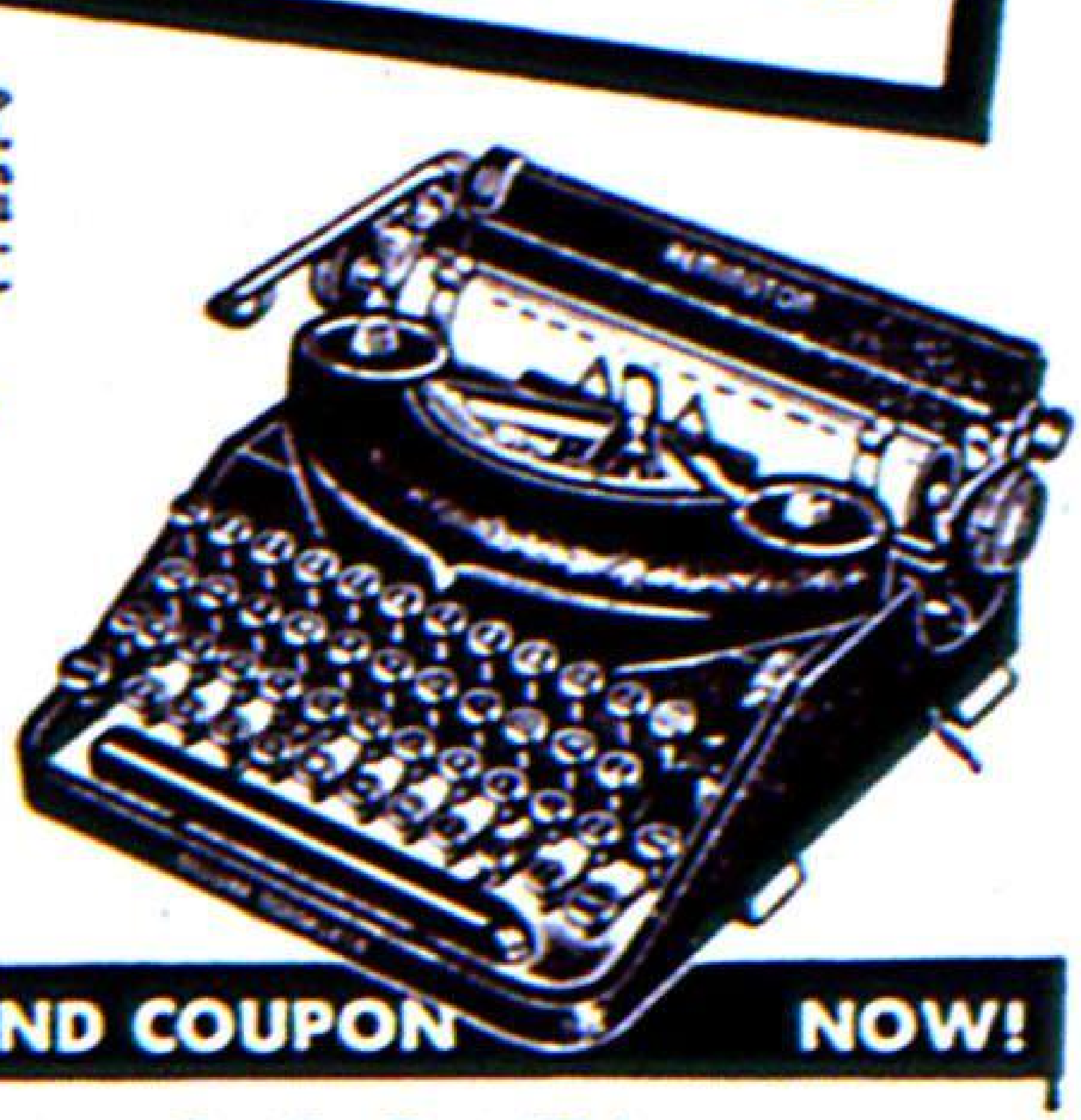

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Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about terms the Remington ten pay way. Send Catalogue.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

C'mon— BOYS · GIRLS MEN · WOMEN PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 30 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the $3.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

Real Live CANARY

Safe Delivery Guaranteed

What a pet! You will love it. Canary and Cage both given for selling only two orders. WRITE TODAY. *Sent Express Collect.*

BOTH GIVEN

GUITAR-UKE AND MANDOLIN

Just the Instruments for you until you can afford those of larger size. BOTH GUITAR-Uke and Mandolin given for selling only 30 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN

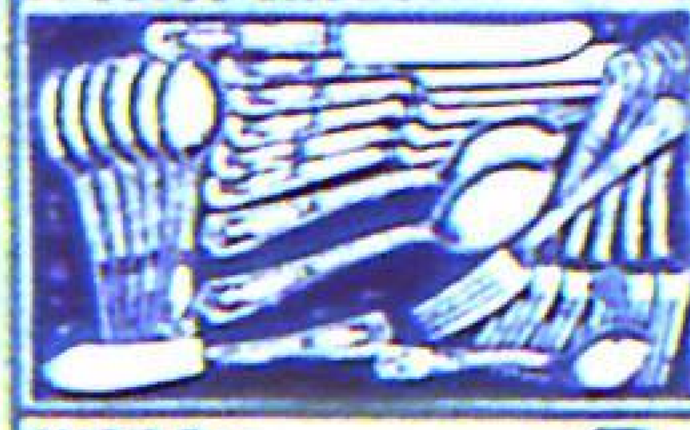
$5. for best letter written on this machine. Simply dispose of only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. and Typewriter is yours.

RADIO

Pocket Size

Needs no batteries or electrical connections. Sell only two 30 pkt. lots.

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET



GIVEN

Set of 6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, Butter Knife and Sugar Shell. GIVEN for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.

LADIES' NEW FASHION WRIST WATCH

GIVEN

Sparkling enameled ivory case. Yours for disposing of only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds. WRITE TODAY.

CANDID-Type CAMERA

Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

BLUE BIRD GRANITE

GIVEN

Will Make You Proud of Your Kitchen

Entire Set Given for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10c a pkt. WRITE TODAY.

SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU.

Beautiful DINNER SET

This beautiful Set Given for selling only 1 orders of Seeds. *Sent Express Collect.*

Will Make You Proud of Your Bedroom

Crinkled BED SPREAD

Attractive Colors

The crinkled stripes are neatly woven in contrasting stripes. Size 80 x 90. Simply dispose of only 1 order.

FREE

THIS PIN IS YOURS

Just mail the Coupon today and this beautiful Pin, symbolic of American freedom, will be sent right along with the seeds. HURRY!

GOD BLESS AMERICA
THE FLAG I LOVE

MAIL COUPON · TODAY ·

35th Year

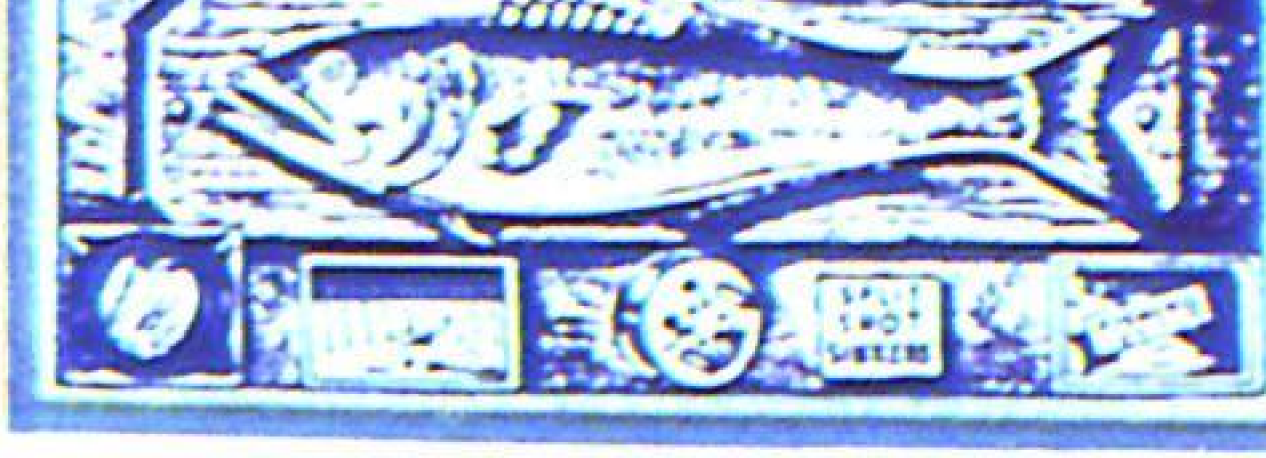
Basket Ball GIVEN

Latest Rubber Valve Type. Given for selling only 30 pkts. at 10 cts. each.

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN

Handsome finish, highly polished. POSITIVELY NOT A TOY. Send no money. GIVEN for selling only 4 orders. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.

A COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT



Suitable for Dad or Son

This set is complete and practical, as shown. Given for selling only one 30 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

Lancaster County Seed Co.,
Station 3 Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 30 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds Patriotic Pin shown above.

Name______________________________

Post Office__________________________

State______________________________

Street or R.F.D.__________________ Box_______

Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.